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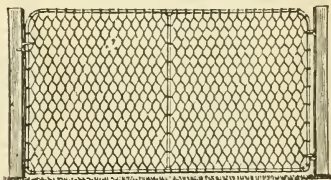
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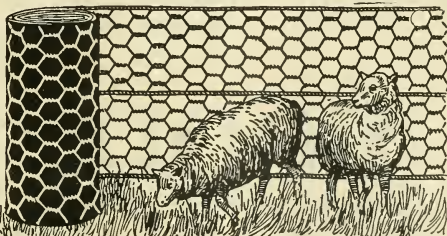
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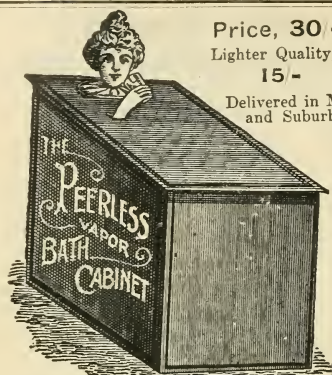
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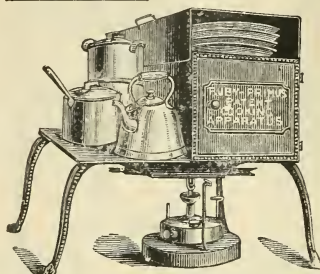
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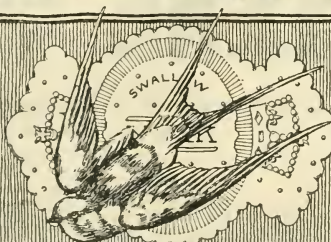
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A parent whose girls have been, for some years, day-girls at the College, writes:

"Now that their school years are coming to an end, it is a great pleasure to me to be able to say what I hope will be the life-long benefit they have derived from being alumnae of the M.L.C. Their progress amply repays my wife and myself for any sacrifice we have made to secure them this great advantage."

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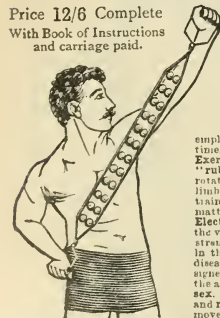
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Epsom, Auckland, December 16, 1901.

MR. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to know that you are about to bring your medicine, VITADATIO, before the public and my friends in the old country. I am sure they will thank and even bless you from their hearts for the good you will be doing, as I, for one, out of many thousands can prove. When you get to Plymouth you can show my friends what I say, also at Liscaid and Bodmin, the place of my birth especially, where they all know me. I had the misfortune to contract Typhoid Fever, which caused other serious complaints, and I was laid up twelve months. When I was able to get about the disease went into my right leg and it was swollen very much. Inside of twelve months it all broke out into one mass of sores. I called in my doctor, and he told me he could do nothing, as I would have a bad leg the rest of my life. Not being satisfied I saw four other doctors, and they all told me about the same thing. I gave up hopes of doing any more work, but being advised by my friends to try other medicines, I did so, which cost me about £40, and I never received any benefit whatever from them. I then tried a newly advertised remedy, but after taking a large course of it I was no better. I then thought the doctors were right, so I gave up trying any more. I was suffering for about eight years, when one Saturday night I went to the city of

Auckland and was looking at the shop windows when I saw a lot of strange looking bottles in a window, with a frame of testimonials from different people. I said to my daughter, "Another lot of quackery," when your agent, Mr. Ibbotson, said to me I was mistaken, and after a little conversation with him he advised me to try it, which I am thankful to him that I did. After taking ten bottles I saw a great change in my leg, which made me persevere with the medicine, until I had taken thirty-six bottles, when I can truly say my leg is well. For I can run, skip, and jump, and I am better in health than ever I was in my life. I never weighed more than 10 st. 10 lb., but now I am 12 st. 2 lb., and never feel tired or out of sorts. If anyone doubts my statements they can write to me, or to a dozen other people, who can testify to my cure. I may add that I am doing all that lay in my power for others to try VITADATIO for the suffering community. Wishing you a pleasant voyage to the dear old country.—I remain, yours truly,

Auckland, New Zealand.

T. H. ROWE,
Blacksmith.

A BAD CASE OF RHEUMATISM CURED BY

VITADATIO.

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MR. S. A. PALMER.

Dear Sir,—About three years ago I was taken very ill with severe pains all over my body, from which I became quite prostrate and helpless. I could not move hand nor foot, and had to be lifted in and out of bed. I called the lodge doctor in; he pronounced it a bad case of Rheumatism. I continued his treatment for some time, but failing to do me any good, I thought I would try Webber's VITADATIO, and started taking it at once, and continued doing so until I had taken the contents of forty bottles, which completely cured me. It is now two years since I took the last bottle, and have never had a return of the same complaint since. I have been living twenty years in Preston and am well known, and will give further information to anyone calling at the above address, or to any of the under-mentioned names, who will substantiate this statement as a true and correct one; also Victoria Market, Wednesdays and Saturdays.—Yours faithfully,

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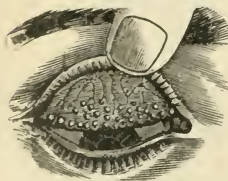
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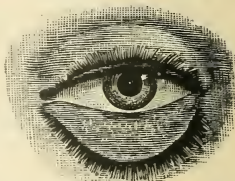
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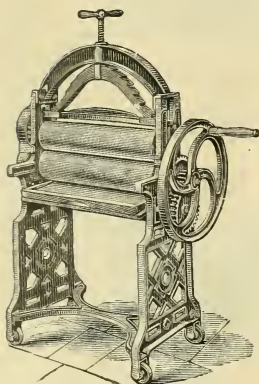


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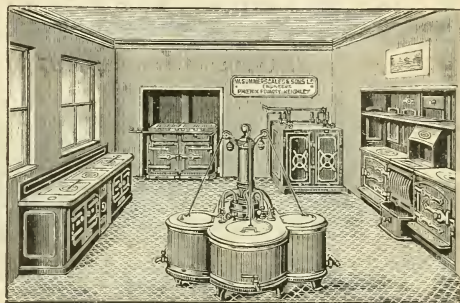
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W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.,
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THE EFFECT OF MR. DAN LENO'S VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Careful observers have noted a marked change in the dress and demeanour of Mr. Chamberlain ever since ["Mr. Dan Leno and Mr. Herbert Campbell were among the visitors to the House of Commons last evening."—"Daily Telegraph," March 14.]



THE AMENITIES OF DEBATE. TWENTIETH CENTURY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

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VOL. XX. No. 5.

MAY 20, 1902.

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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

Queensland

We publish elsewhere Lord Lamington's pleasant and striking address on Queensland, delivered before a general meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute; but the debate which followed Lord Lamington's paper was as interesting as the paper itself. Thus Sir Horace Tozer said that there were "four M's," which represented what Queensland chiefly needed. These are: "Moisture, Markets, Men, and Money"—a sufficiently spacious catalogue of wants. Sir Horace went on to say that Queensland was afflicted with an overabundance of "four L's": "Legislation, Losses, Loans, and Labour controversies." On the want of men, Sir Horace Tozer grew eloquent, and there is real force in his complaints:

"We want men. A new country cannot progress without emigration. Where you have a territory as big as Europe, with a population only half as much as London, we ought to do all we can to encourage settlers. I hope that better counsels will prevail; at present the tendency of Commonwealth legislation is in the opposite direction, and while Canada, for instance, is doing everything she can to induce people to go there, we are shutting the door, so that at the present moment there is some difficulty in getting the British farm labourers to Australia.

"What we generally want," said Sir Horace Tozer, in conclusion, "is a little more self-reliance, instead of looking to the Government for everything."

A Pioneer

Sir Arthur Hodgson's contribution to the debate on Queensland was both amusing and suggestive. He said:

I think I know something of this colony. In September, 1840, sixty-two years ago, I discovered Eton Vale on Darling Downs, and I hold half the estate now. It was a very lucky find. I know some people say,

"What a lucky dog Hodgson was to get hold of Eton Vale!" But there was something in Hodgson retaining it so long: that was a piece of luck, if you like to call it luck. But that was not my only good fortune, for Hodgson married early and well, and his wife stuck to him. She left a Sydney drawing-room, surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries of life, to spend her days with the man who has now the honour of addressing you. . . . I well recollect first going down to Brisbane. It was not Brisbane then, but Moreton Bay, a penal settlement. We were taken into custody by mounted policemen for being within six miles of the settlement, and were immediately handed over to the authorities. In those days there were about 1,000 convicts and about 100 soldiers, besides some 200 people connected with the settlement. Now what do we see? We see that splendid city of Brisbane, with its 120,000 inhabitants.

Where else in the civilised world can be found the example of a single human life spanning the interval betwixt a tiny convict settlement, and a splendid city like Brisbane; betwixt the immeasurable wastes, the haunt of the kangaroo and of the blackfellow, and the rich pastures covered with flocks and herds of the Darling Downs of to-day! The early settlers, it is to be noted, with all their shrewdness and enterprise, had not the faintest imagination of the real wealth of the land they took up. "It was generally supposed then," said Sir Arthur Hodgson, "that the Darling Downs could not grow a cabbage; now the face of that splendid district is teeming with glorious crops of wheat, barley, oats, lucerne, etc."

Retrenchment

The Queensland Cabinet has set itself resolutely to the task most hated of politicians—the prosaic, uninspiring, yet most necessary task of unsparing retrenchment. This is the task, we repeat, detested of politicians. It brings them neither popularity nor thanks. It kindles a thousand private resentments. It tries the

natural feelings of the politician himself. But the logic of wasting drought, and of a falling revenue, is resistless; and Mr. Philp and his Cabinet have set themselves with a clear purpose, if with a heavy heart, to cut down public expenditure to the very quick. Some £30,000 per annum has to be saved in the departments; and the list of public servants who are being retired is long and melancholy. It includes police magistrates, land commissioners, stock inspectors, wardens, etc. Some whole departments disappear temporarily, and amongst these is included the Meteorology department. Mr. Wragge and his weather bulletins will be sorely missed all over Australia. The alarming titles with which he adorned his storm centres added—without any intention on the part of Mr. Wragge himself—to the gaiety of mankind. But if Mr. Wragge had no sense of humour, he brought to his weather forecasts an enthusiasm, a diligence, and a degree of scientific imagination which made them very notable in the somewhat cloudy literature of meteorology.

**A
Disgusted
Politician**

It is announced that Sir George Turner, the Federal Treasurer, is dissatisfied with public life, and will resign office at the end of the present Parliament. To quote Sir George Turner's own words:—

"It is certainly true that I intend to retire from the Ministry and from Parliament at the end of the present Parliament. The principal reason is my health. This work is too big a strain. There have been no differences in the Cabinet. I do not think I have announced my retirement to my colleagues, as my resignation is not based on political grounds. I have been approached by several people who want to bring me back to State political life, but I have refused. If I leave one Parliament I shall certainly not go into another. I am not going to some big civil service appointment. No, I shall go back to my old legal practice and to private life.

"Health" is, in the political vocabulary, a very convenient phrase, covering a wide range of meanings. It is intelligible that any politician with a profession may grow tired of politics. Public life has few prizes and many disgusts. It will fill no man's pockets; it may even prevent them being filled. Sir George Turner, if he had kept to his modest business as a solicitor, would probably be earning more money to-day than he receives as Treasurer of the Commonwealth. But it is probable that quite other considerations than the welfare of his pocket, or of his nerves, moves Sir George Turner to abandon politics. The pulse of a sort of Dutch economy beats in him; and this is really about the most valuable possession an Australian Treasurer could

have. But its possession does not add to its owner's comfort. A frugal-minded Treasurer in an Australian Cabinet is, to borrow a Biblical metaphor, "like a speckled bird amongst the fowls."

**A Cabinet
in
Compart-
ments**

The Federal Cabinet, moreover, is run on lines which can hardly add to the Federal Treasurer's ease of conscience. It consists of a set of water-tight compartments; each Minister goes on his own way in his own department without reference to anybody else. But the "water-tight" system breaks down where the Federal Treasurer is concerned. He has to finance all his brother Ministers, to pay the bills which, without any reference to his feelings, the other Ministers have incurred. No wonder that Sir George Turner finds such conditions very trying to his "health"—political and personal. But when he passes the key of the Treasury to other hands a new twinge of disquiet will run through all the taxpayers of the Commonwealth.

**The
Federal
Tariff**

The Federal tariff has emerged from one furnace of criticism only to be plunged into a second, almost as fierce as the first. The Federal Senate, under the constitution, has power to suggest amendments even in money bills to the House of Representatives, and it proposes to assert that power in the freest manner over the tariff. It has watched the long debate in the House of Representatives with great keenness, and as it is conscious of possessing debating powers quite equal to any discoverable in the sister Chamber, it is proceeding to exercise these at great length and with great relish. Mr. O'Connor, on introducing the tariff in the Senate, tried to persuade hon. members to accept it, if not sans phrase, yet with the briefest discussion, as representing a safe compromise. Free-traders, however, are stronger in the Senate than in the House of Representatives, and no keener contribution to the whole debate has been made than that of Sir Josiah Symon. Some of the speeches delivered have been of stupendous proportions. Senator Pulsford, for example, expended nearly six hours of oratory on the measure; the merely preliminary remarks of another Senator stretched through two hours. The scale of Parliamentary oratory under Australian skies grows gigantic. Sir Robert Peel's speech, when moving the repeal of the corn laws—a speech which was the signal for a fiscal revolution—was considerably shorter than the speech in which—

while nobody listened—Senator Pulsford expounded his views on the tariff. On the whole, the date upon which the Federal tariff will become law is still remote and unguessed. The Senate will “suggest” serious amendments, and will take a long time in “suggesting” them. The House of Representatives will discuss these and return them to their authors; and so the tariff may swing, pendulum-like, between the two Houses for an unknown period.

**A Grant to
the
Governor-
General**

Mr. Barton, during the month, introduced a bill into the Federal Parliament granting the sum of £8,000 per annum as a special allowance to the Governor-General, to compensate him for the cost of maintaining two residences, one at Sydney and one in Melbourne. The salary of the Governor-General is fixed by the constitution at £10,000, and Lord Hopetoun has a very generous reading of his social obligations. He maintains a stately and gracious hospitality which everybody admires, and which is a contribution of great value to the social life of the Commonwealth. But Mr. Barton showed a singular want of tact in introducing the measure. The constitution provides that the salary of a Governor-General shall not be altered during his term of office; the bill, therefore, from a constitutional point of view, was highly doubtful. Mr. Barton, too, had taken no pains to ascertain the opinions of hon. members before introducing so delicate a measure. The result was a somewhat painful debate, and the withdrawal of the bill. An Australian Parliament, however, is not apt to be ungenerous, especially when dealing with a Governor-General so universally respected and popular as Lord Hopetoun. It is known that the hospitalities connected with the royal visit cost Lord Hopetoun at least £10,000, and a bill was brought in promptly, and passed through all its stages, making a grant to Lord Hopetoun of this amount. The Commonwealth certainly has no desire that its Governor-General should maintain hospitalities on its behalf out of his private pocket.

**Lord
Hopetoun's
Position**

“The position is impossible”: this is Lord Hopetoun's own account of the situation created by the manner in which the question of his allowances has been handled. Two circumstances—for neither of which he is responsible—have, as a matter of fact, doubled Lord Hopetoun's expenses as Governor-General; one is the royal visit of last year;

the other is the circumstance that as we have no Federal capital Lord Hopetoun has to bear the cost of maintaining two State residences, one in Melbourne and one in Sydney. The vote of £10,000 substantially defrays the expenses of the royal visit, but there remains the permanent cost of the two State residences, practically a fine imposed on the Governor-General by inter-State jealousies. Lord Hopetoun, it is announced, spent last year, in the maintenance of his great office, £39,000; his salary and allowances amount to £15,000, the remaining £24,000, less the £10,000 specially granted, he must pay out of his own pocket.

**An
Exasperat-
ing
Bungle**

But the history of the case, even more than its final results, makes the situation “impossible.” Fifteen months ago, Mr. Barton agreed that, in view of the expenses of his great office, he would ask the Federal Parliament to make a grant of £8,000 a year as “allowances” to the Governor-General: the grant to be retrospective to January 1, 1901. Lord Hopetoun, no doubt, relied on this arrangement, and shaped his expenditure on it. Mr. Barton, however, slumbering peacefully, allowed things to drift; and Parliament naturally dislikes agreements to which it is expected to consent, but which are concealed from it so long. When the proposal was brought before the House, the sum named was practically reduced to £4,000, as it was made to cover some £4,000 of existing allowances. When it was rejected by the House, Ministers interpreted the rejection to mean that these existing allowances must be stopped; with the net result that, instead of any increase of payment to Lord Hopetoun, his official salary of £10,000 is practically reduced to £6,000! What was undertaken as an addition ends by being a reduction! This is the mismanaged history which will cost the Commonwealth the best Governor-General the whole Empire could supply.

**Lord
Hopetoun's
Resignation** Lord Hopetoun himself summed up the situation in a cablegram to Mr. Chamberlain:—

Copy of Telegram to the Secretary of State for the Colonies from His Excellency the Governor-General:
“May 5, 1902.

[Secret.]

“Prime Minister introduced a bill into the House of Representatives May 1, granting an allowance to the Governor-General at the rate of £8,000 a year. The bill was retrospective from January 1, 1901, in order to relieve me of portion of the great expense of the Royal visit. The opposition in the House of Representatives was so general that the proposal was withdrawn without pressing for a division, and an amendment was substituted granting me £10,000 to compensate me for



Johnstone, O'Shannessy.]

LORD HOPETOON,

Who has just resigned his position as Governor-General of Australia.

part of the expenditure in connection with the exceptional year. This passed by a large majority. I have no cause of complaint as to the past, but I anticipate great difficulties as to the future for me and my successors. No allowances whatever will be given. On a salary of £10,000 per annum I am expected to pay a staff, visit the various States, pay all travelling expenses except railway fares, occupy two great Government-houses, pay light, fuel, stationery, telegrams, postage other than official, dispense hospitality, and maintain the dignity of the office. I have already strained my private resources beyond all justification. The position is impossible. After grave consideration, I think you had better recall me after the Coronation."

The loss of Lord Hopetoun is a real disaster to Australia. To his great post he brings an unusually fine combination of qualities: unerring tact, quick and generous sympathies, political wisdom of a very high order, a noble sense of duty, and a faith both in the Empire and in Australia which touches with its fine contagion all who come into contact with him. A new Governor-General will be an anxious experiment. We are not in the least likely to get one who will consent to bear the financial loss which Lord Hopetoun finds intolerable; and it is hard to measure the mischiefs which might arise from a tactless and unpopular Governor-General at the head of Australian society.

Australia

The first of the reduced State Parliaments has come into existence; South Australia, in this matter, showing a courage and decision beyond all the other States. The new Parliament consists of 18 members of the Council, instead of 24, and 42 members of the Assembly instead of 54. The reduced membership represents a wise resolve to adjust State politics to the new conditions created by Federation; it also represents a new policy in finance. Economy is to be erected into a law. There are to be no more costly experiments in socialism; no more attempts to clothe the State with the offices of a semi-divine Providence. Australians possess in a high degree the sober political capacity which has made the British Empire possible, and which is the best pledge of its survival. Youth, in the individual or in the State, has, of course, an effervescent optimism, a light-hearted courage unchastened by experience; and so it takes risks that older men, and States, would hardly face. This effervescent optimism is the key to a great deal of Australasian finance. But now that the need of a new and more sober policy is clear, each of the Australian States in turn will show itself capable of a fine and resolute sobriety. South Australia certainly is showing a degree of political sense and courage worthy of the highest praise.

The New Houses

The South Australian elections took place on May 2, and naturally there was some confusion both in the voting and in the results. Old party lines were more or less effaced, and old party cries were exhausted of significance. The general meaning of the elections, however, is sufficiently clear. South Australia accepts the new policy and the new political conditions. Ministers emerge with a majority, but not one of an overpowering sort. All the Ministers won their seats; but one with some difficulty, and none with any degree of prestige. The Premier, Mr. Jenkins, came third in the list of successful candidates in his own district; the Treasurer second; the other two Ministers just saved their seats. The Cabinet has to justify its right to exist by the wisdom and energy of its future policy. The Labour party fared worse than either the Ministry or the direct Opposition. There are only two Labour members in the Council and five in the Assembly. Counting heads, indeed, the Labour members are in a hopeless minority, as they are in all the Australian Parliaments. They exert an influence out of all proportion to their numbers, because they are a compact and united body, while the rest of Parliament is hopelessly divided. They are the third party, in a word, in each Australian Parliament, and rule by help of the divisions of their opponents.

Economy

The popular demand for economy in public administration, and for reduced Parliaments as the pledge and instrument of all other reductions, continues to grow. It is fast attaining, indeed, the momentum and the range of a tidal wave. In both New South Wales and Victoria, curiously enough, it finds its active centre not in the great cities, but in the country. Camden in the one State, and Kyabram in the other, are country townships of no particular scale or importance; but each has spoken the magic word which has roused the whole State. The truth is that the long delay of the State Parliaments in adjusting themselves to the new political conditions has disquieted the public mind, and even pricked the public conscience. The sense is universal that we are spending too much, accumulating debts too fast, and embarking in legislative experiments too many and too perilous; and for the moment the Parliaments have shown themselves less sensitive on these points than the people, and so have ceased to be—if only for a moment—the true reflex of the popular

will. So public opinion is organising itself outside Parliament; it may even prove to be against Parliament. The constitution of the Australian States, however, is so completely and so effectively democratic, that the discord betwixt the people and their representatives can only be for a moment. The popular will, if it is only persistent enough, can be neither tricked nor defeated.

Mr. See defends the delay in adjusting the State Parliament of New South Wales to the new conditions. His Ministry, he says, has only been nine months in office. In a single session of sixty-five days Parliament dealt with no less than 159 Bills. Does not this represent an almost pathetic diligence! A Parliament that secretes new Bills at the average rate of more than two per sitting has surely fulfilled all righteousness! The country, it may be replied, got 159 Bills it did not particularly want, but was denied the one measure it did supremely need. Mr. See, however, is prepared with his scheme of reform. He will not fill the vacancies which occur in the Legislative Council, and that body will thus shrink automatically. He will bring in a Bill reducing the members of the Assembly from 125 to 94, and will submit the measure, after Parliament has dealt with it, to a plebiscite of the people. The referendum, of course, will enable voters to accept or reject the proposal to reduce the number of members to 94, but it will not enable them to record their judgment in favour, say, of a still further reduction.

Victoria In Victoria, the Kyabram platform has already achieved a great victory; it has half captured the Premier, Mr. Peacock. Mr. Peacock, it is true, has two minds on the subject; he scarcely knows whether to bless the Kyabram platform or to curse it. He does both, indeed, in alternate breaths! But he at least allows the Kyabram platform to seriously influence his own policy. In a speech at Clunes, on May 10, he expounded the scheme of reform he intends to submit to Parliament. The Assembly is to be reduced to 60 members, the Council to 30, the number of the Cabinet to 6. These figures show how the Kyabram movement has affected Mr. Peacock, for in November last he declared that to reduce the Assembly to 80 members was the maximum of sane reform! Members of Parliament are still to be paid at the rate of £300 a year, and the costly "Hansard," which nobody reads, is

to be maintained, if only by way of check to the despotism of the press. Mr. Peacock links these reforms, on which practically all are agreed, to constitutional changes of a highly debatable sort. The franchise of the Council is to be reduced; Ministers are to have the right of speech in both Houses; in case of deadlock both Houses are to be dissolved; and, after an appeal to the country, the matter in debate is to be settled by a joint sitting of both Houses.

A Queer Situation The Victorian State Parliament is to meet on May 27, and the Ministerial scheme, and plans for retrenching public expenditure, are to be submitted to it. The outlook for these reforms is singularly obscure. They are probably too drastic for Parliament itself, and not drastic enough for popular expectation. If a dissolution occurred at the present moment the Kyabram policy would probably sweep the polls; but no dissolution is in sight, and much water will run under the bridge before it arrives. Meanwhile a personal question of a curious sort complicates the whole issue. When the State Parliament rose some six months ago, it was clearly understood that the Cabinet was to be reconstructed, and Mr. Peacock was to take new and stronger men into his Ministry. All the members of the Cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Trenwith, signed the resignation of their offices, and the document, post-dated five months, was placed in the hands of Mr. McCulloch. On Mr. McCulloch leaving for England, he put the fateful document in the hands of the Solicitor-General, Mr. Wynne, who handed it to the Premier, and at the same time it found its way to the press. Astonished mankind thus learned that Ministers had continued to administer the departments months after they had signed their resignations of office. Ministers themselves are silent; but on their behalf it is urged that they had almost forgotten such a document existed! Mr. Peacock, in his Clunes speech, shed new light on the story. He knew that the resignations existed, he expected them to be put in his hands; he even arranged with Mr. McCulloch for this to be done. But as the document was not formally delivered he had to officially regard it as non-existent; till at last, five months after it had been signed, it emerged like an exploding torpedo! It may be safely said that no parallel to the story of these post-dated and undelivered resignations, of which everybody knew, but which also everybody affected to ignore, can be found in political history.

**The Rise
in Prices**

There is a steady increase in the cost of living throughout Australasia. The price of meat is rising to the British level, a circumstance due mainly, no doubt, to the seven years' drought which has slain the flocks and herds of Australia in whole millions. But almost every other variety of food—bread, potatoes, milk, butter, etc.—is rising in cost. Rents are rising too, and many forms of clothing. Many causes besides the drought contribute to this unpleasant result. The South African war has exploited our markets. The social legislation undertaken by many of the States inevitably tends to raise prices. It is childish to imagine that the cost of producing an article can be increased and the price to the seller remain unaffected. On the whole, the winter which has just begun promises to be rather trying for the average Australian household.

Mr. Seddon

Mr. Seddon touched at Sydney on his homeward voyage, and was entertained there at a public dinner, at which some interesting speeches

were delivered. Sir William Lyne good-humouredly described him as "the Czar of New Zealand," and bluntly warned him "there is no room in the southern seas for two Commonwealths. The greater must attract the less." Mr. See, too, admonished Mr. Seddon of the error of his ways; but Mr. Seddon is quite too self-poised a gentleman to be moved by oratorical attentions of this kind. New Zealand, he said, in reply, was watching carefully, and with friendly eyes, the experiment of federation in Australia. Union might come later; but meanwhile, he shrewdly added, "he hoped the attitude of the Commonwealth was one of reciprocity, not of reprisal." Mr. Seddon's imperialism found energetic utterance in his speech:—

As to New Zealand's island policy, suffice it to say that for the last twenty years New Zealand had laid down this policy, that each and every island should have floating over it the grand old flag. One object New Zealand had had was to see that the islands were either British or under British protection. He was about to proceed to South Africa. Lord Kitchener had said he would like to see him, and, notwithstanding the risk of capture by Boers, he would do his best to see Lord Kitchener, in whom they had every confidence. He (Mr. Seddon) was satisfied that it was



"Westminster Gazette."

A SEDDON APPARITION.

The Apparition (from New Zealand): "Call yourself an Imperialist! Just look at me!"

force, and force alone, that would appeal to the Boers, and secure unconditional surrender. We must fight to a finish, even if it took another ten contingents from New Zealand and Australia. If men were wanted men would be found, but not one foot of territory should be ceded.

Mr. Seddon at least knows his own mind, and is not in the least afraid to speak it!

The Drought

It is clear that the great drought has not yet exhausted itself, and it remains the greatest disturbing force in Australian finances. It has lasted for nearly seven years, and the flocks and herds over nearly half the continent have perished under its furnace-like breath. Nothing can exceed the courage and resource which the pastoralists everywhere have shown in their long and heroic battle with Nature—with Nature in an adverse mood. But a contest maintained so long, and against a power so hostile, may well tax the endurance of even the most energetic community. In many parts of Queensland and New South Wales the landscape is one vast stretch of grassless and lifeless plains, untrod-den by hoof of beast or the foot of man. The drought must break soon, if the continuity of Nature is to be relied upon; but the sudden outbreak of volcanic fires which have blasted Martinique during a single night are not more destructive than the white, rainless heat which for nearly seven years has scorched, almost into ashes, whole horizons of the Australian landscape.

The Navy

Admiral Mahan, the well-known author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History," is the greatest living authority upon all naval questions, and especially upon the subject of what may be called the political value of naval power. The cables report that he has contributed to the "National Review" an article on the relations of British colonies to the Royal Navy, which has great importance for Australasia. According to the cable summary of the article:—

Admiral Mahan contends that the British Navy is indispensable to the colonies, owing to the foreign colonial ambitions that have arisen in later years, and to the great increase in the strength of foreign fleets. The British colonies, he declares, are vitally interested in the refusing by England of Home Rule to Ireland and in the non-creation of a hostile Afrikander republic in South Africa, because both those things, if they came to pass, would involve increased demands upon the British Navy—demands, in fact, which would seriously lessen its ability to protect the colonies and their commercial routes over sea.

Behind Admiral Mahan's mild sentences are, for the colonies, some very stern facts. The great Powers of the world are fermenting with

a passion for colonies, and they are all building enormous fleets. These two facts are full of menace to Australia and New Zealand. Does anyone imagine that here in Australia a mere handful of people, scarcely half the population of London, would be allowed to remain in undisturbed possession of a country as vast as Europe, and twice as rich, but for the fact that the motherland is still the mightiest of sea powers? The British fleet and the British colonies must survive, or perish, together. And the steady and ominous increase of naval power under foreign flags makes still more vitally essential to us the supremacy of the fleets of Great Britain.

Our Place in the Navy

Amongst the subjects which the colonial Premiers are to discuss in London after the coronation is that of the naval defence of the empire, and the contribution to it which the colonies are to make. Mr. Barton says there is a "constitutional difficulty," in the shape of the Brad-don clause, in the way of creating even the germ of an Australian navy; though he adds that his Cabinet "would be very glad if this difficulty could be got over." He went on to say:—

I think that for some few years to come the probability is that the greatest safety will be in some modification of the existing agreement, so that in the meantime the naval defence may be thoroughly efficient. Many statesmen would like to see the formation of an Australian Navy, but I do not see how this is to be just now. Until the time arrives when we can with some efficiency and usefulness make a start with our own Navy, we will have to arrange some modification of the present arrangement.

"An Australian navy" is, of course, for the present an impossible dream; it is even an undesirable dream if it meant that the unity of the Imperial fleet is to be destroyed. Nothing of the sort is, of course, meant. What is desired, and is most urgently desirable, is that Australians and New Zealanders should have the opportunity of taking a personal share in the sea defence, just as they do in the land defence, of the Empire. If it were proposed that, instead of organising our own citizens for defence, we should hire a few Imperial regiments to come and fight for us, this would be resented as a policy at once cowardly and stupid. And how can that policy be manly and honourable on the sea which is ignoble and contemptible on land? As we are island States, our natural future lies on the sea, and everything which can strengthen the sea strain in our blood ought to be encouraged. So a place ought to be found in the fleet that guards Australasian waters for Australasian men and officers.



Johnstone, O'Shannessy, Photo.]

MR. W. EDGAR GILL, D.D.,

THE TWO AMERICAN EVANGELISTS WHO ARE CONDUCTING REVIVAL SERVICES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.



DR. R. A. TORREY.

**A
Religious
Movement**

Melbourne has witnessed a very remarkable religious movement during the month. A great simultaneous "mission" has been held, no less than 214 churches taking part in the effort. A far-stretching league of prayer preceded the mission, in which some 15,000 persons took part; there were fifty missionaries; the missions were held in town halls or tents, not in the ordinary churches. The mere money spent in the mission exceeded £3,000; and one very remarkable feature was the manner in which all the Protestant Churches flung themselves into the effort. For one golden moment, at least, the lines which separate the Churches faded clean out of sight. The most notable feature of the mission was the popular response it evoked. Scarcely any building was great enough to hold the crowds that assembled. The Melbourne Town Hall was packed day by day with quick-succeeding audiences. When the meetings were transferred to the Exhibition Building, that great structure almost resembled a besieged building. For once in an Australian city religious services exceeded the theatres in attractiveness; they drew night by night audiences which, in the aggregate, almost equalled the Cup Day crowd at Flemington. The most prominent figures in the mission were Dr. Torrey, who speaks with something like apostolical authority and power; Mr. Geil, who is an unusual combination of saint and humourist; and Mr. Alexander, a musical conductor of real genius. The mission proves how deep and strong is the religious instinct in the Australian character, and how overwhelming is its response to any adequate appeal. Australia has, proportionately, more churches than any other country, the number being 6,013, or 210 churches to every 100,000 people. England has 144 churches to every 100,000; Russia only 55 to the same number. These facts are very significant. Australians in a single generation, and on the soil of a new continent, have built more churches in proportion to their numbers than England possesses as the legacy of, say, fifteen Christian centuries! Whatever Australia is, it is not a nation of atheists!

**A
"Tall"
Speech**

We naturally expect "tall" things from America; and Mr. Shaw, the newly-appointed Secretary of the Treasury in the United States Cabinet, in a speech at Pittsburg indulged in some very "tall" oratory. It is the destiny of the United States, he declared,

"to 'police' the entire Western Hemisphere, and all the countries and islands washed by the Pacific Ocean." "The sovereignty of the Pacific" is to be "transferred from the Union Jack to the Stars and Stripes." As New Zealand and Australia certainly must be included in the list of "all the countries and islands washed by the Pacific Ocean," Mr. Shaw's speech opens an horizon of strange possibilities before us. We may yet share with the Philippines, or with Cuba, the distinction of becoming "territories" of the United States, or we may enjoy the beatific privilege of sending representatives to the Congress in Washington. Mr. Shaw's oratory has shocked the common-sense—or even tickled the sense of humour—of the United States itself; and so, the greatest disaster which can overtake a politician has befallen him. He has not only made himself ridiculous; he has made that circumstance visible to the human race! The blood in American veins, however, has in it a touch of the effervescent qualities of champagne; and it is not strange that—especially after dinner—American orators find the ordinary resources of human speech inadequate to express their ideas.

**The March
of the
Millionaires**

In one sense, it almost seems as if the very balance of the world is being affected by the United States. The millionaire grows rankly on American soil; and so do Trusts, which are mere combinations of millionaires. And the organised millionaires of the United States are marching in whole battalions upon alarmed mankind. They have invaded Europe, and are capturing its cities and industries in turn. They have taken possession of the sea. Nelson and his comrades won the queenship of the sea for England with cutlass and broadsides; Mr. Pierpont Morgan and his fellow-millionaires are securing the queenship of the sea for themselves by the help of dollars and syndicates. One mercantile fleet after another has been purchased; and there is an uncomfortable possibility that the whole carrying trade of the world may become the monopoly of a group of American millionaires. That circumstance may yet profoundly affect Australasia.

**"A
Tremendous
Destiny"**

Lord Salisbury, amongst his many gifts, certainly does not include that of a quick-glancing imagination; nor does he ever talk in superlatives or kindle into enthusiasm. A dry, half-cynical common-sense—common-

sense with the temper of hardened steel!—is his characteristic. But as Lord Salisbury reflects on the new place the colonies are taking in the Empire, and on the gallant, unsought loyalty they have shown in the Boer War, he almost breaks into poetry. "The spirit of the colonies," he said, in a recent speech, "is phenomenal; it has added enormously to the strength of the Empire." Lord Salisbury still doubts the possibility of any parchment federation of the Empire. The bond that holds it together is one of conviction and sentiment; a sense at once of race-pride and of a community of interests, which needs no Act of Parliament to make it effective. But, he added, "if we are patient, a tremendous destiny lies before us"! It is a fine saying of Burke that "great empire and little minds go ill together;" and certainly a great empire under modern conditions can only stand on great sentiments. Fortunately the forces which hold the British Empire together belong to the category of great sentiments.

LONDON, March 31.

**The Late
Cecil
Rhodes**

When Mr. Rhodes died, the most conspicuous figure left in the English-speaking race since the death of Queen Victoria disappeared. Whether loved or feared, he towered aloft above all his contemporaries. There are many who hold that he would be entitled to a black statue in the Halls of Eblis. But even those who distrusted and disliked him most pay reluctant homage to the portentous energy of a character which has affected the world so deeply for weal or for woe. Outside England none of our politicians, statesmen, or administrators impressed the imagination of the world half as deeply as Cecil Rhodes. It was noted by the journalists that the American press devoted more space to obituaries of the great Englishman than they have to anyone since the death of Queen Victoria. No parliamentarian excited the same interest or commanded the same attention. He is gone, leaving a gap which no one at present can ever aspire to fill. The world has echoed words and deeds of his which will long reverberate in the dim corridors of time. To those who (writes Mr. W. T. Stead), like myself, have to bear the poignant grief caused by the loss of a dearly loved friend, whose confidence and affection had stood the test even of the violent antagonism roused by extreme difference of opinion on the subject

of the South African War, it is impossible to speak of Cecil Rhodes at this moment with judicial impartiality. I knew him too intimately and loved him too well to care to balance his faults against his virtues or to lay a critical finger upon the flaws in the diamond. For with all his faults the man was great, almost immeasurably great, when contrasted with the pigmies who pecked and twittered in his shade.

**The First of
English-
Speaking
Men**

Mr. Rhodes' last will and testament reveals him to the world as the first distinguished British statesman whose Imperialism was that of race and not that of Empire. The one specific object defined in the will as that to which his wealth is to be applied proclaims with the simple eloquence of a deed that Mr. Rhodes was colour-blind between the British Empire and the American Republic. His fatherland, like that of the poet Arndt, is coterminous with the use of the tongue of his native land. In his will he provides for the conversion of Oxford University into an educational centre for the English-speaking race. He does this of set purpose, and in providing the funds necessary for the achievement of this great idea he specifically prescribes that every American State and Territory shall share with the British colonies in his patriotic benefaction. Every year each of the political units into which the English-speaking race is divided, irrespective of the accident as to whether it flies the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, will be enabled to elect one of the most promising of its sons, who for three years will enjoy a scholarship at Oxford of £300 a year. The third year after this great scheme is brought into operation there will be added to the permanent undergraduate population of Oxford about 250 students, selected in almost equal halves from the United States and the British Empire. Three years spent in Matthew Arnold's "Beautiful City" will enable them to form those affectionate ties of intimate friendship which are never so easily formed or so firmly knit as in the morning of youth.

**The
Conditions
of the
Scholar-
ships**

The conditions on which the scholarships are to be awarded are characteristically original. Mr. Rhodes, as might be imagined from a man who spent half of each year of his University curriculum on the African veldt, had little patience with the bookworms, whom he regarded as the artificially fostered product of the modern system of competitive examinations. His great idea was not to obtain the

man who could best cram up for a "pass," but the youth who had convinced his comrades and his master that there was in him the moral character and capacity for leadership which would give them at least a fair promise of the possession of talents to render good service in the realisation of the political ideals of the founder. The method by which this capacity is to be tested is both ingenious and novel, but it is not more novel than it is simple and effective. In nothing does Mr. Rhodes show his inherent and fundamental democracy more than in the courage with which he carried the democratic principle into the schoolroom, and regarded the free vote of the schoolboy as an element twice as valuable as the opinion of the master, and equal to the ascertained result of the literary examination.

Founder's Day Once every year "Founder's Day" will be celebrated at Oxford; and not at Oxford only, but wherever on the broad world's surface half-a-dozen old "Rhodes scholars" come together they will celebrate the great ideal of Cecil Rhodes—the first modern statesman to grasp the sublime conception of the essential unity of the race. Thirty years hereafter there will be between two and three thousand men in the prime of life scattered all over the world, each one of whom will have had impressed upon his mind in the most susceptible period of his life the dream of the Founder.

The Other Half It is expected that when the Scholarship Trust is in full work it will only absorb about half the annual income of the millions which Mr. Rhodes has dedicated to public service. Speculation is naturally rife as to the destination of the other half. Public curiosity on this point will probably remain unsatisfied at present. The first charge upon the other moiety will probably be the formation of a reserve fund which will enable the educational scheme to be independent of the exhaustion of the mines in which Mr. Rhodes' capital is invested, and the residuum will be at the disposition of the executors, who will, it is to be presumed, deal with the property which has come into their possession in accordance with the wide-reaching, world-embracing conceptions of Cecil Rhodes. The bequest of £100,000 to Oriel College, the lavish provision for the educational needs of South Africa, and the handing over to the public of Groote Schuur—to be used first as a museum and afterwards as the residence of the first Prime Minister of

Federated South Africa—are each of them benefactions that would have attracted universal praise and enthusiastic commendation had they stood alone.

His Resting-Place

Mr. Rhodes died at Muizenberg, on the shores of the ocean which stretches southward to the Antarctic Pole. But his last resting-place, according to the direction in his will, was to be on the summit of the Matoppos, in the heart of Rhodesia, where, in a tomb hewn out of the granite, his body will rest on the hill which he called "the View of the World." Over his tomb there is read the simple inscription "Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes." He need not add the familiar tag on the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

Kipling on Rhodes

Mr. Kipling published in the "Times" a very striking set of verses on Mr. Rhodes, and these were read over the grave on the wild, high-lifted crest of rock Mr. Rhodes chose as his last sleeping-place:

When that great Kings return to clay,
Or Emperors in their pride,
Grief of a day shall fill a day,
Because its creature died,
But we—we reckon not with those
Whom the mere fates ordain.
This power that wrought on us and goes
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led
Beyond our guess or reach,
The travail of his spirit bred
Cities in place of speech,
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove—
So brief the term allowed—
Nations, not words, he linked to prove
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth
Across the lands he won—
The granite of the ancient north—
Great spaces washed with sun;
There shall he patient make his seat
(As when the death he dared),
And there await a people's feet
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw
Splendid and whole arise,
And unimagined empires draw
To council 'neath his skies,
The immense and brooding spirit still
Shall quicken and control.
Living he was the land, and dead
His soul shall be her soul.

China in Convulsions Once More

The news from China is bad. Hardly is the ink dry on the treaty by which we have undertaken to defend the integrity of the Chinese Empire than telegrams arrive announcing that

rebellions have broken out both in Northern and in Southern China, to which are added rumours to the effect that Russia has suggested to the Chinese Government the recognition of the independence of Thibet. The insurrection in Ta-ming-fu, the southernmost prefecture of the province of Chi-li, is said to have been provoked by an attempt to collect the indemnities promised to the Roman Catholic missionaries. Following the example of the Boxers, the villagers banded themselves together in a Limited Villagers' Society, and although armed only with spears and swords they fought so well against the Chinese troops that 1,000 are reported to have been killed before they dispersed. In Southern China 20,000 regular soldiers are said to have gone over in a body to Tung-Meng, the insurgent leader. Neither the northern nor the southern rebellion entails our immediate intervention, but, as an indirect consequence, if anarchy prevails in China no one can say how soon we may be drawn into the turmoil. Note by the way that the Chinese are increasing the number of Japanese officers in their army, and remember that Europe will be powerless in the Far East. China is Japped.

**Revolution-
ary
Agitation
in
Russia**

The prolonged industrial crisis in Russia, with the suffering consequent upon the lack of employment resulting therefrom, has led to a series of quasi-revolutionary manifestations on the part of the students of the Universities. Almost all Russian students are Socialists. Some follow Marx, others repudiate the Marxian dogma, but they are all imbued with some form of revolutionary Socialism. When they leave the University they abandon their Socialism with their student's costume and become, if they can, obedient and loyal officials of the Government. But pending the evolution of the Socialist into a Tchinovik, the revolutionary youths of the University regard themselves as the natural leaders of any existing social discontent. Hence there is nothing surprising in the fact that the misery of the starving unemployed seemed to them an imperious summons to action. They issued circulars to the workmen denouncing the Government as the cause of all the woes of Russia, and promised to help to free the workmen, "even though each student should have ten policemen and ten gendarmes at his side threatening him with the lash." The result was that the workmen and their student friends indulged in various street demonstrations, which were dispersed by a much smaller

display of force than ten policemen and ten gendarmes to one student. The authorities appear to have been considerably alarmed, if we may judge from the sentence passed on the Moscow students. Ninety-five have been sent to Eastern Siberia for from two to five years, while 567 have been imprisoned from three to six months. As the sentences were probably not less severe at St. Petersburg, Odessa, Kieff, and other places, there must be a very considerable percentage of Russian graduates at present under lock and key. This is bad, for the prison is the University of Revolution.

**The
Anti-School
Board Bill**

The paramount importance of improving, extending and systematising national education is admitted by all who pay even cursory attention to the subject. Ministers, however, in their latest attempts to deal with the subject have not been able to propose anything more than a permissive measure for the purpose of enabling the County Councils to supersede School Boards, in order to subsidise the Church schools from the rates. If, after doing this, they should desire to levy more rates for the purpose of extending secondary and technical education, they may do it if they please; if not, they may leave it alone. London is not dealt with in the Bill. If the County Councils avail themselves of this permission, women who are eligible for membership of School Boards, but who are excluded from County Councils, will cease to have any direct control over the education of their own children. The Nonconformists are up in arms, but it is very doubtful whether the quartering of the Church schools on the rates may not cut the throat of the denominational system, which has hitherto plumed itself upon the fact that it saved the rates. The Bill, being merely a permissive Bill, will probably be abandoned. Ministers and majorities seldom make a stout fight for measures the application of which is purely optional.

**Mr.
Gladstone's
Land Act
Repealed in
Detail**

It is curious that both the legislative proposals of the present Government are direct attacks upon Gladstonian legislation. The Education Bill proposes to abolish School Boards, the one great constructive piece of administrative work devised by Mr. Forster, and the Land Purchase Bill proposes to annul the central principle of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Land legislation, the creation of a Land Court for

the fixing of rents. Mr. Wyndham when he introduced his Land Purchase Bill disclaimed any desire to repeal the Land Act of 1881, but Part III. of his Bill does so very effectively. This part provides that on any Irish tenant applying to have his rent fixed, the landlord can file a proposal to have the price fixed for the sale of the farm. If the tenant refuses to buy, his appeal to have his rent fixed will be annulled. Thus the landlord can repeal the Fair Rent clause of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act whenever he has a tenant who cannot or will not buy his farm.

Land Purchase

The Bill, minus the clause repealing Mr. Gladstone's rent-fixing arrangement, is not a bad Bill so far as it goes. The number of sales of land to tenants has fallen rapidly of late years from 8,000 to 3,000. The new proprietors pay their instalments punctually. It is admittedly desirable to increase their number. Ministers refuse to compel the landlords to sell. As the value of land stock has fallen from 117 to 94—they have dropped with Consols through the war—landlords are to receive the purchase money in gold. The Land Commission will buy wholesale from the landlord when three-fourths of the tenants agree to pay the price which it fixes for the land. It will then sell retail and collect the instalments for the purchaser. The instalments will be lowered from £4 to £3 15s. per cent., but they will not be reduced, as at present, after ten years. Six years' undisputed possession of rent and profits from the land is to be held to confer title good enough to sell on. The Land Commission takes over some of the functions of the Congested Districts Board. On the whole, the Bill, always except Part III., has pleased the Irish.

The French General Election

The French have decided to postpone the proposed extension of the term of the Chamber of Deputies from four years to six until after the election which is now beginning. M. Meline has launched his manifesto. Speaking at Remiremont, M. Meline put forward the following as his programme:

Liberty of conscience and of association for all; revision of the Constitution, with a view to restricting the omnipotence of Parliament; the absolute repudiation of Collectivism; the realisation of great economic, financial, and military schemes which should assure the prosperity of the country; a thoughtful study of social problems, with a view to the improvement of the existing conditions of labour; and reform of the Budget by the strict revision and reduction of expenses.

This is all fee fow fum, with the exception of the first two articles, which secure him the Clerical and Anti-Socialist vote.

Progress of Pensions

The prospect of Old Age Pensions has been brought perceptibly—and unexpectedly—nearer during the last month. The National Conference of Friendly Societies, which is the only authorised organ of the friendly societies in this country, devoted its closing sitting to the subject of Old Age Pensions. It was first asked to adopt a scheme conferring a pension only on those who had been members of a thrift society for twenty years. But, eventually, by 38 votes to 12, the conference, representing three and three-quarter million members, declared it the duty of the State "to provide old age pensions of not less than 5s. a week to all thrifty and deserving persons of sixty-five years of age and upwards who are unable to work or are in need of the same." This was a most significant decision. In spite of all inducements to the contrary, the friendly societies have fallen into line with trade unionists and co-operators in repudiating the contributory principle. The idea of discrimination on ground of desert they have not yet abandoned; but, as New Zealand is finding, the attempt to ascertain thrift, desert, and indigence is not a success, and produces effects quite contrary to what has been intended. The House of Commons passed on March 19, without a division, the second reading of an Old Age Pension Bill. It contained many impracticable ideas of discrimination, and had no hope of being enacted; but it is perhaps an augury of coming events that the Lower House should, under the shadow of war, have unanimously agreed to an Old Age Pensions Bill, involving an expenditure of about a dozen millions annually.

THE HUMOUR OF THE MONTH.

Why Everybody Loves a Lord.

BY MARK TWAIN.

Mark Twain writes too seldom for the world's instruction and happiness. In the "N. A. Review" for April, however, he writes a very wise and entertaining article on the above text. He has been stung by the fashion in which Americans have prostrated themselves before Prince Henry, and he undertakes to analyse the impulse behind that prostration and to prove that it is universal. A not ungentle cynicism runs, like a flavour of salt, through the article. We give some extracts:

To worship rank and distinction is the dear and valued privilege of all the human race, and it is freely and joyfully exercised in democracies as well as in monarchies—and even, to some extent, among those creatures whom we impertinently call the Lower Animals. For even they have some poor little vanities and foibles, though in this matter they are paupers as compared to us.

A Chinese Emperor has the worship of his four hundred millions of subjects, but the rest of the world is indifferent to him. A Christian Emperor has the worship of his subjects, and of a large part of the Christian world outside of his dominions; but he is a matter of indifference to all China. A king, class A, has an extensive worship; a king, class B, has a less extensive worship; class C, class D, class E get a steadily diminishing share of worship; class F (Sultan of Zanzibar), class P (Sultan of Sulu), and class W (half-king of Samoa), get no worship at all outside their own little patch of sovereignty.

Take the distinguished people along down. Each has his group of homage-payers. In the navy, there are many groups; they start with the Secretary and the Admiral, and go down to the quartermaster—and below: for there will be groups among the sailors, and each of these groups will have a tar who is distinguished for his battles, or his strength, or his daring, or his profanity, and is admired and envied by his group. The same with the army; the same with the literary and journalistic craft; the publishing craft; the cod-fishery craft; Standard Oil; U.S. Steel; the class A hotel—and the rest of the alphabet in that line; the class A prize-fighter—and the rest of the alphabet in his line—clear down to the lowest and obscurest six-boy gang of little gamins, with its one boy that can thrash the rest, and to whom he is king of Samoa, bottom of the royal race, but looked up to with a most ardent admiration and envy.

There is something pathetic, and funny, and pretty, about this human race's fondness for contact with power and distinction, and for the reflected glory it gets out of it. The king, class A, is happy in the state banquet and the military show which the emperor provides for him, and he goes home and gathers the queen and the princelings around him in the privacy of the spare room, and tells them all about it, and says:

"His Imperial Majesty put his hand on my shoulder in the most friendly way—just as friendly and familiar, oh, you can't imagine it!—and everybody seeing him do it; charming, perfectly charming!"

The king, class G, is happy in the cold collation and the police-parade provided for him by the king, class B, and goes home and tells the family all about it, and says:—

"And His Majesty took me into his own private cabinet for a smoke and a chat, and there we sat, just as sociable, and talking away and laughing and chatting, just the same as if we had been born in the same bunk; and all the servants in the anteroom could see us doing it! Oh, it was too lovely for anything!"

The king, class Q, is happy in the modest entertainment furnished him by the king, class M, and goes home and tells the household about it, and is as grateful and joyful over it as were his predecessors in the gaudier attentions that had fallen to their larger lot.

Emperors, kings, artisans, peasants, big people, little people—at bottom we are all alike and all the same; almost alike on the inside, and when our clothes are off, nobody can tell which of us is which. We are unanimous in the pride we take in good and genuine compliments paid us, in distinctions conferred upon us, in attentions shown us. There is not one of us, from the emperor down, but is made like that.

We all like these things. When the gate-guard at the railway station passes me through unchallenged, and examines other people's tickets, I feel as the king, class A, felt when the emperor put the imperial hand on his shoulder, "everybody seeing him do it"; and as the child felt when the random dog allowed her to pat his head and ostracised the others; and as the princess felt when the wasps spared her and stung the rest; and I felt just so, four years ago in Vienna (and remember it yet), when the helmeted police shut me off, with fifty others, from a street which the Emperor was to pass through, and the captain of the squad turned and saw the situation, and said indignantly to that guard:

"Can't you see it is the Herr Mark Twain? Let him through!"

It was four years ago; but it will be four hundred before I forget the wind of self-complacency that rose in me, and strained my buttons when I marked the deference for me evoked in the faces of my fellow-rable, and noted, mingled with it, a puzzled and resentful expression which said, as plainly as speech could have worded it: "And who in the nation is the Herr Mark Twain um Gotteswillen?"

How many times in your life have you heard this boastful remark:—

"I stood as close to him as I am to you; I could have put out my hand and touched him."

We have all heard it many and many a time. It was a proud distinction to be able to say those words. It brought envy to the speaker, a kind of glory; and he basked in it and was happy through all his veins. And who was it he stood so close to? The answer would cover all the grades. Sometimes it was a king; sometimes it was a renowned highwayman; sometimes it was an unknown man killed in an extraordinary way and made suddenly famous by it; always it was a person who was for the moment the subject of public interest—the public interest of a nation, maybe only the public interest of a village.

"I was there, and I saw it myself." That is a common and envy-compelling remark. It can refer to a battle; to a hanging; to a coronation; to the killing of Jumbo by the railway train; to the arrival of Jenny Lind at the Battery; to the meeting of the President and Prince Henry; to the chase of a murderous maniac; to the disaster in the tunnel; to the explosion in the subway; to a remarkable dog-fight; to a village church struck by lightning. It will be said, more or less casually, by everybody in America who has seen Prince Henry do anything, or try to. The man who was absent and didn't see him do anything, will scoff. It is his privilege; and he can make

capital out of it, too; he will seem, even to himself, to be different from other Americans, and better. As his opinion of his superior Americanism grows, and swells, and concentrates and coagulates, he will go further and try to belittle the distinction of those that saw the Prince do things, and will spoil their pleasure in it if he can. My life has been embittered by that kind of persons. If you are able to tell of a special distinction that has fallen to your lot, it travels them; they cannot bear it; and they try to make believe that the thing you took for a special distinction was nothing of the kind, and was meant in quite another way. Once I was received in private audience by an emperor. Last week I was telling a jealous person about it, and I could see him wince under it, see it bite, see him suffer. I revealed the whole episode to him with considerable elaboration and nice attention to detail. When I was through, he asked me what had impressed me most. I said:—

"His Majesty's delicacy. They told me to be sure and back out from the presence, and find the door-knob the best I could; it was not allowable to face around. Now the Emperor knew it would be a difficult ordeal for me, because of lack of practice; and so, when it was time to part, he turned, with exceeding delicacy, and pretended to fumble with things on his desk, so that I could get out in my own way, without his seeing me."

"It went home! It was vitriol! I saw the envy and disgruntlement rise in the man's face; he couldn't keep it down. I saw him trying to fix up something in his mind to take the bloom off that distinction. I enjoyed that, for I judged that he had his work cut out for him. He struggled along inwardly for quite a while; then he said, with the manner of a person who has to say something and hasn't anything relevant to say:—

"You said he had a handful of special-brand cigars lying on the table?"

"Yes; I never saw anything to match them."

"I had him again. He had to fumble around in his mind as much as another minute before he could play; then he said, in as mean a way as I ever heard a person say anything:—

"He could have been counting the cigars, you know."

"I cannot endure a man like that. It is nothing to him how unkind he is, so long as he takes the bloom off. It is all he cares for."

"An Englishman (or other human being) does dearly love a lord" (or other conspicuous person). It includes us all. We love to be noticed by the conspicuous person; we love to be associated with such, or with a conspicuous event, even in a seventh-rate fashion, even in a forty-seventh, if we cannot do better. This accounts for some of our curious tastes in mementos. It accounts for the large private trade in the Prince of Wales' hair, which chambermaids were able to drive in that article of commerce when the Prince made the tour of the world in the long ago—hair which probably did not always come from his brush, since enough of it was marketed to refurnish a bald comet; it accounts for the fact that the rope which lynches a negro in the presence of ten thousand Christian spectators is saleable five minutes later at two dollars an inch; it accounts for the mournful fact that a royal personage does not venture to wear buttons on his coat in public.

We are all children, all children of the one Adam, and we love toys. I have been personally acquainted with over 84,000 persons who, at one time or another in their lives, have served for a year or two on the staffs of our multitudinous governors, and through that fatality have

been general's temporarily, and colonel's temporarily, and judge-advocate temporarily; but I have known only nine among them who could be hired to let the title go when it ceased to be legitimate. I know thousands and thousands of governors who ceased to be governors away back in the last century; but I am acquainted with only three who would answer your letter if you failed to call them "Governor" in it. I know acres and acres of men who have done time in a legislature in prehistoric days, but among them is not half an acre whose resentment you would not raise if you addressed them as "Mr." instead of "Hon." The first thing a legislature does is to convene in an impressive legislative attitude, and get itself photographed. Each member frames his copy, and takes it to the woods and hangs it up in the most aggressively conspicuous place in his house; and if you visit the house and fail to inquire what that accumulation is, the conversation will be brought around to it by that aforesaid legislator, and he will show you a figure in it which in the course of years he has almost obliterated with the smut of his finger-marks, and say with a solemn joy, "It's me!"

Have you ever seen a country Congressman enter the hotel breakfast-room in Washington with his letters?—and sit at his table and let on to read them?—and wrinkle his brows and frown statesmanlike?—keeping a furtive watch-out over his glasses all the while to see if he is being observed and admired?—those same old letters which he fetches in every morning? Have you seen it? Have you seen him show off? It is the sight of the national capital. Except one; a pathetic one. That is the ex-Congressman: the poor fellow whose life has been ruined by a two-year taste of glory and of fictitious consequence; who has been superseded, and ought to take his heart-break home and hide it, but cannot tear himself away from the scene of his lost little grandeur; and so he lingers, and still lingers, year after year, unconsidered, sometimes snubbed, ashamed of his fallen estate, and valiantly trying to look otherwise; dreary and depressed, but counterfeiting breeziness and gaiety, hailing with a chummy familiarity, which is not always welcomed, the more-fortunate who are still in place, and were once his mates. Have you seen him? He clings piteously to the one little shred that is left of his departed distinction—the "privilege of the floor;" and works it hard, and gets what he can out of it. That is the saddest figure I know of.

Many years ago, I saw a greasy youth in overalls standing by the "Herald" office, with an expectant look in his face. Soon a large man passed out, and gave him a pat on the shoulder. That was what the boy was waiting for—the large man's notice. The pat made him proud and happy, and the exultation inside of him shone out through his eyes; and his mates were there to see the pat, and envy it, and wish they could have had that glory. The boy belonged down cellar in the press-room, the large man was king of the upper floors, foreman of the composing-room. The light in the boy's face was worship, the foreman was his lord, head of his group. The pat was an accolade. It was as precious to the boy as it would have been if he had been an aristocrat's son and the accolade had been delivered by his sovereign with a sword. The quintessence of the honour was all there; there was no difference in values; in truth there was no difference present except an artificial one—clothes.

All the human race loves a lord—that is, it loves to look upon or be noticed by the possessor of Power or Conspicuousness; and sometimes animals, born to better things and higher ideals, descend to man's level in this matter. In the Jardin des Plantes I have seen a cat that was so vain of being the personal friend of an elephant, that I was ashamed of her.

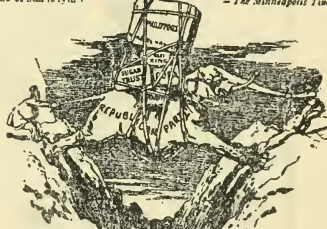
THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN CARICATURE



"New York Journal."]
SUGGESTION FOR THE CORONATION PROCESSION.



UNCLE SAM "The crier, bass and wage at the same time. Who's end of him is 1910?"
—The Minneapolis Times.



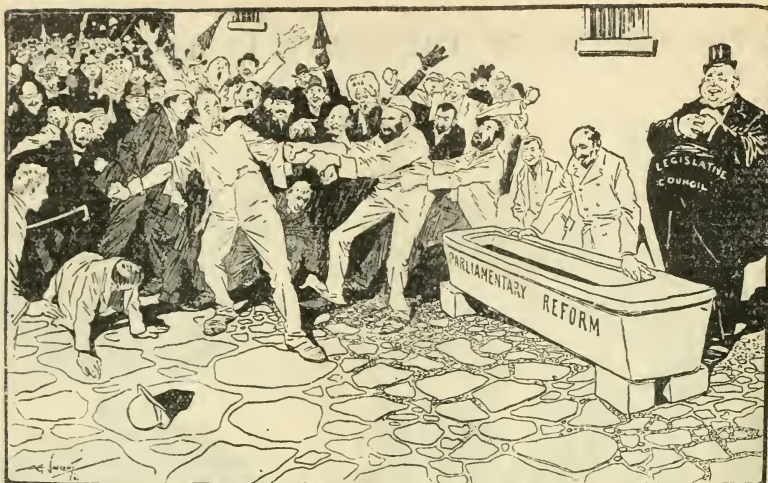
HELP FOR THE ELEPHANT!
—New York Herald



TAKING THE BULL BY THE HORNS.
From the Journal (Minneapolis).



YES, JOHN BULL BUYS HORSES IN THE UNITED STATES, ALL RIGHT; BUT THE QUESTION IS, ARE THEY MUNITIONS OF WAR?—From the Tribune (Minneapolis).



A LARK FOR EVERYONE BUT MR. PEACOCK!





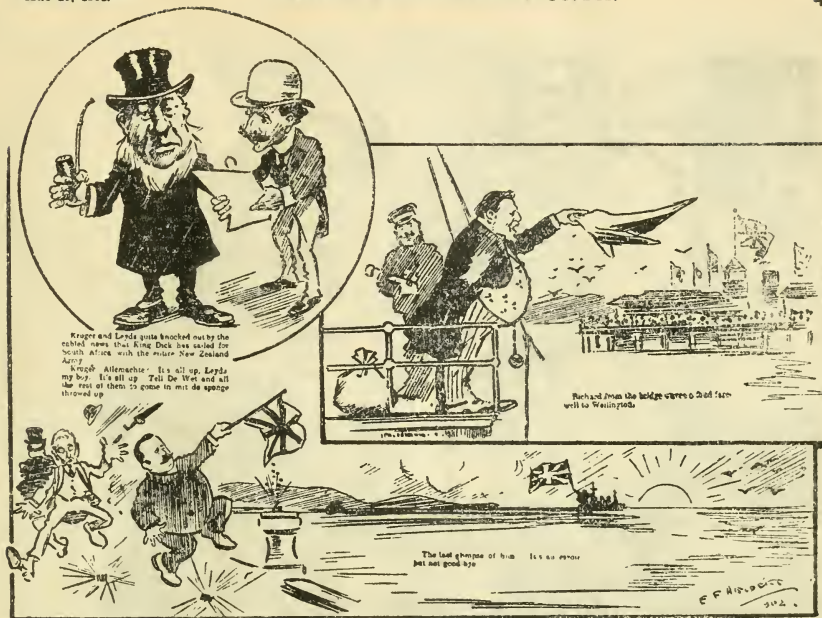
THE PROBLEM OF MAY 3.

The Noble Elector: "Gosh! All these blokes look as if they want to bamboozle me."

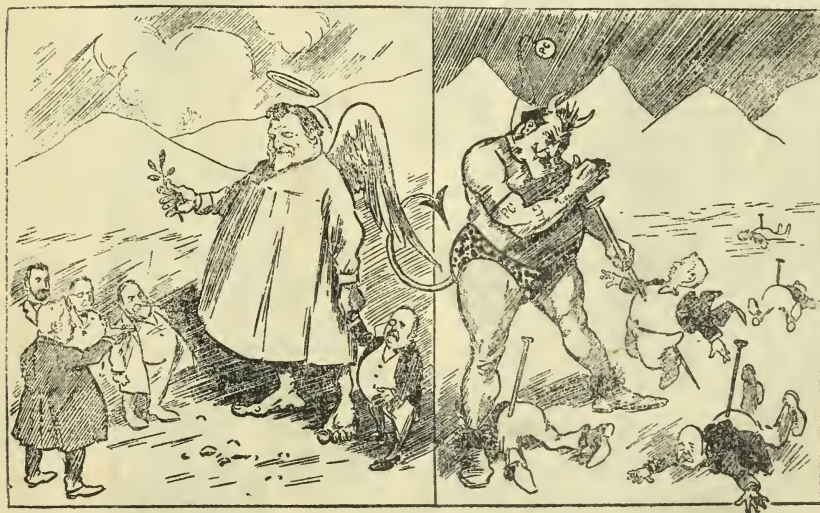


"N.Z. Graphic."]

WITH MR. SEDDON ON THE "DRAYTON GRANGE," BOUND FOR THE CORONATION.



MR. SEDDON LEAVES FOR ENGLAND WITH THE TENTH CONTINGENT.



"Free Lance.]"

TWO VIEWS OF MR. SEDDON.

I.—As His Friends See Him.

II.—As He is Pictured by Certain Australian Papers.

"Mr. Seddon protested against being used as an instrument of torture to pin-prick the Federal Government on various matters. On the contrary, he was holding out the olive branch."—Mr. Seddon's oration at the Sydney banquet.



PING-PONG AT THE BROWNIE CLUB.

(By permission of the proprietors of "London Punch.")

WHAT AUSTRALIANS ARE THINKING OF THE CORONATION.

By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.

[One of the great London dailies wrote recently, asking the above question. The following article was written in reply.—Ed. "R. of R. for A."]

Geographical distance is very apt to chill the imagination, and it argues a lively fancy to be deeply interested in an event twelve thousand miles distant. Yet it is certain that all Australia is keenly interested in the approaching coronation; and that interest grows more eager day by day as the great ceremony draws nearer. If the stately and glittering function for which a whole empire is waiting took place, say, in Melbourne or Sydney, instead of London, it is certain that all the inland towns would empty themselves on the happy capital, and from every village and hamlet, from lonely farms, from selectors' huts, and from far-off stations pretty well the entire population of Australia would march on the city to see the crowning of the King! But the great event takes place on the other side of the planet. Who goes to see it from Australia must have deep pockets, and be able to take a holiday stretching through months. Yet all the mail-boats for weeks past have been crowded with passengers with their faces turned towards London. From Melbourne alone more than 600 persons have registered their names with the Government as wanting seats in some great stand on the line of the Royal procession reserved for Australians. The Australian press is enterprising, and for the coming event it is planning great things. For the great function of the coronation it will have, for a whole continent, the combined offices of a mirror and of a sounding-board. It will reflect, for the benefit of Australian eyes, every gleam of the splendour which is about to fall on London. The shout of the crowds in London streets, and the murmur of voices in Westminster Abbey will, in a sense, be made audible all over Australia.

The Glow of Splendour.

What is the secret of the charm which the coronation undoubtedly has for the Australian imagination? It is a secret not hard to guess, and yet made up of many elements. For one thing, the mere picturesqueness of the approaching ceremony stirs Australian blood. The Australian has been described as "an Italianated Englishman;" the prosaic Anglo-Saxon in him is linked to keener artistic sensibilities than the parent stock knows. And there is some truth in this. Our climate colours us. Life for us is a perpetual sun-bath. With dazzling skies above us, and measureless landscapes about us, all the artistic

susceptibilities—the sense of form and of colour, the joy in them, the delight in the picturesque—are keenly stimulated. So the Australian, though his life has many rough and prosaic aspects, is keenly susceptible to the artistic side of things. He loves splendour, though he sees little of it. And in the coronation, as the Australian imagines it, all the wealth and pride and stateliness of the Empire breaks for one dazzling moment into blossom! We picture the great Abbey, the gathered peers, the white-robed procession, the chant of the choir, the thrones set for King and Queen, the solemn ritual, the quaint, time-honoured, centuries-old ceremonies; and every detail of it all delights the Australian imagination. This, we think, is exactly how such an Empire should set about the business of anointing its ruler!

The Spell of Antiquity.

What delights the Australian, moreover, is the grey, far-off antiquity which seems to lie like an atmosphere upon the stately pageant of the coronation. As a people, we sometimes feel ourselves to be distressingly young. Time for us began yesterday. Johnny Fawcner, who, with his brig, the *Enterprise*, came groping up the Yarra in 1835, is for us the beginning of history! Is it strange that the imagination runs some peril of being starved on a diet so scanty and so unnutritious; that it can find no room for its wings in the curve of a history so brief? But the quaint, old-world ceremonies of the coronation have behind them a procession of many centuries. They take the imagination back past Tudor and Plantagenet, past the spacious times of great Elizabeth, and the iron days of William the Norman, almost to the Heptarchy itself! This gives to the imagination of the Australian a field which his own continent and history, as yet, deny him.

The Pride of Empire.

The Australian, again, has a vivid sense of Empire, and a pride in it which—perhaps because it is unchastened by any sense of its burdens and responsibilities—is apt to grow effervescent. His patriotism is compounded of many elements; pride of race, joy in the sense of kindredship with a great people, of partnership in great affairs, of standing high in the scale of nations. And what the Australian feels at all he feels keenly; for he has the quality of youth, with its ready susceptibilities, its frank ardours, its joy in mere braveries of dress and bearing. Now in the coronation the sober-suited and heavy-footed British Empire breaks for a moment into splendour. The wealth

and strength and pride of so many far-stretching provinces find concrete expression. They report themselves in dazzling characters to the admiration and envy of surrounding nations. And this is exactly how the Australian would have it to be. He feels a domestic interest in it all. It is for him a family affair. It satisfies his pride—it would be indiscreet to say that it tickles his vanity—that the business of crowning the monarch of Great—and of Greater—Britain is on a scale, and attended with a splendour, which for a moment at least arrests the attention of the entire human race. It is well, the Australian thinks, that the long lines of mighty iron-clads should be gathered at Spithead, and that soldiers summoned

from far-off lands, and so strangely diverse in complexion and blood and speech, should march through the crowded London streets when King Edward VII. goes to his coronation. What is all this but the reflex—the pale, imperfect reflex—of the wealth and strength and pride of the Empire of which the Australian exults to feel himself a citizen!

So, though the coronation is twelve thousand miles distant, yet the interest felt in it throughout Australia—not merely in the crowded cities on the sea-board, but through the scattered and scanty inland population—is as high and as proud as anything to be found in the streets of London, or in the great towns of the English Midlands.

An Australian View of the War.

Mr. J. H. M. Abbott, late corporal in the First Australian Horse, in his book, "Tommy Cornstalk; being Some Account of the Less Notable Features of the South African War" (Longmans), draws the following word-picture of General French:—

General French.

Somehow French doesn't strike you with any idea of his being the smart man he is—except when you notice the shrewd, twinkling little eyes that seem to take in everything about him. . . . Short, dump, jaunty, sitting a horse rather like the proverbial sack o' flour; if you saw him booted and spurred in Capetown, you would almost put him down as a colonel of infantry who had learned to ride from a Red Book in a riding-school at considerable pains. And yet they say he is a hunting man and rides straight enough. In dress and person he is always neat. When you salute him he returns it courteously, with a smiling face. When he finds fault there is, one hears, no mistaking his meaning. Staff signallers will tell you that his vocabulary does not lack of means of emphasis.

A tale is told of how French had once spoken to a luckless Brigadier, who had contrived to mask the guns in a certain action, and it was said that the recipient of the address "seemed to pray for the advent of a six-inch shell by way of change of subject."

Earl Roberts.

Corporal Abbott gives us also a portrait of Earl Roberts as he saw him on the veldt:

One has written of him as "a little old man." "Old" he is—one knows it; and "little"—one has seen it. But he is the toughest old man you might come across in a thousand years. His nose is slim and straight and active. The scrupulously neat khaki uniform fitted him like a glove. The puttee leggings encased the trimmest little legs that ever pressed against stirringleathers. His brick-red face had been fresh shaven that morning—one would swear; his was the most graceful form you might ever chance to behold, and he carried himself so bravely and modestly and handsomely that one felt as though some old knight had stepped from a bygone century into this, endowed with all the best attributes of the age of chivalry.

It came across the Australian's thought that "here indeed was a man of whom it might be said again, 'Sans peur et sans reproche.'"

"Bobs an' Kitchener."

An engine-driver on the railway between Kroonstad and the Transvaal capital thus described the manner of "Bobs and Kitchener":—

"Oh, yes," he said, "Bobs an' Kitchener comes along sometimes. My colonial, y' oughter see the difference at the stations, though! W'en 'Bobs's' train pulls up, he gets out an' strolls along the platform, an' everybody knocks off work so's to come un an' have a look at him. He jes' walks about among the crowd, talkin' to 'em like me an' you would. Asks 'em how they're gettin' on for rations, an' so on. 'Course, he's never familiar, or anything like that—y' can always see he's Boss—an' if he notices anything wrong he let's 'em know, quick an' lively—but he seems to be more of a friend to everybody than anything else. But w'en 'Herbert' steps out of his carriage there's hardly a soul to be seen on the platform—they're all away in 'em' trenches, or mountain' guns, or scoutin' round the country—an' any blessed thing, so long as he can see 'em workin'." Lord help 'em if they ain't."

Perhaps the engine-driver was speaking out of the fulness of a personal experience.

The Sentry's Tribute.

A sentry by the college at Sunnyside was asked by the Australian jestingly one day did he know the Little Man?

"Know 'im!" he replied; "w'y yuss, I jes' do know 'im. Friend o' the family 'e is. Day afore yestidy 'e comes along the street on foot, an' w'en 'e gits ter the gite, er course I stan' the ter ther 'present. 'E comes bowlin' in, 's chippy 's if 'e'd bin to a bloomin' dawg-fight. 'Good afternoon, sentry,' 'e sez, 'any one bin arskin' arter the ole man?' I was that took back I 'ardly knows what ter s'y to 'im. Anyw'w, I manages ter git out as I didn't think no one 'ad called. 'Wot's ver nime, sentry?' 'e sez. So I tells 'im—nime, 'an number an' regiment. 'Wasn't yer farther witu me ter a hander?" 'e sez. Well, Lor lumme! yer could er knocked me hover—me ole man 'ad bin there, but I didn't think Bobs 'd er mide 'is acquaintance. Well, 'e did. Remembered 'im fer bein' 'colour' in a comp'ny wot 'd done somethink or other. Ain't 'e a nobby little bloke? 'E knows crowus an' crowds er bokes, too—an' yit 'e remembers me ole man jes' w'en 'e 'ears 'is nime!"

"This," says Corporal Abbott, "is quite a true story. At least, if it is not, it is the sentry's lie, not mine."

THE COMING FIGHT FOR PROHIBITION IN NEW ZEALAND.

By REV. FRANK W. ISITT.

There is no other political question that will so interest the minds of the voters of this colony on the day of the Parliamentary election as that of License or No-license. It will be decided at the Local Option poll of that day, and will also greatly affect the voting for Parliamentary candidates, though less directly, as the N.Z. Alliance does not demand that the candidate it supports shall be a prohibitionist. It simply asks that he shall be a man of high character, and that whatever may be his views on prohibition he shall take his prejudices from between the people and the ballot box, and let them settle the whole liquor question for themselves.

The Influence of Patriotic Demonstrations.

New Zealand temperance workers face the Local Option crusade of 1902 encouraged by the fact that many electorates drew near to victory in 1899, but discouraged by the knowledge that there has been a per capita increase of 18½ per cent. in the colony's drink bill during the last five years.

This increase has been chiefly made during the last two and a half years, and has been largely due to the seasons of national excitement. It is, after all, in the public-house bars throughout the colony that the great events have been chiefly celebrated; i.e., the departures of our contingents, the relief of beleaguered cities, the victories we have won, as it is chiefly in the bars that men have met and mourned over our losses.

The Royal visit, again, was the signal for fresh rejoicings, and in its honour men again drank copiously. This cannot be matter for surprise. As long as the public-houses are the only places in our cities where men can meet and talk, so long will they be filled. Temperance reformers would like to see public recreation rooms in every ward of our cities, and they look anxiously for the day when the municipal authorities will be as careful to make this provision as they now are to provide sufficient open-air recreation-grounds; but they are obliged to leave this question to their friends in the Moderate party. Their own hands are full, but they recognise that the need is urgent. They know that once a young man has familiarised himself with the public-house bar his moral antipathy to it, as an institution, has sensibly decreased, and that he is in danger of becoming an habitue. They know, too, that it is among young men that

our patriotic celebrations have wrought the most havoc, and they see in this fact an ill omen for their crusade.

How the Churches Stand.

On the other hand the non-Episcopal Churches of the colony have closed their ranks in an appreciable degree. In '99, still more in '96, and even more yet in '93, there were prominent representatives of various Christian Churches standing more or less in active opposition to the No-license movement, either on the platform, or in the columns of the press, or both.

To-day, outside the Anglican Church, there is no influential minister of any one of the Churches who could be cited by the liquor traffic as standing for its defence. Some, it is true, have been fascinated by the thought of the public-house being placed under State ownership, municipal control, or public-house management; but none of them have actively advocated any one of these schemes, except some of the Anglican clergy of Otago, who have inaugurated a movement for the initiation of a public-house trust scheme, not seeming even to know that their own English "C. of E. Temperance Chronicle," in a recent number, has shown how the British public-house trust movement has simply added another, and somewhat more respectable, public-house to those already in existence, and proportionately increased drinking. The "Chronicle" has given conclusive figures in support of the statement.

The State control or municipal systems are advocated by a few in the same unscientific, happy-go-lucky way, with complete disregard of the instructive facts that may be derived from a study of the State dispensary scheme in South Carolina, and the Scandinavian systems, and with equal disregard of the fact that it matters very little to the wife, or child, or parent of a drunkard whether he is ruined by liquor sold by a public body or a publican.

The Plan of Campaign.

These systems, however, do not now come within the realm of practical politics in New Zealand, and its advocates can only weaken the No-license vote at the forthcoming poll, without themselves accomplishing anything, inasmuch as their question cannot be made one of the issues at the next poll without legislation that cannot be looked for in

a Parliament whose members will, throughout the session, be eager to be off to the hustings.

The real battle will still be between the liquor party and their friends and the advocates of No-license, and the N.Z. Alliance Executive has arranged for well-known champion temperance speakers in other parts of the world to come to its help. Miss Balgarnie, of whom it is claimed that she is the finest woman speaker on the English temperance platform, has come to New Zealand to conduct missions until the poll. Mr. J. G. Woolley, the American lecturer, had also engaged to come for six months from June, and it is still hoped that he will, although a telegram received in April suggests that the Alliance may be disappointed in this respect. Australia is also sending aid, in the person of Mrs. Harrison Lee, of Victoria, and with these, and the earnest, capable workers in New Zealand who are ready to throw themselves into the fight, it is hoped that great things may be accomplished.

Fallacious Arguments.

One interesting feature of the work in New Zealand is the way that the opponents of prohibition are gradually dropping their arguments. With the casting of the first Reduction vote, which, without giving any compensation, closed many of the public-houses in various cities, while others were left to reap all the profits of the monopoly, the cry for compensation ceased. Until then there had been long and heated debates on the subject, and the question had cropped up everywhere; but now it is to all practical purposes dead. Other arguments of less importance were dropped as the years went by, and though every imaginable objection was raised before the last poll the election was really fought to the cry of, "Liberty of the Subject," "What about the Revenue?" Whether this will be the case now remains to be seen. As long as there are people who see no financial loss in our drink-filled prisons and hospitals and asylums, people to whom our drink bill spells national prosperity; as long as there are people who feel no share of responsibility in the inevitable results of the traffic which they license, so long will that cry of the "Revenue" be raised; but it may be

hoped that fewer and fewer people will be found to give heed to it at each succeeding poll.

As for the cry of "Liberty of the Subject," it grows decrepit. People are beginning to realise more and more clearly that the No-license man does not want to interfere with the liberty of a man to drink; that he simply says to him, "We cannot, for the sake of your liberty of self-indulgence, consent to license a traffic which imperils the highest liberties of the public. If your trivial liberty is obtained, as this same liberty invariably and inevitably is, at the expense of another man's hopeless bondage, you must go without. You must not steal his share of liberty to fatten yours."

On these grounds the Churches are joining the movement more and more fully, and it is clear that the special feature of this campaign will be the unanimity with which ministers and congregations will hurl themselves against the liquor traffic. Shortly before the last poll the ministers of the non-Episcopal Churches, many Anglicans, and three bishops, signed and issued an appeal to the people to vote for No-license, and held meetings for the same purpose.

This year, although the poll is yet several months ahead, the Churches have already taken a more decisive step. The New Zealand branch of the Methodist Church of Australasia, at its Conference in March, recommended that the chairman and ministers of each district should endeavour to set apart one of their number for a month's campaign work before the poll. The Primitive Methodist Conference urged its members, in their circuits, to facilitate to the utmost the devotion of as much time and energy as their ministers could spare from other duties for this work. The Presbyterian Synods, Baptist Conference and Congregational Union, each in its measure raised a No-license battle cry for their members and adherents. The Salvation Army avowed that it stood for the same cause in every one of its members, while others of the less prominent religious bodies have followed suit. The campaign of this year in New Zealand is, indeed, more pronouncedly than ever a battle of the Cross against the chief factor for the degradation and destruction of humanity.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

By ERNEST D'ESTERRE.

The Prohibition Movement.

Now that the triennial local option poll is drawing nearer, strenuous efforts are being made by the prohibition party throughout the colony to capture the poll and enforce prohibition. We are promised a small army of brilliant temperance speakers, including Mr. John G. Woolley, of Chicago, and it is evident that the party will muster its full strength for what is believed will be a decisive battle. In every centre strong committees are being formed to enrol votes for the No-license issue.

The Clutha district, where prohibition has been carried, is pointed out as a bright and shining example of the benefits of prohibition; but as there are almost monthly convictions for "sly grog" selling there, the benefits are of a somewhat doubtful character, and we have the statement of the Bishop of New York, and other eminent thinkers, that prohibition is a fraud and a failure, as, where laws have been enacted absolutely prohibitive of the sale of alcoholic liquors, a race of hypocrites and frauds has been created. The diametrical opposite of the prohibition party is, of course, the liquor party, and this section is quite as active as the prohibitionists in declaiming the rights of the people. The local option poll has two great issues, License and No-license, and one means the continuance of the licensing system as at present, and the other the total abolition of the liquor traffic. It is true, there is another intermediate issue, styled Reduction, but reduction in the number of licensed houses means the depriving of a few of their capital and means of livelihood, and the enhancing of value of the properties which may be allowed to retain their licenses.

The Moderate Section.

Between the two extremist parties stands another, which is in by far the greater majority, composed of temperate, moderate, and practical people who, while deploring the abuse of liquor and its consequences, as evidenced in the annals of crime, and the number of inebriates committed to our gaols and benevolent asylums, yet consider that prohibition in absolute is a vicious sentiment, and are opposed to it, as well as the other view of the situation; but, as they are called upon to vote, vote rather for prohibition than for continuance. Now, this moderate party is forming a practical scheme, in the shape of a company, to obtain control of

the traffic, and work it under the direction of a board of directorate. The *modus operandi* I will refer to later.

The Churches' Attitude.

The question is not only drawing towards a great battle between the two great parties, but it is also resolving itself into a fight between the Anglican Church on the one side and the great Nonconformist Churches on the other. On the one hand the Nonconformist Churches are fighting for absolute prohibition, and the Anglican Church now comes to the front with a determined announcement to support the company scheme. The Anglican Church has it that "wine is a creature of God," and that the use of alcohol has the sanction and example of Christ, and its abuse is wrong and to be guarded against. It holds that it is the duty of Christians to mitigate and check this abuse, without presuming to greater wisdom than Christ, in denying its use. The Church admits its use, because Christ and St. Paul had sanctioned it, and prohibition is impossible and irrational, while reform is possible and rational.

The Company Trust Scheme.

The intermediate party, believing that the triumph of either of the two issues would mean evil, has decided to band together to place a sensible and enlightened project before the public, and the first practical step has been taken in Dunedin, where a company, styled "The Otago Public-house Trust Association," is in process of formation, promoted by Colonel Morris, and the provisional directorate board is being appointed, including His Lordship Bishop Nevill, and the most prominent city men. The promoters recognise that prohibition in the absolute is certain to cause more harm than good, and they also see the injustice of depriving hotelkeepers and others of their means of livelihood and capital without adequate compensation, as the prohibitionists propose doing. Nor do they consider it right or just to deprive a whole community of the liberty to make a moderate and temperate use of good liquor, for the sake of the few who were unable to resist temptation, and indulged to excess, though they are quite as desirous as the prohibitionists to bring about a lessening of the evils of drunkenness. In accordance with this belief the Association is being formed, to obtain the full control of the liquor traffic in Dunedin, and to conduct it on humane

and Christian inns. Admitting that there are hotels which are properly conducted, they are more than counter-balanced by the great number where drunkenness—and even worse vice—is permitted, and the law is systematically broken. The Association, therefore, intends to purchase up licensed houses, paying over to the proprietors the full value of their holdings, and then to conduct the houses, through salaried managers and employees, under strict superintendence. The system will, of course, be under the direct control of the trust board of directors.

A Maximum Profit of 5 Per Cent.

The employees of the Association would have no interest whatever in the sale of drink, and no inducement to encourage sale, and therefore the employees can have no object in selling to intoxicated men, or after legal hours, while, if found doing so, they will be instantly dismissed. It might be said that though the employees would have no pecuniary interest in the traffic, yet the shareholders would have that interest, and thus the private profit element is simply transferred from the publican to the shareholder of the Association.

The Association provides for this by fixing a five per cent. dividend, beyond which the shareholders will receive no profit whatever, thus removing the element of profit.

In the event of profit accruing over and above the amount necessary for the dividend fund, it is provided that it shall go to form a sinking fund for the purchase of more hotels; and, in time, if the Association obtains entire control—and there seems no reason why it should not—the profits can be devoted to the support of charitable institutions. Beer, wine, and spirits only of the best description are to be dispensed in the Trust hotels, and temperance drinks will be made a special feature. It is contended that the moral influence of hotels so conducted will be great, and will exercise a wholesome influence over other licensed houses.

The theory is meeting with very great support, and I believe it will be put into practical operation within a few months. It certainly has the support of many of the most eminent of New Zealand's citizens. The fixing of the dividend at five per cent. removes the element of cupidity, while at the same time it provides a fair return for investment, and it is hoped that the great section of the public who approve of the scheme will apply for shares, and give their support in furtherance of what their principles teach them to be right and just. In the course of a month or so the share list is expected to be opened to the public, and, I am convinced, the promoters will have the satisfaction of solving a great New Zealand national problem by the application of this idea, which is known in England and America as "Lord Grey's venture."

Outlanders in West Canada.

Dr. Shaw's views of the Canadian West lend added interest to a paper by Mr. John Davidson in the "Economic Journal," dealing with the foreign population of that new region. Mr. Davidson finds the cause of Canada's rapid increase in the fact that the States are filling up and the overflow goes north. Among the foreign elements, he says, the Mennonites and the Doukhobors are settlements apart, who will only very slowly assimilate; the Mormons are ideal settlers, but under the iron grip of their theocracy; the Galicians are multiplying fast and are almost too eager to adopt Western ways; the Scandinavians and Icelanders are especially prized and welcomed; but the preference for agricultural settlers means that Canada may not expect large numbers from the United Kingdom. On the arrivals from the States Mr. Davidson, who is a Canadian, does not share Dr. Shaw's apprehensions. He says:—

The immigration from the United States, like the migration from the Eastern Provinces of the Dominion, is a purely economic movement of exploitation; and the

presence of such settlers not only creates no immigration problem, but gives aid in solving those which arise from the presence of purely foreign settlers. The immigration from the United States has, within the last few years only, become important, although, owing to the incurable optimism of the official mind, the statistics have for many years shown a large influx. It is hardly possible to give any adequate returns of migration across a long land frontier; and the entries of "settlers' effects" are not more trustworthy, because in many cases horse and cattle dealers have represented themselves as settlers to evade the duty. But there is no doubt that the influx is great at the present time, and is growing. There was a time when it would have been dangerous to encourage such immigration. While the long Canadian centre was unsupported and unsettled, immigration might have created international difficulties. Even to-day the "galvanised Yankee" affects to be superior; and during the first, and perhaps even during the second, Riel rebellion, Sir John Macdonald's fear of American interference on behalf of the "Uitlander" population might have been realised, had there been as many "Uitlanders" as there are to-day. Part at least of Canada's anxiety to complete the organisation of the West was due to a desire to prevent such interference. But to-day the West is securely British, and settlers from the United States, many of whom are repatriated Canadians, are thoroughly welcome, not merely because they are settlers, and good settlers, but also because they will assist in solving a problem which they do not themselves create, viz., the assimilation of the foreigner.

A CHEERFUL VIEW OF QUEENSLAND.

By LORD LAMINGTON.

A State Governor during his term of office may keep his eyes open, but he must keep his mouth shut. For his own peace he must practise a Quaker-like silence. When he returns to England, however, he regains his natural liberty of frank speech, and usually exercises it wisely. In the *Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute* appears a paper by Lord Lamington, entitled "Notes on Queensland," so shrewd and well informed, as well as kindly, that it will be read with keen interest in Australia. We give some extracts:

Queensland Droughts.

"It is somewhat misleading to speak of Queensland as being drought-stricken; the country is one of large areas, and things are rarely ever so bad or ever so good as represented by a general statement. Thus, in October, 1900, I travelled in North-West Queensland, and even in some of the worst of the drought-stricken country I came across districts that fared well. This was owing to their being in the track of some thunderstorms, which, as a rule, follow one another over a particular line of country. But even these smiles of Nature are often unreliable. For example, paddocks may be seen with good grass which remains uneaten through the absence of water for the stock to drink. And it is in these cases that artesian wells are of such benefit. On the other hand, a creek may be flowing a 'banker,' and not a blade of grass in the vicinity. This may occur in the case of a regularly flowing river, as the Gregory, but more often is simply due to thunderstorms that have fallen higher up the river basin. Four years ago I saw an instance when I went on an official tour to Thargomindah and South-West Queensland, accompanied by Sir Horace Tozer. I had continued the journey further to the south-west to see the devastation caused by the rabbits. We were camped on Bulloo Downs, and from the heavy thunderclouds, looking like massive black blocks, I anticipated a drenching night. My companions, however, said it would not rain, and they were right. Never a drop fell in our vicinity, and the heat was intense; but the clouds had burst further north, and on returning to Thargomindah our buggy horses were all but swimming where creeks had to be crossed. Even at that date the drought was severe, yet in those places where the heavy thunderstorms had fallen the country's remarkable recuperative powers became apparent;

luxurious grass springing up where, but a few days before, there had been the barest ground.

Amazing Growth.

In the vicinity of the Russell River the rainfall last year exceeded 246 inches. If at present there is but little agriculture on the western plains, it is not the case on the Darling Downs and on the coast lands, which are rapidly being broken up. Where, five years ago, I shot quail with not a house in sight, to-day is studded with small farms. Passing along in the train, the twenty or thirty feet of rich black soil can be seen in the creeks cut deep through the fertile plains. Land that was worth about 1s. an acre per annum for grazing sheep, when under lucerne or other green crop, may be reckoned as bringing in about £1 a year. Such were the figures supplied to me by a squatter who had broken up some thousands of acres. Then there are the farms on the chocolate-coloured volcanic soils of the ranges; these vie with the others in fertility; but the scrub—that is, the jungle—has first to be cleared, and in places they suffer from the soil being washed away off the steep slopes by the torrential rains. Below the range the soil is equally rich, but somewhat stiffer to work, preferred by some, however, on account of the more certain rainfall. On the whole, I regard farming in Queensland as a prosperous industry; no doubt there are some drawbacks, and Nature provides many plagues, but by contrast with farming here. I should say there was a far larger margin of profit to be gained by the man who, aided by his family, is willing to work. This is particularly true of the dairying interest, which even during the few years I was there not only developed largely, but made a vast improvement in the quality of its products. And it must be remembered that the actual necessities of life are few and easily supplied. Meat is cheap, only light clothing is required, fuel is to be had for the cutting, and for nine months of the year anyone could live comfortably under canvas.

Australian Scenery.

"I fancy a stranger's conception of an Australian landscape would be a vista of rolling plains, relieved by sparse green trees of a painfully uniform description. As contrasted with this country, it is quite true, there is a monotony of feature and colour. The close observer, however, will

notice distinctions in the vegetation even of the western country, and more pronounced variations from the configuration and vegetation of the eastern. The open plains, with the curiously marked ridges, as if once ploughed, intersected by the stony volcanic open forest ridges, form the characteristics of the Downs. Towards the west these give way to a more park-like country with clumps of the soft grey green of the brigalow scrub. Further west still, there is the cypress pine and mulga. Accompanying these are the gidya (which smells so unpleasantly before and after rain), the bumble orange, lavender bush, sandalwood, glossy box, cinnamon, and countless others. One notable feature about these trees and bushes is that stock, in time of drought, when the saltbush and the Mitchell grass are no more, eagerly eat them. It is not until one goes north and reaches the central district that the true open country is seen, entirely devoid of trees. The coast, again, is very dissimilar, and the open forest country, being better watered, grows timber much bigger than in the west, whilst on the ranges the scrub land resembles a dense jungle full of vines, creepers, lawyer cane, palms, and gigantic timber. The bunya pine I make special mention of, as it is, I believe, peculiar to Queensland, and even there grows only in a limited area. With leaves not unlike those of an ordinary araucaria, the stem cleans itself of branches, and as it grows old presents a noble appearance, rising perhaps 200 feet, with its vast symmetrical bole crowned by a mushroom-shaped top of deep green foliage. The huge heavy cones contain a seed or nut that tastes like a chestnut. When ripe, natives for hundreds of miles flock to the Bunya Mountains to feast on these seeds, and so rich is the food that they (the natives) become fat and sleek.

"On the eastern slope of the Main Range the streams and rivers are usually flowing with clear water, through wooded hills, to where the Pacific rolls ceaselessly on the white sands of the coast. Here the most striking features are the isolated peaks of the Glasshouse Mountains, so named by Captain Cook, from their glossy appearance.

A Yachter's Paradise.

"Further north, Mount Larcombe stands out in bold relief. The Barrier Reef protects the shores of Central and Northern Queensland. Some day this will be recognised as an ideal yachting ground. The numerous uninhabited islands, of almost every conceivable shape, clothed in scrub, scented shrubs, and deep grass—the intricate channels running between, and affording splendid scope for the skill of the navigator—these must before long compel grateful recognition from those in search of change and pleasure. Central and Northern Queensland has a coastline usually bold and rugged. Its

dangers are only too evident in the many remains of wrecks which occurred before the coast was properly lighted. In places where the ranges recede from the shore, there are strips of fertile plain and sugar-growing country. Elsewhere clear mountain streams resembling those in the Highlands of Scotland, only with brighter water, flow invitingly. The Whitsunday, Molle, and Albany Passages are well known for their beauty. The deep channel allows of the steamer passing close along the wooded shores. But the Hinchinbrook Passage of shallower depth is the most picturesque. The rocky peak of the island is over 3,000 feet. High palms and tropical vegetation fringe the base to the water's edge. On the mainland, the mountains tower yet higher in a series of pinnacles. Mourilyan Harbour, Cairns, and Cooktown are all attractive, and Port Douglas is of especial charm. Certainly, I enjoyed nothing more than yachting along these shores, visiting the little known Barrier Reef Islands.

Native Races.

Turning now to the consideration of the life of mankind in Queensland, I think the aboriginal population has first claim on our attention. When brought into contact with civilisation they generally deteriorate. I observed many fine types of robust manhood among them, especially such as lived their natural life, uncontaminated by the evil influences of civilisation. They had great muscular strength and activity, are fast runners and high jumpers. As a race, they are very callous to pain. In their tribal conflicts the most severe wounds would be treated with indifference. One mode of punishment is for two or three men to thrust a spear through the body, and I have heard of a native walking sixty miles with a spear through him before he could get help to pull it out. Their intelligence always impressed me, as did their quickness of comprehension. In the back blocks they usually work as stockmen on the runs, and one most capable and successful manager told me he preferred to employ black boys both on account of their intelligence and reliability. In a mission school at Mapoon I was told the children were quite as intelligent as white children. It is apparent, therefore, that their inferiority, as a people, is not so great as is usually represented. Perhaps, too, the improvement is more marked as one goes north. To reflect on the swift disappearance of their former thousands is somewhat terrible—in fact appalling. Except in the N.W. and in the Cape York Peninsula, their camps are few and but sparsely occupied. Drink, opium, and disease have mainly contributed to their disappearance, and deeds of violence have not been altogether wanting. Had large reserves been established in the first instance, missionaries and education might have de-

veloped a moral spirit that would have combated more successfully the worst influences of civilisation. I do not pretend that the race would have been perpetuated indefinitely, but at least its existence would have been prolonged. They have undoubtedly suffered at the hands of our race, and I never could learn for certain of a single authenticated case where the wild blacks injured a white man or his property without some provocation having been given previously by a white man, or occasionally by one of the new-comers through ignorance giving offence by a neglect of their superstitions.

"Here I may quote the experience of Mr. Petrie. He settled at North Pine about forty-two years ago, and can remember seeing tribal fights take place where now the Brisbane Exhibition buildings stand. Some white settlers had made complaints of the natives, who were in hundreds about the place. He was, however, considerate to them, and, as a result, never lost a single bullock, would leave them in charge of his house, and never missed even an ounce of tobacco. They would bring him presents, as they did to anyone who treated them with any consideration, and, furthermore, their conduct towards shipwrecked people was generally good. The two most frequent causes of trouble were in the taking of the black women by the settlers, and in the spearing of cattle by the blacks. The former incident invariably led to trouble, and in connection with the second, it must be remembered that the natives were largely deprived of their means of subsistence by pastoral and mining occupation, and hunting, in consequence, almost ceased because of its difficulties. What were the blacks to do? Surely they had a claim for protection, and not to run the risk of being dispersed and shot. At no time are they liked on a run, as the cattle get frightened by their appearance amongst them. "It is impossible," as a judge said in summing up, "to overcome racial prejudices where juries of another colour are employed." I hope matters are now on a different footing. I am proud to think that the first real remedial measure was passed during my term of office.

Queensland Climate.

"Outside of political questions, I suppose there is none of greater interest than that of climate. Indeed, it has, in the last few months, assumed the aspect of a political question in itself. I always endeavoured to learn what doctors and others possessed of experience thought upon this point. Naturally, there was some divergence of opinion, but, on the whole, it was corroborative. I will make a general deduction; but allowance must be made for the vast area of country and consequent local variations. To begin with, the death rate of Brisbane in 1899 was 10.90 per 1,000—the lowest

for any of the Australian capitals. For the year 1900 the death rate of Brisbane was 14.99 per 1,000, and for the colony of Queensland 11.72 per 1,000. The higher rate of Brisbane is due partly to the more crowded conditions of life, and also to the unhealthy lives drawn there for treatment, but the average rate of 11.96 for the quinquennial period 1896-1900 compares very favourably with the other Australian colonies. These figures are omitting consideration of the coloured races. As regards Southern Queensland, there can be little, if any, doubt of its healthy character, especially to the west of the main range. Although there is rarely the extreme heat that is experienced in Southern Australia, it may be contended that some people feel the summers long and hot. Many, therefore, like to go south for a change, but, equally, people in this country like to go to the Riviera or Egypt, and yet the cold here could not be described as unbearable or rigorous, as in the Arctic. These remarks apply also to Central Queensland, only in rather a greater degree. In Northern Queensland, and to the north of Townsville, it would hardly be denied that continuous residence in the coast country does have a relaxing effect, and that there the white race could not retain its vigour and robustness. Once on the high ranges parallel with, and not far from, the coast, I believe living to be quite as healthy as in any other part. One morning, at Herberton, my thermometer was down below freezing point at my bedstead. Here (and this remark applies to the greater portion of Queensland) the air is wonderfully light and refreshing. Possibly there is some connection between this atmospheric condition and the great rarity of sunstroke, for the head covering of the men in the bush always seemed a very moderate protection.

"To summarise, I believe that man can engage in almost any kind of labour, except such forms as cane-thrashing and cutting, in the tropical regions without deterioration. But the female portion of the community must not be forgotten. The more active the life, so much the less does a woman suffer from the heat. From what doctors and others have told me, without, I think, a dissenting opinion, on the tropical coast lands or in the gulf country white women cannot, as a rule, bring up families without injury to health. On the other hand, it must be remembered that if the climate in these small portions of the country has a deleterious effect for some, many have come to Queensland to save their lives, and this the dry air of the downs and the western plains especially has done for them. Though it is too early to judge with certainty, one may reasonably assume that with a climate very different from what obtains here, there will in time be some variation in stock, and the race may become of slighter build, but wiry.

On the whole, Queensland may be proud of its climate when contrasted with other places of equal latitude elsewhere. With the exceptions before mentioned, the whole of the work is done by the white man. Townsville is, essentially, an Anglo-Saxon town. Yet it is of the same latitude that passes through Mauritius, the heart of Madagascar, Beira, Matabeleland, and, to the east, Fiji, South Sea Islands, Chili, Bolivia, and well to the north of Rio Janeiro, in all of which places labour is carried on by coloured natives or half-breeds. In making this comparison, let it be remembered that Townsville is only in the south-eastern corner of Northern Queensland, and that Croydon, Cooktown, and other places are nearer the equator, and yet the mining and other work is done there by white men.

A Temperate Race.

"Whilst on this topic, I may allude to a habit closely connected with the health of a country. I mean the drinking of spirituous liquors. From my own observation and from the information of others, I may say that whilst it is usually said that habits of drinking are rife, it is certainly not the case, especially amongst the younger generation, who are noticeably abstemious. This must, of necessity, have a beneficial effect on the health of the population. I believe any drinking that may exist is chiefly due, in the first place, to the pernicious habit of 'shouting.' Those in the higher ranks of life should now be able to meet without it being thought necessary to treat all around them, and it should not be considered mean for a man to order only what he wants for himself.

The Line of Australian Development.

"It is curious to note the divergent lines of development followed by the two great branches of the British race. In the United States of America individualism has had full play. A man there is self-reliant, and ever believes he will himself make his way. In Australia the Government and the laws are looked to in every department of activity for support, direct or indirect, and the laws passed are usually opposed, as much as possible, to the accumulation of capital in the hands of the employer. This policy may procure a more dead level of the diffusion of wealth, and ensure the happiness of the greater number, to a wider extent, than that sudden creation and disappearance of fortunes in the United States; but it necessarily checks that great amount of enterprise, development of resources, and increase of wealth that so prominently characterises the progress of the latter. Another minor comparison I used to note, and the difference is, perhaps, due to the same causes. This consists in the essentially peaceful character of Australian

development. As a nation, it is, of course, without parallel. No country has ever attained such prosperity unchallenged by any foe from within or without. But in private individual life the inhabitants, too, themselves, except when the great rush was made at the discovery of the goldfields, have always quietly pursued their way, and weapons of offence have been unknown; whereas in some of the American States, if not to-day, at any rate till quite recently, a revolver or a bowie-knife was an essential part of a man's every-day attire.

"Throughout the rivalry of the different States it was always conceded, by the southern States, that Queensland was destined to become the richest and most prosperous in Australia. It has such an enormous variety of sources of wealth; its agricultural products alone would take long to enumerate, drawn as they are from the sub-tropical and tropical zones. In public, and privately to me, has this often been allowed, and I believe that the future will prove the estimate to be a true one. For my part, I believe its Governments have always been amongst the most patriotic and far-sighted—in other words, the most statesmanlike. I think it is proved not only by internal policy, but external as well. As regards the former, the civil administration is on a better basis than can be said of some of the other States. And in my opinion the officials are better instructed. I could give an instance of this from events which occurred after the declaration of the Commonwealth. Sir Samuel Griffith, the present Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Justice of Queensland, is, to a large extent, responsible for this satisfactory position, as also for the codification of the criminal law.

"Queensland was the first of all the colonies to offer troops for service in South Africa, before the war broke out. She has a system of local government; this decentralisation of business and handing over responsibility to local authorities must tend to a truer appreciation and recognition for the proper supervision of the duties of the government of a country. The admirable lighting of its coast for 1,200 miles is most creditable for a population now, to-day, only numbering half a million. She was always foremost in maintaining the Federal Council, in erecting Federal forts, and in maintaining and supplying Federal garrisons. She was urgent, too, in the matter of the Pacific cable, and, perhaps, though a small point, I cannot better prove what I mean by the broad and statesmanlike attitude of Queensland than by mentioning that she alone of the Australian States gave £1,000 to the cost of the Antarctic Expedition, though, presumably, the State least directly interested. These considerations make one's sympathies the keener for Queensland under its present disagreeable circumstances.

WAR SKETCHES.

THE FIGHT WITH LOTTER.

By far the most vivid battle sketch of the month is the account Mr. F. R. O'Neill, late of the Cape Mounted Rifles, gives in "Chambers' Journal" for April of the fierce pursuit of Lotter's commando by Colonel Scobell, and the brilliant fight which ended in the complete destruction of the Boer force. Colonel Scobell's force consisted of detachments of the 9th Lancers, Cape Mounted Rifles and Imperial Yeomanry, and they outmarched, outwitted, and out-fought even this "slimmest" and most light-footed of the Boer partisan leaders. Says Mr. O'Neill:—

"We had just returned from a wild-goose chase after a commando when we received news at Cradock, where we had camped for the night, that Lotter was again in the water-kloof (a narrow valley in the mountains) some twenty miles west of the town. Wearied though we were by weeks of incessant work in bitter weather and on short rations, orders were at once given to prepare for a fresh start; and at seven o'clock next morning the column moved out after the enemy. We rode till six o'clock that evening along the road to Spitz Kop, passing the water-kloof some ten miles to our left. We then pitched camp for the night.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, we again moved on, still in the same direction, and camped after another journey of ten miles. No further orders were given out till ten o'clock that night. The men were then warned to march at half-past eleven, and ordered to pack the mules.

"We had had experience of expeditions into the mountains with pack-mules during the operations against Scheepers in the Camdeboo, the mountainous district west of Graaff-Reinet, and knew well what it meant; so it was with no very cheerful feelings that we rolled out of our blankets to commence an hour's hard work loading mules, drawing rations and grain and ammunition, and packing our tents and kit on the waggons. The men were then drawn up in companies, the roll was called, and the sounding of the 'G' on the bugle from Colonel Scobell's quarters gave the signal to mount. The officers commanding different regiments then gave the command, 'Advance in succession by fours from the right of companies on the leading company;' and the column moved off, this time to retrace our steps.

The Night-March.

"Now we began to see the object of our previous day's march, which was evidently a stratagem to

deceive the enemy. This made, we were now to double back and take them by surprise. After an hour's trek the range of mountains on this side of the water-kloof became clearly discernible. The usual orders during a night march, when the enemy are close at hand, were issued: 'No smoking, and make as little noise as possible.' Every hour was now bringing us nearer to the wall of rock which we had to climb. We could already see, by the light of the rising moon, the long line of men ahead leading their horses up the rocky path; in the early twilight it had the appearance of a huge snake winding in and out of the steep gorges on the mountain-side.

"After a climb of two hours we reached a narrow pass in the mountains. On the other side was the water-kloof, where the commando we were seeking were supposed to be concealed. 'Now, surely,' we thought, 'they will let us have some indication of their position,' for the faint light in the sky showed that the day was breaking. A long halt was now made; the advance-guard had gone on to the ridge overlooking the valley. The wind was bitterly cold, and we were nearly frozen when he received the order to move on.

A Failure.

"It was now quite light, and another hour along the mountain-path led us to the edge of the valley. There it was, about fifteen hundred feet below us, with a few farms scattered here and there on the banks of the river; but still no sight of the enemy. The 9th Lancers, with the guns, had blocked the lower entrance to the valley, and the Cape Mounted Rifles were in command of the ridges overlooking the farm which the enemy had used as their headquarters. It was a well-thought-out manoeuvre, well timed and beautifully carried out; but, as had happened so often before, the Boers had got wind of our coming, and were now in full retreat some eight hours in front of us. So ended the first move against Lotter and his men.

"The pursuit was continued vigorously for the whole of the next day, and it was at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and after a journey of nearly thirty miles, that we again came in touch with the Boers. The road now led us into a narrow cutting in a forest of cactus, prickly-pear, and mimosa-bushes which covered the bottom and sides of the valley, and reached to the top of the steep ridges on each side of the road. It

was evident that the enemy had fancied themselves secure after putting such a range of mountains as we had traversed between themselves and their pursuers.

"At the entrance to the valley lies a small farm on the Vogel River. It was on approaching this farm that we received information that the Boers had taken up positions upon the ridges on each side of the farm and guarding the entrance to the kloof. Almost at the same instant one of our intelligence-men came up with the news that he had been fired at from the hills to our left-front, and Colonel Scobell and his staff came up at a gallop. In an instant we began to make preparations. A detachment of Cape Mounted Rifles and 9th Lancers dismounted, fixed bayonets, and advanced along a donga to the right of the road among the bushes, leading towards a house supposed to be held by the enemy. As I was with this party, I will describe the operations as I saw them.

"Charging along the donga, we had to clear away two barriers of prickly mimosa-branches, evidently placed there to hinder our progress; but when we rushed the house, no one was to be found. Then we extended into line, advanced up the ridge to the right, and took possession of it; but we found this also clear. From this point we could see our men charging down the road to the farm. They had just reached it and were galloping up to the house when we heard the sharp double report, the ping-ping of the Mausers, from the ridges behind it.

"We could see our men getting their horses under cover behind the kraal near to the house, and preparing to charge the ridge. The firing then stopped; the main body came up, passed the farmhouse, and went on down the road. Evidently the enemy were in full retreat, with our men close at their heels. The Cape Mounted Rifles held the farm until the Lancers returned two hours later, having chased the enemy till darkness stopped the operations.

A Wild March.

"This was not, however, as we imagined, the end of the pursuit, for at half-past four the next morning we were turned out to pack up again. It was raining steadily, and we rode on through a thick mountain-mist past the two farms we had visited on the previous day; but this time we struck off in a north-easterly direction. Then began the worst ascent we had yet had in our many mountain expeditions. The fearful condition of the path owing to the heavy rains made the work terribly hard for both men and horses, already exhausted by the work we had been doing. It seemed endless. It was impossible to see more than fifty yards ahead, and our clothes

were wet through. Hour after hour we dragged our horses up, and still no sign of the top.

"At about twelve o'clock we halted for 'break-fast,' which consisted of 'bully' and damp biscuit. A few of us were lucky enough to find shelter in a Kaffir hut, and fell asleep instantly, in a thick atmosphere of smoke from the cow-dung fire, and regardless of the filthy condition and evident signs of life observable within the anything but solid walls of the hut. Then saddle up again, and more climbing; and it was not till about four o'clock in the afternoon that we reached the nek and began to descend towards Pietersberg, which lay almost directly below us.

"At seven o'clock in the evening we camped about a mile from the village, utterly worn out; our blankets were dripping wet, and there was no shelter to be found nor dry spot on the now soaking ground. This, however, did not prevent our sleeping soundly for the four hours we were left in peace.

"At midnight we were to saddle up again, and at half-past twelve we rode out down the valley on the Graaff-Reinet road. After following it for about eight miles, we made a sudden turn to the left up a mountain-path near Du Toit's farm at Groenkloof; and, after another steep climb, lasting nearly two hours, we reached a high, open plateau, the level plain in front leading towards a higher ridge still enveloped in mist. Now was about to be played the final move in the game, the last and most exciting scene.

The Fight on the Hill.

"It was still dark when we reached the plateau. A narrow kloof, disappearing in the mist on the hillside, showed as a darker blot in the blackness in front.

"The whole force, two hundred and eighty men, were drawn up in line, and then wheeled off in squadrons and companies at a gallop, some to the right of the kloof, some to the left, and a squadron of Lancers under Captain Lord Douglas Compton up the centre of the valley.

"As the enemy had not been located, a picket might at any moment give the alarm in time for them to take up a position and check the advance; so no time was to be lost. It was a fine sight, these lines of mounted men sweeping off in different directions across the open veldt in the twilight. The Cape Mounted rifles had gained the ridges overlooking the kloof on the right and the Lancers were charging up the centre when the crack of a Mauser, followed a minutes later by a burst of firing from the bottom of the kloof, showed that the fight had begun.

"To give an idea of the nature of this engagement, and how our wily antagonist was at last

so completely trapped that only the six men on picket upon the ridge got away, we must briefly explain that the narrow valley in which the enemy had made their laager was a small cutting in the side of a smooth sloping ridge, looking exactly as if some gigantic wedge had been driven half-way through the hillside and then withdrawn. Therefore, when we had gained possession of the high land overlooking the valley on three sides there was no possibility of escape for any man inside it. Up the centre was a donga, about four feet deep, leading from a farmhouse at the extremity of the cutting. On the right-hand side, near the entrance, and some three hundred yards from the house, was a cattle-kraal, an enclosure about fifty yards long and some thirty broad, covered for one-third of its length with a corrugated-iron roof, supported by stone walls, which were about six feet in height. The kraal was entered by a gate on the side facing the bottom of the kloof; and it was past this gate that Lord Douglas Compton rode with his squadron, and within a few yards of it, never thinking that close upon a hundred of the enemy were lying huddled together inside, under their many-coloured blankets. I was told by one of the Boers afterwards that the first intimation they had of our presence was the sound of our men riding past the gate. It was then that they took the alarm and shot, point-blank, a signaller of the Lancers riding behind the squadron. This man, with several bullets through his body, and with his horse shot dead, rolled within a few feet of the gate of the kraal.

Caught!

"In an instant all was confusion. Some of the Lancers, finding they were fired at from so short a distance, threw themselves against the walls, firing blindly over the top into the kraal; but the muzzles of the enemy's rifles were thrust through the spaces between the stones; and, with six of their number shot dead, the Lancers rushed back to find cover on the ridge opposite. Our men were now occupying the hills all round, and pouring volleys from every side through the iron roof of the enclosure. . . .

A perfect hailstorm of bullets was now raining upon the enclosure. Five of the Cape Mounted Rifles crawled to a point within eighty yards of the kraal and directly above it, and were thus able to deliver a point-blank fire into the enemy through the space between the roof and the top of the wall. The scene inside must have been quite indescribable. Imagine a hundred men cooped up within this place, with a rain of bullets searching every corner of it, and coming like hailstones through the roof, which was already

so perforated that it presented the appearance of being completely riddled.

For nearly a quarter of an hour the enemy held out, and did their best to retaliate. It was a marvel there was a man left alive inside the kraal. When the situation was becoming impossible for them, a man thrust his head and shoulders over the wall, waving a white flag, only to fall riddled with bullets; but this was inevitable, owing to the heavy fire. The man fell over the wall and hung there, being hit again and again, as our men only saw his body as a dark mass in the mist. The only thought now was to surrender; six white flags were waved at different places over the walls, and our firing ceased.

The Scene of the Fight.

"I shall never forget the sight that presented itself when we rushed up, and Lotter and his men, their hands up, came out of the kraal. Lotter himself had been hit in three places, and men were lying about in all directions dead and badly wounded. The place looked like a slaughter-house, and the walls were literally splashed with blood. Twelve Boers lay dead, lying as they fell, among the piles of blankets and saddles, and fifty-four others were hit. One man was sitting with his head sunk on his chest; no resemblance to a face was left, his jaw having been torn away by a bullet. Another, lying close by, was rolling on the ground, burying his face in the thick mud, and biting at the ground in agony. A strong-looking young fellow had been hit in the thigh. He was lying on the ground, but seemed as if determined to fight against death. Again and again he attempted to struggle to his feet, and on making one last convulsive effort to pull himself together he fell back dead. These frantic efforts were terrible to witness. A small boy of fourteen, who had been fighting with them, had been wounded in the neck in the confusion. Nearly every man was covered with mud and bleeding from some wound; they presented a ghastly spectacle. Several wounded and three dead Boers lay in the donga outside the kraal, the brothers Vorster, two of the best shots in the colony, being among the dead. A great many of the prisoners had neither shoes nor socks, and had been going barefooted in the thick mud and terrible cold.

"Our casualties for the whole force had been ten killed and six wounded. Ever since the firing stopped, the doctor had been kept busy hastily bandaging up the wounds of the sixty men under his care. Of the four hundred men engaged, over eighty had been hit, in the short space of the twenty minutes that the fight lasted, showing how terrible the fire had been in that narrow valley.

"Next we were confronted with a great difficulty, for many of the wounded were unable to walk, and had to be carried down the precipitous mountain-path to the Graaff-Reinet road, which we had ascended on the previous night. This path was so narrow and steep that it was with the greatest difficulty, and after six hours' hard work—twelve men being told off to each stretcher to take the carrying in reliefs—that we at last got them down to the farm where we were to stay for the night. The men were now utterly exhausted and weak from want of food, for there were no rations left, and the convoy of supplies and ambulance waggons heliographed for from Graaff-Reinet did not get out to us until the following day.

"It was on reaching the town, two days later, that we fully realised what an impression the destruction of a whole commando—the first complete capture of this kind in the colony—had made on the outside world. Long lines of Cape carts and waggonettes lined the road. Several had come for miles to meet us. The whole population of the town had turned out to see the column come in with the prisoners.

A Great Blow.

"To realise how important a decisive blow on the enemy was at this time, it must be remembered that the difficulty of getting in touch with these mobile commandoes, without transport and

therefore independent of the roads, in a wild mountainous country, was enormous. It was only by a clever flanking movement, very quickly carried out, and with the help of a very efficient intelligence department, that we were able to do it on this occasion; for when Lotter had given us the slip on the Vogel River he made a wide circuit, doubling back, and thus putting the high range of mountains which we crossed—the Tanjesberg—between himself and the pursuing column. He told us that he thought it impossible for us to cross over in the way we did, and fancied also that we had entirely lost touch with him. He paid a high compliment to our intelligence department when he said that he thought they must be a set of bloodhounds. How completely he was off his guard was shown by his having left nineteen men scouting on the route he had taken. He fancied that this was the only possible way we could follow him. In reality we came in exactly the opposite direction, and even the picket placed by the Boers to guard their laager was not on the side from which we advanced. Only one man could pass along this path at a time; therefore half-a-dozen men placed at the top of the cutting up, which we had to climb to reach the plateau would have stopped the whole column and enabled the commando to get away. That the Boers made the resistance they did under the circumstances is very greatly to their credit."

THE MODERN BATTLE LANDSCAPE.

"Linesman" is the one supremely clever writer which the South African war has brought to the surface. He is contributing to the London "Spectator" a series of articles on "The Mechanism of War." In the last of the series, published March 29, he gives a most graphic picture of the aspect a modern battle-field wears. He says:—

"It is not generally recognised how greatly modern war has added to the terror of death by prolonging it. In olden days, when firearms were effective at fewer hundred yards than they are now at thousands, armies camped, marched, and counter-marched within half-a-mile of each other in perfect security, or if they faced one another in action it was at a distance apart over which one could throw a cricket-ball. The soldier's courage was only called upon for brief occasions and over narrow distances, and if defeated a short movement to the rear carried the worsted army into safety, to pull itself together, and, if necessary, to traverse again the trifling distance it had passed over in its retirement. The fear of death which precedes an

action lasted but a few moments, and even then was partially banished by the sight of the foeman waiting to give battle, for all soldiers know how inspiring it is to see one's enemy in the flesh, and to note that he who has been so long an invisible and discouraging mystery is but a definite biped after all, with a head to shatter, and a chest to drive a bayonet through.

"But to-day a man may die as soon as the enemy's long guns, hidden away in the distant, cloud-topped mountains seven miles away, begin to talk. And over that seven miles he must walk with caution, with a wide interval between him and his pals on either hand; he must lie down at every short halt, and scratch the ground hurriedly with his little spade at every long one, for the great shells are sailing towards him, and he sees by his officer's eye, and hears by his commands, that it is considered that he may perish at any moment, and that precautions are necessary to preserve him. He sees, moreover, how futile those precautions must be if one of those monsters howl-

ing overhead should land as near to him as the last one did to that blasted tree, for instance, with its scorched, dangling limbs, and the huge charred fissure in its stout trunk, or as the one before did to the team of mules in the ambulance waggon, now a screaming, struggling jumble of harness and bloody flesh.

Peace on the Hills!

"All this is dispiriting, and appears unnecessary. The country on all sides is as peaceful as his native dale, not a sign of an enemy; even the great blue hill ahead, on which he is told the enemy's long guns are posted, looks as quiet as the mountain on a Christmas card. Yet for two miles he walks through death, thinking only of it because there is nothing else to think of; and then, as twilight falls, bivouacs in extended line, sees his friends run for their tea between the fall of the shells, notices one of them time his run-back badly, and meet a projectile in full career, to part from it an awful and disgusting offence, and then lies down in the darkness with shaking nerves, and the thought that five worse miles still intervene between him and the guns he knows he is intended to take. Next morning he is awakened by a shell, is marched with infinite caution for two more miles, shelled the whole way, is shelled even in his bivouac by the light of the moon, and as he watches the projectiles bursting like waterspouts of fire along his hill-side is glad when he is told that to-morrow will be the battle, after which, if he wins, and if he lives, he may be able to walk and sleep in peace for a space. And to-morrow comes the battle; the army advances at a snail's pace through a zone of ever-increasing fire, the casualties begin to be heavy at four thousand yards when the shrapnel finds its range; another thousand and the rifle-bullets hum and whine and strike bosoms and helmets with the sound of a boxer punching a ball. And so on until at a thousand yards the attack can get no further, brought up by sheer fire; and whilst the general devises another plan, the army crouches under an incessant hail of lead behind whatever cover it can make or find, unable to stir, even at night, unable to eat, except lying flat, getting water only at the extreme risk of life, getting sleep only because of its utter exhaustion.

The Final Rush.

"And this perhaps for two or three days, until the new plan is complete, when the army rises with a yell of relief, and plunges desperately across the neutral round, through a windy whirlwind of death straight for the enemy, and the battle is over one way or the other at last. But what a

strain for uneducated men, with untrained nerves and but little of that noblesse oblige which keeps even a bad officer cool and reliable through it all! In just such ways as the above were our men tried in South Africa, and their marvellous carriage in the ordeal was a surprise even to men who thought they knew the British soldier. For everything was new; war itself was new, or at least the element of fierce resistance; defeat was new; the big guns were new; the thousands of rifles, with their long stings, the strong positions, the incessant losses, all were new; but they left our ploughboys and Cockneys unmoved, and the fear of death waved his blue, mesmeric hands before those steady eyes in vain.

"But the fear of death coming from afar in hideous, nay, unmentionable, shapes, will find suitable soil in weary and half-starved bodies uninspired by spirits as stout as those which sustain our British fighting men, and one may prophesy that in future wars a few with steadfast souls will triumph over thousands who cannot sustain the intensity of long days of danger. There is no joy in modern fighting, none of that massed fury, stronger than the breath of a shell, which hurls even the coward forward shouting in the face of the spectre he dreads. Death must be stalked, not rushed, and a cool, calculating levelheadedness must to a great extent supplant the far-commoner quality of elan under fire. And this cannot be taught, for the long-drawn tension of the new battle cannot be simulated; nations at war will be more than ever dependent on the native worth of their warriors.

The Soldiers of the Future.

"They must have men who can keep their courage and fire, not under one short fiery glance of the great destroyer, but with his stern, cold stare fixed on them for weeks on end; they must have men whom the fear of being killed only increases their lust to kill the longer it broods over them. Killing is the end of war; we have almost forgotten it in these velvet days, and starting our engine of war, are shocked that death plays so busy a part amongst the mechanism. So, whether we like it or not, if we make war we must kill and be killed, in thousands, perhaps in millions; the mind refuses to paint the conflicts of the hosts which lie in wait for each other along the frontiers of Europe. The great engines are ready, their limbs are oiled, the furnaces burn brightly, the water boils, and the world only awaits the colossal criminal whose hands shall pull the lever which shall start again death and all the rest of the mechanism of war."

CHARACTER SKETCH.

GEORGE CADBURY.

"If George Cadbury takes over the 'Daily News' it will be his purpose to make it simply, solely, and entirely an organ of the Kingdom of God." That was the forecast uttered on the eve of the latest transfer of the journal named by one who is entitled to speak with exceptional authority on the inner workings of Mr. Cadbury's mind. It expresses a rare splendour of spiritual ambition. To the man of the world and to the man of the cloister alike, the idea will doubtless appear hopelessly impracticable; the cynic may suspect it as the cover of some deep and subtle piece of commercial strategy. But anyone who knows the man will feel that this account of his intentions is not only credible; it is suggested by the record of his ancestry; it is backed by the witness of his entire career.

The Society of Friends, though open to all who desire to enter it, is, as a matter of fact, a spiritual caste, perhaps the highest caste known to English life. The Friends are the blue-blooded Brahmins of the religious community. Their severe yet beautiful piety is transmitted from generation to generation unmixed, as a rule, by alien influences. The stream of heredity tends to run purer and deeper as it descends. A man who has behind him an undiluted Quaker ancestry of one or two hundred years starts life as an aristocrat of the moral world; with an ethical entail of value incalculable. Compared with his spiritual rank, the ordinary titled and landed nobility seems rather tawdry and sordid. Viewed from this standpoint Mr. Cadbury has the bluest of blue blood in his veins.

He is the direct descendant of one of the earliest converts of George Fox, Tapper by name, who was shut up in Exeter Gaol in 1693 for the heinous offence of being a Quaker. Two hundred years of honourable pride in an ancestor who would rather go to gaol than violate his conscience is a fine heirloom. Only the other day one of the youngest scions of the same stock, discussing the prospect of compulsory ballot for the Militia, replied quite cheerily, "Well, if it is enforced, we shall just have to go to prison as our fathers did." The first of the Cadburys that can be traced is a tenant farmer, of Uffculme, in Devon, William by name, whose burial is registered in 1557. The first of the forbears of the founder of Bournville to enter the Society of Friends was John Cadbury, married as Friend to Miss Tapper in 1725.

His grandson, Richard Tapper Cadbury, left Devonshire, the traditional home of his clan, and settled in Birmingham in 1794. His son John started business in Bull-street in 1824; and a few

years afterwards he commenced certain experiments in cocoa and chocolate which laid the foundations of the now world-renowned firm. Richard and John between them occupied the chair of the Street Commissioners of Birmingham for thirty years. John helped to found the Animal Friends' Society, which aimed at the suppression of bull-baiting and other cruelties. He was an ardent advocate of the Anti-Slavery cause. He was foremost in championing the poor little chimney-sweeps. He was not content with indignant rhetoric. He got a mechanical chimney-sweep to do the work then done by the imperilled boys. He made his shop an agency for the new implement. With singular courage and tact he gathered the master-sweeps of Birmingham together, who felt that their craft was in danger, and he succeeded in getting a hearing. One of the chief Parliamentary opponents of the proposed reform lived in Hagley Hall. Bent on converting him, John Cadbury took one of his mechanical sweeps to the aristocratic mansion, and had a chimney swept with it before the eyes of the astonished occupant. That incident is worth recalling, for it is the Cadburys all over. Never stop at merely talking about reform; do the thing that needs to be done, and when it is done, show it as the best proof that the reform is feasible. That is the maxim they follow. George Cadbury, with his model works and model village, is doing the same thing on a larger scale as his father with the mechanical chimney-sweep.

The present principal shareholder of the "Daily News" was born in Birmingham on September 19, 1839, so that he is now sixty-two years of age. Educated in a Friends' School, by William Lean, at Edgbaston, he entered his father's business at the age of seventeen. His advent was marked by a thoroughly characteristic augury of his career as employer. He found that the women employed by the firm were, in his judgment, miserably underpaid. The highest wage a woman could earn was 5s. a week. So he promptly had their wages raised all round. Thus did the chivalrous ally of labour first declare himself. Only the other day a perusal of Mr. Seebohm Rowntree's "York," with its estimate of the minimum wage on which physical efficiency could be maintained, led to an immediate rise of wages to the labourers in the Bournville works.

Another change was introduced about thirty-five years ago into his works. Before beginning work, but in the employer's time, the workpeople were gathered together for morning prayers. This custom is kept up to the present day. Mr. Cadbury

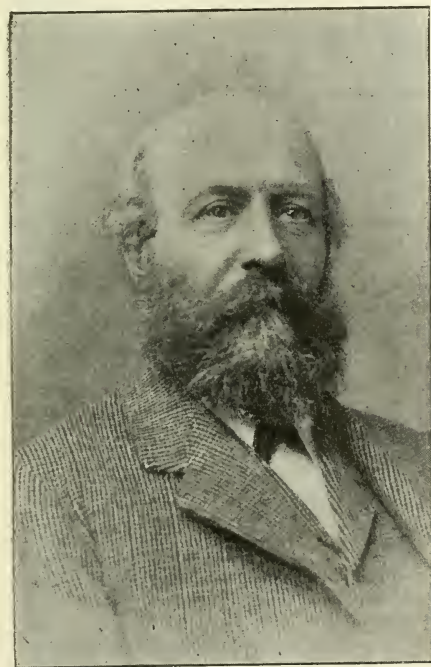
made it a rule that every worker must attend the service or go on with his usual work. There is a pretty story of the way the rule was comparatively recently relaxed. There was a considerable number of Roman Catholics employed by the firm; their priest was greatly concerned at their voluntary attendances at a Protestant service. He appealed to Mr. Cadbury, but in vain; he went to his bishop about it, but the bishop's appeal could not shake Mr. Cadbury. Eventually the matter reached the ears of John Henry Newman, and the aged car-

The business taken over from their father by Richard and George in 1861, and constituted as "Cadbury Brothers," was then in the day of small things. Both brothers acted as travellers for the nascent firm, and the first designs for the ornamental packing of chocolate—now so universal—were devised by Richard himself. It is interesting to see those first essays in a line which now commands the services of high artistic skill.

Needless now to say, the business prospered. Into the many causes which have led to the world-wide fame of Cadbury's chocolate it is equally unnecessary to enquire. But during the eighteen years in which Messrs. Cadbury Brothers carried on their industry in Birmingham there was no phenomenal expansion. In 1879 they employed, all told, only 250 hands.

In that year, however, the "great trek" took place. The Cadbury brain had long been seething with ideas which could not be realised in "the man-stifled town." The works were lifted bodily out of the heart of Birmingham and planted in the country. The site chosen was only five miles away, on the banks of the Barnbrook, or, as it is now called, Bournbrook. There the works and the village of Bournville were founded.

Anyone accustomed to the conditions in which the average factory hand spends his working-day is apt to feel utterly bewildered on his first visit to the Bournville works. It all seems too good to be true. Through rustic wicket, along a winding path, amid overhanging tree and shrub and flower, he makes his way to the chief offices, a range of beautiful rooms, two stories high, built in the chalet style, and in the summer time running over with flowers inside and out. The wonder grows as the entrance is found to be a fair sample of the interior. The dining halls are spacious, well lighted, decorated with pictures and flowering plants. Across the massive mahogany counter only the best food is served at cost price. The work-rooms keep up the glamour. They seem designed to make a pleasure of toil, and to idealise it. Not merely in the great essentials of light and air and temperature, but in a thousand little things which reveal a constant and inventive thoughtfulness, the welfare of the worker is kept in view. The retiring-room for girls who fall sick during work, with skilled nurse in attendance, is furnished tastefully and luxuriously. The thermometer of the work-rooms is carefully consulted, and even in July coolness is maintained. The organisation of the work, like the structure, has for its end human well-being not less than industrial efficiency. The eight hours day has long been established. Workers are allowed to talk at their work provided the tone of conversation be not too loud.



Photograph by]

[Whitlock, Birmingham.

MR. GEORGE CADBURY.

dinal interposed. He went down and saw Mr. Cadbury, if possible to arrange for a special service. This was arranged, as far as the young women were concerned, by a simple service being held by one of them; but this has long been discontinued. The ordinary service is of the simplest character, to which even a Roman Catholic could not object—the singing of a hymn, the reading of a short portion of Scripture, a short explanation and prayer. Rumour avers that, before leaving, the cardinal lifted up his hands and gave Mr. Cadbury his blessing.

The women are all habited in white, a costume which at once makes cleanliness imperative, and adds immensely to the aesthetic charm of the factory. There are 2,300 women employed at Bournville, and the Cadburys have arranged that this great army of women shall be officered entirely by women. In the selection of forewomen special regard is had to their moral and religious character. The general impression left on the most casual visitor is that the girls are happy at their work. The sight of the largest workroom, bright and airy and spotlessly clean, with the women all in white, cheerily busy, their faces lit up by frequent smiles, seems to suggest that Labour has been redeemed from its primal curse. Yet this is a giant factory, giving employment to 3,600 persons.

These ideal works are set in idyllic surroundings. The beauty of the private park which formerly occupied the ground is sedulously maintained and enhanced; its stretches of grass and glades and streams are given over to the recreation of the workers. For the men there are playgrounds, open-air bathing places, baths, gymnasium, refreshment bar in a highly ornate pavilion. For the women—well, the provision made is one great poem of Christian chivalry. The old mansion to which the park belonged has been turned into a residence for some fifty work-girls who are orphans, or too far away from home to reside there. The old viney attached is carefully cultivated, and the grapes grown there are taken to the sick among the workers. For visiting invalid employes two trained nurses are regularly engaged. The grounds of the Hall form the women's playground, with special facilities for gymnastic development. They have a rustic pavilion of their own, and a picturesque cycle house. To see the groups of white-robed maidens at the end of the dinner-hour strolling across the lawns, or resting under the trees, makes one half believe it is a glimpse of Paradise.

Everywhere there are proofs that Mr. George Cadbury and his firm take far more thoughtful care of their workpeople than most fathers do of their own children. Just as the firm has the best expert advice in chemistry and in colour and in architecture, so Mr. George Cadbury has made a point of consulting experts in the much more important department of labour. He has sought the counsel of some of the best known labour leaders—notably, Mr. John Burns. This unusual policy has been attended with the happiest economic as well as humane consequences. Mr. Cadbury strongly believes in organised labour. He has again and again intervened in industrial disputes with substantial help for the workers. He backed the Midland miners in their fight for a "living wage." He liberally supported the Amalgamated Society of Engineers in its struggle for an eight-hour day. And he has openly sided with the Penrhyn quarrymen.

Mr. Cadbury makes no secret of what led him into this close alliance with labour. One Sunday morning, as he was standing among the men—some 300 in number—of his Adult School, carried on in the middle of Birmingham, he said to a visitor: "It was they who made me a Radical. In teaching them and in visiting them I got to know the difficulties that beset their lives and homes; and they taught me that changes must be made." It is a curious fact that Mr. Cadbury comes of a Tory stock, and was brought up a Conservative. His family had consorted mostly with Church people, and refused to be classed with vulgar Disent. His grandfather was chairman of the Street Commissioners—a sort of close hereditary oligarchy which ruled Birmingham with rare integrity and efficiency before the days of municipal reform. For twenty-five years had he served on that body, and when Birmingham was at last given a reformed corporation, he stood as opponent of the new order against Joseph Sturge. It was the religion of his fathers which made George Cadbury renounce their politics. When he was some eighteen years of age he joined the Adult School movement, that great contribution which the Society of Friends has made to the evangelisation of the working classes. Mr. Cadbury has for forty-five years taught his class and led his school, in winter and summer, rain or shine. He learned how they were worked, how they were housed, what they did with their scant leisure; and he saw that if they and their children were to have a fair chance of a decent human life, there must be a new social order introduced. His new political faith was, however, no paper creed. He was in it, all in it, and always in it—which is no more than to say he was himself. Rumour has it that he headed an indignation party which sallied forth to vindicate the public right of way along a landlord-blocked path; and that, standing on a cart and delivering an impassioned harangue, he denounced the injustice and greed of landowners.

He was soon drawn into the municipal campaign against slums, which is one of the most honourable distinctions of Birmingham's history. He was returned for Rotton Park Ward. The election address which heralded his first advent into public life is characteristic. It was in 1878, just the year before the exodus to Bournville, and we see what was then uppermost in his mind. After declaring himself in favour of making admission to the grammar schools "entirely free," he goes on:—

I have paid personal visits to the homes of the working-classes in all parts of the Borough, and have therefore some knowledge of their requirements, and deeply deplore that in the past there was not more supervision exercised by the Town Council over the construction, position, and sanitary arrangement of their dwellings. I do not expect to see my way at once through all the difficulties which surround our social conditions, but shall endeavour freely and fairly

to look into the causes of them, taking a perfectly independent course, seeking only to promote the interests of my fellow-citizens.

In the course of his candidature he is reported as saying that "in entering the Council he should do his best to assist Mr. Chamberlain"! He remained on the Town Council some years, and served on the Parks and Baths Committee. He subsequently became a member of the Worcester County Council, but retired after four years. He does not seem to have much relish for the slow routine of civic administration. He feels he can do so much more in his own direct creative way.

In 1893 Mr. Cadbury saw Lord Herschell as to the appointment of Liberals on the Bench for the county of Worcester. This resulted in about thirty Liberals being placed upon the roll. Referring to the first ten appointed, he wrote a letter to a paper which reported that he had been made a magistrate. In this he said:—

Until the ten gentlemen had been appointed, out of 246 justices on the roll in the county of Worcester only thirteen were supporters of the present Liberal Government. Having taken so prominent a part I should not feel at liberty to qualify, lest any should think I had a personal interest to serve in the action taken which was to rectify what I felt to be an injustice causing widespread dissatisfaction in the county. Tradesmen and Nonconformists have almost never been appointed in the past, nearly every magistrate being a landowner, or a member of the Established Church and a Conservative.

Mr. Cadbury was placed on the county roll regardless of a protest against it to Lord Herschell, and under these circumstances, and also because his time was already so fully occupied with other matters, he has not yet qualified.

He has been a liberal supporter of Party funds, but he has always followed a "perfectly independent course." He is an enthusiastic temperance man, and once succeeded in carrying a resolution in favour of Local Option, against the four Birmingham members, at a meeting of their constituents in the great days of John Bright. But on this question he has lived and learned; and while expressing the desire that all sale of intoxicants should be banished from Bournville, he has left the trustees discretion to arrange, if they think well, for a restricted sale of alcohol. In the education controversy he has never supported the purely secular policy. He followed Mr. Gladstone in his Home Rule departure.

It is interesting to trace the steps which led this home-loving philanthropist into the stormy waters of Imperial Journalism. It was not by way of town council and of Parliament. It was through the doors of the religious community. From the beginning until now Mr. Cadbury has been a loyal and devoted adherent of the Society of Friends, and the Boer war has made him "more of a Quaker than ever." From his youth up he has been a frequent speaker at meetings, but with the delibera-

tion which often marks the collective action of the Friends, it is only a few years ago that he was declared to possess a "gift," and so became a "recognised minister." Needless to say, his name has passed into a proverb for noble generosity in support of all good causes maintained by the Friends at home and abroad. His large-hearted munificence in other spheres has not stinted his gifts to his own society. As it happens, the "Daily News" is not the first journalistic venture on which Mr. Cadbury has entered. In 1891 he acquired an interest in the "Birmingham News," and this was not a solitary experiment on the provincial press. In 1893, on Mr. Cadbury's initiative, the "News" instituted a religious census of Birmingham. This revealed the ominous fact that on the given Sunday there were 99,693 persons in a place of worship, and 569,215 outside. To consider the situation, Mr. Cadbury convened a meeting representing all the Free Churches of Birmingham. A Free Church Council was formed; Free Church parishes delimited; a Free Church map drawn up. The experiments adopted in Halifax and Bradford were introduced; and Mr. Cadbury was launched on the great national movement for the Federation of the Free Churches. He has supported it with much time and thought and treasure, and principally owing to his efforts political questions have been largely excluded.

The next step was quite beyond ecclesiastical bounds. The most pressing questions of home politics are suggested by the two words, Pensions and Housing. Among those to whom the nation now looks for a solution of both, Mr. George Cadbury stands in the foremost rank. When Mr. Chamberlain, on the negative finding of a committee of experts, dropped the whole project of old age pensions, and the organised labour of the country, with the help of Mr. Booth, was raising the question afresh, Mr. George Cadbury was one of the first to whom the new movement turned for help. He at once entered the agitation, and organised in Birmingham the seventh conference addressed by Mr. Booth, at which some 600 delegates of labour bodies in the Midlands unanimously declared for free and universal old age pensions. The preparations for this magnificent demonstration compelled the Government to reopen the matter and appoint a Select Committee, which proved to be entirely abortive. Mr. Cadbury has since been one of the chief supporters of the National Committee of Organised Labour, which has won unanimous adhesions to its principle of pensions for all in old age from the Trade Union Congress and from the Co-operative Congress, and, only last January, from a combined meeting of both Congresses. Writing about this combined conference, the result of which greatly cheered him, Mr. Cadbury made the characteristic remark, "I was most pleased with the avowed

Christian purpose and the Christian spirit shown towards the weak, the poor, and the fallen." Against men and movements of this temper arguments founded on a calculated selfishness are powerless.

But it is on the crest of the Housing wave that Mr. Cadbury has ridden into the mid-stream of the national life. How he has done so is suggestive both of the man and of the new age of which he is the pioneer. The old style of reformer would have built up a series of stately orations, closely reasoned, convincing, impassioned, or would have set the presses palpitating with lurid and brilliant articles fit to send the blood of the nation up to fever heat. The new style of reformer, typified by Mr. Cadbury, does not in the first instance trouble much with the rhetoric of press or of platform. He sets to work in a small way to do the thing that is needed, and when the thing is done and works, then he lets pen and tongue have play. His contribution to the housing question is the solid and accomplished fact of Bournville.

Bournville is a village paradise. It covers 330 acres, and the beautiful cottages that line the winding roads house nearly 2,000 souls. Scarcely two houses are outwardly the same. Each working-man's cottage has been designed and developed with as much care as a rich man usually lavishes on his own mansion. The very shops are dreams of structural elegance. Each house is provided with a garden back and front, and a strip of orchard at the foot of back gardens serves as a veil of privacy to each. The allowance of ground to each house is at the rate of 600 square yards. Mr. Cadbury found in his adult school visiting that the working-man living in crowded towns had practically no interest provided for his leisure hours, except in the public-house. So he resolved that in his model village each workman should have his garden, which would provide healthy and humanising, as well as remunerative recreation, for the whole family. The accompanying photographs will show how Bournville is laid out.

The land, with houses and shops upon it, valued at £180,000, has been made over by Mr. Cadbury to a trust at present composed of Cadburys, but to be filled up as they drop out by nominees of the Society of Friends, the Birmingham Corporation, and certain district councils. The trust is both ground landlord and house landlord to the village. It gathers in rents (generally about 6s. a week), now equal to £5,246 a year. After necessary expenses have been paid, the balance is devoted to building new cottages and beautifying the estate. As the rent roll increases, the trust is empowered to buy land and erect similar model villages in any part of Great Britain. The work has been going on for several years, and the founder did not intend to call public attention to it for several years

more, but the large housing schemes of the London County Council and other municipalities, as it were, compelled him to give the world the benefit of his experiment. The world has not been slow to profit by his invitation. All last year and this a stream of visitors, of all grades, many representing great civic bodies, have gone to Bournville, and have come away lost in admiration at what they have seen.

Bournville is Mr. George Cadbury's "propaganda by deed." It is a transcript of his character. This is the man who has, with his friend, Mr. Ritzema, taken over the "Daily News." Mr. Cadbury is by far the largest shareholder, but Mr. Ritzema has practically the entire control. Both men have shown by their past record that they are absolutely independent, and the offer of Mr. Ritzema to join in the undertaking was still further proof that Mr. Cadbury was called to a work which naturally he would gladly have avoided. Speaking of Mr. Cadbury, a near friend said:—"He has done many big things in his time, but this of the 'Daily News' is the biggest thing he has yet set his hand to. I expect he will put it through like the rest. He means to." Journalists may be pardoned for thinking it easier to turn Bournville Park into a model village than to make a London daily into a model newspaper. But the habit of achievement counts for much. The new "Daily News" begins with the moral prestige of its owner; and the exclusion of betting news has kindled a rare enthusiasm among the moral stalwarts of the community. The prospect of a great metropolitan journal appearing every day as nothing more or less than an organ of the Kingdom of God is enough to stir the most sluggish religious heart. It must indeed be admitted by the best friends of the new venture that it did stumble on the threshold. The type was at first generally too small. The headlines gave too much prominence to the classification of contents, and too little to the contents themselves. The excess of quantity rather bewildered the gene-



Corner House, Mary Vale Road, Bournville.

ral reader. These were, however, only the sub-editorial trappings and suits of the paper, not the paper itself. They are not an uncommon mistake in journalistic commencements. The "News" has soon shed them. It promises to be a popular mirror of the highest, the best, and the most interesting phases of the world's life. All success to the great experiment! It is as difficult to exaggerate the disastrous consequences to the world in the event of failure, as to over-estimate the blessings which would follow achievement. May the new "Daily News" prove indeed to be

The heir of hopes too fair to turn out false!

So far only the public character of Mr. Cadbury has been outlined. Of his private life no account is needed, save to say that it is fit centre to the fair circumference. His thoughtfulness, even down to the smallest details of those about whom he is "concerned," is quite womanly in its exquisite-



"Ye Olde Farm Inn," Bournville.

ness, while to see him with a child is to see him at his very best.

As has been seen, it is a many-sided character; and to a stranger might seem a bundle of incongruities. Here is a capitalist hand-in-glove with Labour leaders; a Quaker who is an ecclesiastical statesman; bound by his creed to lay infinite emphasis on the individual soul, yet a great collectivist; a quietist and journalist in one. What is the secret—the unifying principle of it all?

One who knows him most intimately was asked to state in a word the essence of his character. Prompt the answer came: "Guidance—that one word explains it all. Not a choice does he make, not a line does he follow, not even does he decide on an appeal from the smallest charity, without a second or two spent in asking for guidance. And he acts on the answer he receives." Another near friend exclaimed, "Never was I more surprised than when I heard that George Cadbury was taking up the 'Daily News.' It was no surprise to me that, having taken it up, he ultimately became sole

proprietor. But, knowing him well, and knowing his experience of the worry and loss as well as of the slow successes of journalism, I never thought he would have touched the 'Daily News.' There is only one explanation," the friend went on: "George Cadbury believes intensely in revelation—revelation not only to the race, but to the individual. But often it costs him a hard fight to obey unexpected orders. I doubt not there has been a hard fight here." These are the utterances of sympathetic observers, not, be it remembered, of the man himself. The man of the world may scoff at the idea they convey; but the student of history will think otherwise. Lord Rosebery's memorable utterance on Cromwell readily recurs:—

He was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations. A man who combines inspiration apparently derived—in my judgment really derived—from close communication with the supernatural and the celestial, a man who has that inspiration, and adds to it the energy of a mighty man of action, such a man as that lives in communion on a Sinai of his own, and when he pleases to come down to this world below, seems armed with no less than the terrors and decrees of the Almighty Himself.

The philanthropist of Bournville is very unlike the victor of Marston Moor, and the purchase of the "Daily News" is a very different thing from the dismissal of the Long Parliament. But Cadbury, like Cromwell, is a "practical mystic." He receives his orders from what he believes to be a Divine Source; and, receiving, he obeys. How differently soever men may explain that conviction, certain it is that it has been the driving power which has pushed him until it has placed him now in the middle of the national arena. Already men are beginning to speak of him as "the greatest municipal statesman of the age." The healing of the breaches of British Dissent, the deliverance of a million aged poor from the horror of the workhouse, and the solution of the housing problem in this age of great cities are surely matters as vital to the Empire as ever was the settlement of the dispute about ship money to the England of Cromwell's day. Will the consciousness of mandate press him beyond even these great questions? Of that no one knows save Destiny; least of all its submissive implement. One thing is morally certain. Whatever George Cadbury believes himself commanded to perform, he will attempt with all his powers to do. He will obey. There are no limits to what an obedient will may be called on to accomplish.

The advent of Mr. Cadbury into Metropolitan journalism synchronises strangely with the universal anxiety about Mr. Rhodes. The contrast between the two men may perhaps be suggested by saying that one has been said to think in continents for the extension of Empire, while the other thinks in humanities for the realisation of the Kingdom of God.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Memoirs of Chateaubriand.*

It may seem rather odd to regard the translation of a book which was finished before 1848 and published for the first time fifty years ago as the Book of the Month for April, 1902. But there are reasons for this choice. A good translation of a typical foreign book describing the life and adventures of one of the most notable figures in nineteenth century France may deserve to be regarded as the Book of the Month in England. Certainly we have no book of this month of British origin that is at once so interesting and so important, and to the average British reader so novel and original, as this translation of a book which to all educated Frenchmen has been a classic for half a century.

Chateaubriand was a little French nobleman only 5 feet 4 inches high, who was born in the same year as Napoleon, and died the year of the Revolution, 1848. His life spanned eighty years of the most exciting period of the history of France. He began his literary career as a sceptic; he burst into fame as the interpreter of "The Genius of Christianity"; he wrote poems, novels, pamphlets. He began, so he tells us, the natural period of French literature, and no less a critic than Sainte Beuve ascribed to his book on the Genius of Christianity the honour of ushering into the world the literature of the Nineteenth Century. The names of his novels and their heroines are still remembered, but the glory of "Atala" is departed, and the immense success which it achieved is now only a matter of history. He was Ambassador of France at the English Court and Foreign Minister of France. There is something about his career that suggests a very glorified edition in French of Lord Beaconsfield. Imagine Disraeli's Memoirs, written by himself, to be published as a voice from the tomb. But Disraeli, although, like Chateaubriand, he combined politics and literature, had nothing in his career to compare with the marvellous vicissitudes of the little Frenchman, whose adventures would make a romance even if he had never written a book or played a leading role as statesman.

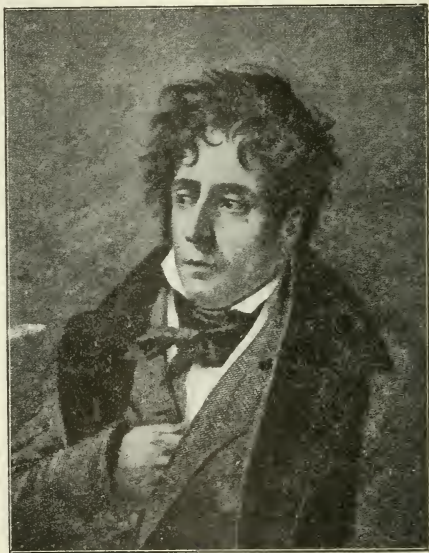
Listen to what he has to say in his preface as to the life whose reminiscences he records:—

*"The Memoirs of Francois Rene, Vicomte de Chateaubriand, some time Ambassador to England." Being a translation by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, of the "Memoires D'Outre-Tombe," with illustrations from contemporary sources, in six volumes. Published by Freemantle and Co., 217 Piccadilly. First two volumes

I have met nearly all the men who in my time have played a part, great or small, in my own country or abroad, from Washington to Napoleon, from Louis XVIII. to Alexander, from Pius VII. to Gregory XVI., from Fox, Burke, Pitt, Sheridan, Londonderry, Capo d'Istrias to Malesherbes, Mirabeau and the rest; from Nelson, Bolivar, Mehemet Pasha of Egypt to Suffren, Bougainville, La Perouse, Moreau, and so forth.

I have explored the seas of the Old World and the New, and trod the soil of the four quarters of the globe.

After wearing the bearskin of the savage, and the silken caftan of the Mameluke; after enduring poverty hunger, thirst and exile, I have sat, as Minister and ambassador, in a gold-laced coat, my breast motley



VICOMTE DE CHATEAUBRIAND.
(By permission of Messrs. Freemantle and Co.)

with stars and ribbons, at the table of kings, at the seats of princes and princesses, only to relapse into indigence and to receive a taste of prison. . . . I have carried the soldier's musket, the traveller's eugdel, the pilgrim's staff; I have been a seafarer, and my destinies have been as fickle as my sails; a halcyon, and made my nest upon the billows.

I have meddled with peace and war. I have signed treaties and protocols, and published numerous works the while. I have been initiated into secrets of parties, of court, and of state. I have been a close observer of the rarest miseries, the highest fortunes, the greatest renowns. I have taken part in sieges, congresses, conclaves, in the restoration and overturning of thrones. I have made history, and I could write it. And my life, solitary, dreamy, poetic, has gone on through this world of realities, catastrophes, tumult, uproar in the

company of the sons of my dreams . . . of the daughters of my imagination.

Chateaubriand's life was divided into three parts. From 1768-1800 he was a soldier and a traveller. From 1800-11 he was devoted to literature. From 1811 to 1848 he was in politics. He was thus ever on the stage, a leading actor in the world's great drama.

I.—BIRTH AND EDUCATION.

"I am of noble birth." The Barons of Chateaubriand had a castle in Brittany in 1000, and the predecessor of the author—his eldest brother—perished on the guillotine in 1793. His father entered the French Navy when fifteen, was twice wounded in action against the Russians, was wrecked upon the Spanish coast, and ultimately went to the West Indies, where he made a sufficient fortune to enable him to return and re-establish the ancient family at Combours. His son describes him as taciturn, despotic, and threatening, with deep-set small eyes of a bluish or sea-green colour, like the eyes of lions or of the barbarians of olden time. Each flashing pupil seemed to shoot out and strike you like a bullet. This aristocratic old despot married a woman "dark, short, and ill-favoured," in piety an angel, endowed with great wit and intelligence, and with a prodigious imagination. Chateaubriand was the tenth and last child.

As he was destined to be a sailor he grew up in the family without lessons. The ragamuffins of the town became his dearest friends. He resembled them in all things, spoke their language, dressed like them, and was as ragged and dirty as they. Poor and penniless he spent much time apart musing on the sea shore. On the festivals in church he saw the heavens opening and the angels offering up incense and the prayers of the worshippers. "Vowed as I was to the Virgin, I knew I loved my protectress," and at the time when he wrote his memoirs—"A statue of our Lady, adorned with a Gothic crown and clad in a robe of blue silk trimmed with a silver fringe, inspires me with more devotion than one of Raphael's Virgins."

Speaking of the harsh education of his early childhood, he says, "it imbued me with ideas different from those of other men, and impressed upon my sentiments a character of melancholy which arose from the habit of suffering acquired in the age of weakness, providence, and mirth."

After spending his earliest years running wild among the ragamuffins of St. Malo, Chateaubriand was sent to the college of Dol, near the family seat of Combours. Here he discovered that he possessed a phenomenal memory, a great taste for languages, and a remarkable aptitude for mathematics. A year or two later the perusal of

an expurgated Horace and a theological book describing the torments of Hell awoke at once the storms of premature passion and the terrors of superstition. "Thenceforward I felt escape from me some sparks of that fire which is the transmission of life." He became outwardly very pious. He fasted to excess. But the ravages made in his imagination by the lascivious images of the classical poets filled his soul with misery. When he was prepared for his first confession he was full of shame at the thought of these thoughts of the unveiled. He was about to receive absolution when he suddenly cried out, "I have not confessed everything!"

After he left Dol he spent two years at the college at Rennes, and then he was sent as a naval cadet to Brest.

At his sister's suggestion he began to lisps verses. He wrote verse long before he wrote prose. His experience at this stage of his life he describes with the utmost freedom. "I was a mystery to myself. I could not see a woman without feeling confused. I blushed if she spoke to me. Had the loveliest slaves of the seraglio been handed over to me I should not have known what to ask of them. Chance enlightened me." A very pretty woman came to visit at the castle. One day something occurred which led all in the room to rush to the window. He felt himself pressed between the fair lady and the window. "I was no longer conscious of what was happening round me. From that moment I was aware that to love and be loved in a manner unknown to me must be the supreme happiness."

So he built up an imaginary woman compounded of all the charms of all the fair ladies he had ever seen or read of. "This invisible charmer accompanied me wherever I went. I communed with her as with a real being. This *delirium* lasted two whole years. I had all the symptoms of a violent passion, my eyes grew hollow, I fell away, I could not sleep, I was absent, melancholy, ardent, fierce. I found at one and the same time in my marvellous creation all the blandishments of the senses and all the joys of the soul." Yet he was unable to enjoy what did not exist, and, tortured with longing that his phantom could not satisfy, he tried to commit suicide. Repeated attempts to blow his brains out having failed, he decided that it was decreed that he should live. He became ill. He discovered he had no vocation for the priesthood, and was at last made sub-lieutenant in the Navarre Regiment, and hurried off to Paris.

II.—HIS AMERICAN ADVENTURES.

Chateaubriand was fortunate. He obtained rapid promotion, was presented to the King and Marie Antoinette. He went hunting as a debu-

tant in the forest of St. Germain, where his horse ran away with him and took him willy nilly to be in at the death of the stag before the King. He felt bored in Paris, did not improve his chances, and was delighted when his regiment was moved to Dieppe. There he remained until the first throes of the great Revolution found him in Paris. He witnessed the fall of the Bastille, saw with horror the heads of Foulon and Berthier carried on pikes through the streets. "One eye in one of these heads had started from its socket and fell upon the dead man's livid face; the pike projected through the open mouth, the teeth of which bit upon the iron." As the men who carried the pikes sang and capered and leapt in order to thrust the heads nearer to Chateaubriand's face, he lost control, denounced them as brigands, and nothing but the stoutness of the door saved his head from adorning a third pike. Shortly after, he witnessed the entry of Louis XVI. into Paris:—

First appeared guns, upon which harpies, thieves, doxies, women of the town rode astride, uttering the most obscene speeches, making the most filthy gestures. Next, surrounded by a horde of people of every age and sex, marched on foot the bodyguards, who had exchanged hats, swords, and bandoliers with the National Guards; each of their horses carried two or three fish-fags, dirty bacchantes, drunk and indecently clad. After them came the deputation from the National Assembly; the royal carriage followed, rolling in the dusty darkness of a forest of pikes and bayonets. Tattered ragmen, butchers, with their blood-stained aprons hanging from their thighs, their bare knives from their belts, their shirt-sleeves turned up, walked beside the carriage doors. Other sinister guards had climbed upon the roof; others on to the footboard, lolled upon the box. They fired muskets and pistols; they cried:

"Here are the baker, the baker's wife, the baker's boys!" By way of oriflamme they carried before the descendant of St. Louis, in mid-air, upraised on Swiss halberts, the heads of two bodyguards, powdered and curled by a *Sèvres* hairdresser.

Chateaubriand met most of the men of the Revolution. Mirabeau in the Assembly reminded him of Milton's Chaos sitting shapeless and impassive in the centre of his own confusion. This "lion's whelp, a lion with a Chimaera's head," said to Chateaubriand, as he laid his hand on his shoulder, "They will never forgive me my superiority." "I still feel the pressure of that hand as though Satan had touched me with his fiery claw." Robespierre seemed to him "a common-looking deputy with grey impassive face, his hair neatly dressed, decently clad like the steward in a good house."

Wearied and disgusted by the excesses of the Revolution, Chateaubriand set off on a wild-geese chase to discover the North-West Passage. He resigned his commission, got an introduction to General Washington, and sailed from St. Malo for Baltimore, carrying with him only his youth and his illusions. He enjoyed the voyage, spending much of his time in the maintop alone with his imagination, between the firmament of water be-

low and the firmament above. He called at St. Pierre off Newfoundland, narrowly escaping drowning while bathing from the ship's side in a dead calm in shark-haunted waters, and ultimately landed at Baltimore. From thence he went to Philadelphia, where he dined with General Washington. He describes him as "tall in stature, of a calm and cold rather than noble bearing; he resembles his engraved portraits."

Crossing the Blue Mountains he stumbled accidentally upon an old newspaper in a settler's house. It contained a report of the flight of King Louis and his arrest at Varennes, June 22, 1791. Instantly he felt he must return to France, and back he came accordingly.

Before leaving this part of his career it may be worth while to transcribe some of his reflections upon the future of the United States, which were penned eighty years ago. He predicted that in 1880 their population would exceed 50,000,000. In 1880 it was 50,445,336. In 1822 he wrote: "Literature is unknown in the new Republic. The American has replaced intellectual by positive operations. The new continent has neither classical, romantic, nor Indian literature. There is only the literature of workmen, merchants, sailors, farmers. The Americans have no childhood, and have as yet had no old age."

III.—EMIGRE AND EXILE IN LONDON.

Chateaubriand sailed for France, December 10, 1791. He narrowly escaped shipwreck between Alderney and Jersey, but ultimately the ship reached Havre with topmasts broken, boats carried away, and quarterdeck cut down. He was penniless. His sister decided that he must marry in order to replenish his purse. They knew a charming girl of seventeen with a fortune of £20,000. "The affair was managed without my knowledge. 'Have your way,' I said. I was racked by the muse. In me the public man is inflexible; the private man is at the mercy of whomever wishes to seize hold of him. It was a new acquaintance that I had to make, and it brought me all that I could wish. Madame de Chateaubriand has an original and cultured mind, and admires me without ever having read two lines of my works." She had no children. "Often separated from me, disliking literature, to her the pride of bearing my name makes no amends. But," he adds, "when the two of us appear before God, it is I who shall be condemned." He never pretended to love his wife. His first love he met years after in England. But he got her money, and that sufficed. "If I had not married, would not my weakness have made me the prey of some worthless creature?" For this and other reasons he concludes that he owes her "an affectionate and eternal gratitude." Poor Madame de Chateaubriand!

He married at the end of March, 1792, and took his wife to Paris. There he found himself in the universal presence of a universal Tiberius. Mirabeau had disappeared. In his place was the Swiss foetus Marat, with his gorgon head, who, like Milton's Sin, was violated by Death; Fouché, a dressed-up hyena in a circle of wild beasts; Camille Desmoulins, "of the age of the Sansculotte Jesus," a stuttering Cicero, a public counsellor of murder, worn out by debauchery; and Danton, "a Hun of Gothic stature, with a flat nose, outspread nostrils, furrowed jaws, and the face of a gendarme combined with that of a lewd and cruel attorney."

Before leaving for the frontier to join the army of the Princes, Chateaubriand borrowed 10,000 francs, and that same evening gambled away all but 1,500 francs. This balance he left in a cab; but next day recovered it miraculously, for a priest also had subsequently hired the vehicle. With this sum in his pocket he set off to the frontier. He succeeded in joining the army, and was provided with a rusty firelock whose trigger would not move. He was sent for and saluted as a representative of the French army by the King of Prussia and the Duke of Brunswick. He enrolled himself in the 7th Breton Company, and was marched off without commissariat to besiege Thionville. He carried the MSS. of "Atala" in his knapsack. A thief stole his shirts, but left his story, whereat he greatly rejoiced. He foresaw that the expedition against Thionville would lead to the execution of the King. It was his first and most successful prediction. Thionville was not captured, but in the siege a bomb burst near where he lay asleep, almost under the wheels of a gun-carriage, and sent a splinter into his thigh. Two bullets penetrated his knapsack, but the MSS. of "Atala" served as a shield. The army fell back on Verdun, and from thence to Longuy. Weak and lame, Chateaubriand could no longer keep up with the troops. He sank to his knees in a ploughed field, and hoped to die. His comrades pulled him out, and he decided to make his way, if he could, to Ostend.

After four and twenty hours' vomiting, confluent small-pox broke out all over his face and body. His thigh was swollen and gangrened. He was in high fever; with eighteen francs in his pocket, "Atala" in his knapsack, and a crutch under his arm, he set out to walk six hundred miles to the sea! The straps of his knapsack cut his shoulders, but he would not abandon it. No one seems to have refused to shelter him because of his disease until he reached Brussels. On the sixth day he was succoured by gipsies. On the seventh day he lay down to die, with his knapsack under his head, in a ditch. He felt extremely ill, the small-pox turning in and choking him. Lying as one

dead, a passing driver stumbled over him, and, finding he still breathed, he helped Chateaubriand into his cart. So he came to Namur, where the women showed him much kindness. At Brussels no one would take him in. There, however, he met his brother, who lent him some money. Travelling by canal-boat, he reached Ostend, chartered a decked barge, and sailed for Jersey. He lay on the ballast in the hold. The sea was rough. He could neither eat nor drink, and when they reached Guernsey they put him ashore to die. The wife of an English pilot took compassion on him; he revived sufficiently to complete his journey. He reached his family in Jersey, and for the next four months lay between life and death. It was not till January, 1793, that he had recovered sufficiently to notice that his attendants were mourning. "Who is dead?" he asked. "His Majesty the King," was the reply.

Chateaubriand recovered from the small-pox, but his chest was affected. Nevertheless, he decided to go to England and try to join the army. He crossed over to Southampton and made his way to London. He had to suffer great privations, upon which, when he came to write his memoirs, nearly thirty years after, in the French Embassy, he descants with considerable gusto. His first lodging was in a garret at Holborn. He was so ill that doctor after doctor gave him up as incurable. He might live two months, they thought, no more. He believed himself to be dying, and began his "Historical Essay on Revolutions," in order to occupy his time, "while he was under sentence of death."

He made money when he could by doing translations during the day. He wrote his essay at night. His amusement was to wander in Kensington Gardens or to muse among the tombs at Westminster. On one occasion he mused so long that he was locked in, and spent the night alone in the Abbey. He found a bed for the night in the fold of a marble winding-sheet in a sarcophagus built into the wall at the entrance to the double stair of Henry VII. and the Knights' Chapel. Immediately opposite was a marble figure of Death armed with a scythe. He lay down, and, looking up at the vaulted roof of this English St. Denis, he thought "that the years which have been and the issues of the past hang down like Gothic lamps; the entire edifice was, as it were, a monolithic temple of ages turned to stone." He was released by the little bellringer who came at dawn to toll the break of day.

Chateaubriand and his friend nearly starved to death. When it came to their last shilling they made it last for five days. "I was devoured with hunger, I burned with fever, sleep had deserted me, I sucked pieces of linen which I soaked in

water, I chewed grass and paper." At the last moment his wife's relatives sent him some money. It staved off death. He shifted to a garret in the neighbourhood of Marylebone-street, whose window overlooked a cemetery. It was the turning of his fortune. He got a commission to translate old French MSS. at Beccles for a local antiquarian society. Here he met and fell in love with Charlotte Ives, the daughter of a clergyman near Fungay. She also loved Chateaubriand, not knowing he was married. He was oppressed with sadness when they came to part. Mrs. Ives proposed that he should marry her daughter and inherit their property. "I threw myself at Mrs. Ives' feet, and covered her hands with my kisses and my tears. She stretched out her hand to pull the bell-rope. 'Stop,' I cried, 'I am a married man!' She fell back fainting."

Nearly thirty years afterwards Charlotte Ives, then Lady Sutton, called on Chateaubriand, to induce him to use his influence with Lord Canning to secure the appointment of one of her sons to his suite as Governor-General for India. It would seem that they had really loved, for after twenty-seven years their mutual affection was far from being extinguished. But, as Chateaubriand soliloquises after his wont, although Charlotte was the first woman he had ever loved, a sentiment of that kind "was in no way sympathetic with my stormy nature; the latter would have corrupted it and made me incapable of enjoying such sacred delectations." Charlotte was probably much happier as Lady Sutton than she would have been as the Countess de Chateaubriand.

While Chateaubriand was losing his heart to Charlotte Ives, the Revolutionists in Paris were shearing off the head of his brother, his brother's wife, and M. de Malesherbes. He succeeded to the title, and soon after published his "Essai Historique," over the writing of which, he tells us, the image of Charlotte presided. The book grieved his mother for its sceptical tendencies. At the age of seventy-two she had been flung into the dungeon; five years later she expired, expressing with her latest breath a hope that her son would open his eyes to see his errors, and give up writing. His dying mother's last message reached him in a letter from his sister, who died before her brother received her letter. "The idea that I had poisoned the last days of the woman who bore me in her womb filled me with despair. I did not recover from my distress until the thought occurred to me of expiating my first work by means of a religious work. This was the origin of the 'Genius of Christianity.'" "These two voices from the tomb, that death which acted as death's interpreter, impressed me. I became a Christian."

My conviction came from my heart. I wept and I believed."

Of the subsequent history of Chateaubriand: how he published the "Genius of Christianity," and was hailed as the genius who reconciled France with religion; how he passed Pitt in the street, and met Burke in his school, and heard the blind, mad George III. playing Handel's music at Windsor; how at last he re-entered France in the year 1800, to achieve still greater glory by the publication of "Atala," all this and more besides can be read at large in the second part of the second volume, into which we do not enter. We have said enough to indicate the nature and scope of these charming memoirs.

Froissart's Modern Chronicles.*

This book is the result of a very happy idea which occurred to Mr. Carruthers Gould, who has long since established his reputation as our first British caricaturist. In the compass of a hundred copiously illustrated pages he has told the story of the political history of the last sixteen years, in the spirit and language of Sir John Froissart, as if the events recorded had happened in the fourteenth, instead of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Mr. Gould says:—

So strange does history often repeat itself, that I have been able here and there to transcribe passages of Lord Berners' translation almost verbatim into my text.



The Earl of Durdans on a Pilgrimage to Chesterfield.
(From Froissart's Modern Chronicles.)

* "Froissart's Modern Chronicles." Told and pictured by F. Carruthers Gould. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1902. Price 3s. 6d.

There are twelve chapters. Of these twelve the first half-dozen relate to the Home Rule Campaign; the other half-dozen are chiefly concerned with the affairs of South Africa, and the last chapter tells how the Earl of Durdans left his furrow and rode to Chesterfield to speak to the people. In Mr. Gould's cartoons the whole spirit of the situation is so happily portrayed that it would be difficult by pages of letterpress to bring out the salient features more distinctly. For instance, there is the charming picture of Irishmen rowing, from the Irish records, in which Mr. Redmond and Mr. John Dillon, sitting at the opposite ends of a boat, are diligently rowing in opposite directions at the same time. Another admirable cartoon from the Irish records depicts Mr. Pigott as an Irish scribe spelling that fatal word hesitancy.

Mr. Gould, as usual, is inimitable when he deals with Mr. Chamberlain, or, as he is called, Sir Joseph de Birmingham. He appears in many different guises.

On the cover he appears as a knight on his charger riding after the British lion; in another place, in his shirt, holding a waxen taper, he is presented when he formally renounces his Radicalism. The story tells how—

"Sir Joseph de Birmingham went privily to Hatfield, where abode my Lord of Salisbury, and prepared himself to be received into the right noble company of the Blues by watching for a night, clad only in his smock, and with a taper in his hand, in the Chapel of Hatfield, and there he kept vigil.

"My Lord of Salisbury would have had him doff even his smock, but he refused, saying that it behoved him for decency to keep his last garment, which was but a thin partition.

"And the next morning after his vigil the noble lords assembled, and clothed him with beautiful raiment of many colours, and a blue velvet robe, saying to him, 'You are now one of us.'

"And Sir Joseph de Birmingham was mightily pleased when he sat down with the nobility, clergy and gentry. 'Of a truth,' quoth he, 'I am now one of the Gentlemen of England.'"

When the Ministry came to be formed, Joseph claimed his reward, and we have in a clever little sketch a picture of Sir Joseph de Birmingham de-



"Protesters."

(From Froissart's Modern Chronicles.)

manding place and office for his son, Mr. Jesse Collings, and Mr. Powell Williams.

The stories of the Jameson Raid and of the South African Enquiry afford themes admirably suited to Mr. Gould's facile pencil. It would be difficult to imagine a cleverer cartoon than the little picture of the Lord Chief Justice Russell charging a jury. But even better than this are the two cartoons in which Mr. Rhodes is confronted with Mr. Chamberlain, when Sir Joseph de Birmingham and Sir Cecil de Kimberley converse, and Sir Cecil tells Sir Joseph—

"Sir, of a truth it behoveth you not to be so reproachful, for it is your apple-cart as well as mine that hath been put in peril, and we be both in the same plight, seeing that neither you nor I had foreknowledge of the enterprise. Let us rather have pity for each, for we be both in the same boat."

Then these two looked one at the other and sorely mused, for neither knew how much the other did not know.

Then the story of the South African Committee is described in the cartoon, "How Sir Cecil de Kimberley spoke to the Noble Knights and Esquires in the Council Chamber at Westminster"—

And in truth he overbore them so that it was a wonder to all beholders, for it seemed as if it were Sir Cecil who was making enquiry upon the Committee, rather than that he himself was being judged.

As for the proceedings of the Committee, Mr. Gould says:—

I will content myself with saying that the noble knights and esquires showed such marvellous respect for confidences that they recoiled back whensoever they



Sir Joseph de Birmingham Demandeth Places for His Son and Others.

(From Froissart's Modern Chronicles.)

came near to finding out anything that was hidden. Those things that were obvious they examined closely, but by great subtlety they avoided that which was obscure. Thus they saved themselves from doing injustice to or compromising any man.

The whole volume is full of similar specimens of Mr. Gould's dry humour. Mr. Gould has also ventured into a new field in his caricature of the two Protesters, the Rev. H. P. Hughes and the Rev. Dr. Parker, both of whom lifted up hands of holy horror against a racing Prime Minister. It is to be hoped that this first essay of Mr. Gould's in a new field will be so successful as to lead to the publication of a Froissart Annual, treating the events of the year in similar fashion. No one could do it better.

The Last Days of Pekin.*

FROM A FRENCH STANDPOINT.

Perhaps there is no living writer endowed in so supreme a degree as Pierre Loti with the gift of delicate word-painting. Certainly no one else has been able so vividly to present the scenes which occurred during those "last days of Pekin" after the insurrection of 1900, and before the departure of the Allied troops. Nothing else seems so to bring a living picture of Pekin before the reader's eyes—Pekin with its marvellous Forbidden Palaces, its tombs of long-dead Emperors, all for the first time displayed to sacrilegious crowds of pillaging "barbarians," and Pekin with its streets in desolation and ruins, festering corpses lying everywhere around, the horrible crows cawing around, and the still more horrible dogs, "engraissés de chair humaine."

As first aide-de-camp of Vice-Admiral Pottier, Loti found himself on October 3, 1900, in the Gulf of Pechili. He left the Gulf to proceed up the Pei-ho with its "muddy and infected waters, in which floated all sorts of filth and uncleanness . . . human corpses and the bodies of animals." The journey seemed interminable. At last—

"Pekin," said one of my companions to me suddenly, pointing out a terrible dark mass, which had just risen above some trees, an embattled dungeon of superhuman proportions. . . . The wall of Pekin crushes us—a giant thing, Babylonian in appearance, something intensely black in the dead light of a snowy autumn morning. . . . Not a passer-by as we approach the city, not one. And not a blade of grass all along the walls; the ground cracked, dusty, sinister as ashes, with rags of clothing lying about, bones, a skull. And from each of the black battlements a crow posted there salutes us, as we pass, with its deathly cawing.

In Pekin Loti spent his time in the Forbidden City—in the "Violet City"—near the famous Lotus Lake, by which day after day lay unburied half-devoured corpses. He lived in one of the Imperial

Palaces, in the midst of ageless and priceless things, of impossible screens, five-clawed dragons, amongst yellow silk, sculptured ebories, carpets thick as cushions, matchless porcelains.

Traces of the Empress.

Many traces of the Empress were still to be found. Close to the palace occupied by the French aide was a Gothic church once belonging to the Lazarist Fathers, latterly occupied by Her Majesty—

to store, in numberless chests, her reserves of all sorts. For none can imagine, without having seen, what strange, absurd and wonderful things there can be in the stores of nicknacks belonging to a Chinese Empress!

But when Loti saw these stores it was only after—first the Japanese, then the Cossacks, and finally the Germans—had ransacked them.

At present, all over the church is indescribable disorder—chests open or ripped up, their precious contents poured out in heaps of debris, streams of fragments, cascades of enamel, ivory, and porcelain.

Again, in this Ali Baba's cave—

The Empress had piled up all the presents received at her jubilee two years ago (and the file of mandarins who on that occasion brought presents to the sovereign, was, it seems, three miles in length, and lasted one whole day).

No wonder, then, that not all the soldiers of Christendom had been able to exhaust their treasures.

Before leaving these quintessentially Chinese dwellings of the Empress, Loti carried off from the pillaged room where she had spent her last night before her flight, two small red silk-embroidered slippers.

A Tribute to the French Soldiers.

There is not much said about looting; it is assumed, as a matter of course. Dark hints are from time to time thrown out as to the misconduct of certain troops, but which troops is never specified. Certainly, in Loti's view, the troops who most fraternised with the Chinese, who most won their confidence, were the French. Of the French, at least, the Chinese had no fear. Their little children rode about on the French Zouaves' shoulders; order was restored in the French quarter sooner than in any other. Some of the Chinese merchants made statuettes representing the soldiers of the various European nations, some (not named) with ferocious countenances and whips uplifted to strike, but the French always tenderly carrying about Chinese children. All these statuettes, except the French, were promptly suppressed.

Specialy interesting are the passages relating to Mgr. Favier, chief of the French missions in Pekin for forty years, who first foresaw the insurrection. Vivid indeed, but too long to quote, is the description of the French defence of their wall by one young ensign and thirty

* *Les Derniers Jours de Pekin*, by Lieutenant Viaud (Pierre Loti). Paris: Calmann Levy. 1902. Pp. 464. Price 3 fr. 50.)

sailors, while outside the Boxers cried, "Kill! kill!" When at last help came the only food left was the horrible dogs, gorged with human flesh, and that only for the sick or nursing mothers. Mgrs. Favie is now building up again the work of forty years destroyed in a moment.

Other Scenes.

It is impossible to speak of all the scenes depicted in this most realistic book. In its pages figures Count Waldersee, whom the French author

admired. In them he describes the mournful funeral of Colonel Schwarzhoff—burnt to death in one of the palaces; his visit across China to the tombs of the ancient Emperors, never before visible; in them appears the enigmatic Li Hung Chang, then dwelling in an old dilapidated house in a wretched alley, and affecting extreme poverty.

Indeed, whoso reads these pages of delicate French, in which it seems impossible to change a word, will realise as never before Pekin in the last days of 1900 and the first of 1901.

Towards an Imperial Tariff.

Mr. Vincent Callard contributes to the "National Review" for April a third and concluding article containing suggestions towards an Imperial tariff. His idea is that England should raise about seventeen millions sterling from imports from abroad. He divides them into two categories (first) upon food-stuffs, and (second) upon all other articles. The first, entitled Appendix A, deals with food-stuffs:—

Animals	10s. per head.
Bacon and Hams	4s. per cwt.
Beef (fresh and salted)	4s. per cwt.
Mutton	3s. 1d. per cwt.
Pork (fresh and salted)	3s. 8d. per cwt.
Meat (unenumerated and preserved)	5s. per cwt.
Butter	10s. 2d. per cwt.
Margarine	5s. 4d. per cwt.
Cheese	4s. 8d. per cwt.
Condensed Milk	3s. 7d. per cwt.
Eggs	8d. per great hundred
Wheat	1s. 2d. per cwt.
Wheatmeal and Flour	1s. 6d. per cwt.
Oats	1s. per cwt.
Oatmeal and Groats	1s. 4d. per cwt.
Barley	1s. per cwt.
Raw Cocoa	2d. per lb. (extra)
Cocoa (manufactures of)	2d. per lb. (extra)
Rice	1s. per cwt.
Maize	2½d. per cwt.
Maizemeal	6½d. per cwt.
Coffee	Remit 1d. per lb. on Colonial coffee; add 1d. per lb. on foreign coffee.
Tea	Remit ¾d. per lb. on Colonial tea; add 1d. per lb. on foreign tea.

The second, under Appendix B, deals with other articles of import:—

Timber	2s. 2d. per load
Timber (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value
Paper and Pasteboard	1s. 5d. per cwt.
Dye-stuffs	3s. 4d. per cwt.
Leather	6s. per cwt.
Gloves (Leather)	2s. per doz. pairs
Boots and Shoes	5s. 10d. per doz. pairs
Leather (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value
Cotton (raw)	2s. 2d. per cwt.
Cotton (yarn)	1½d. per lb.
Cotton (manufactures of)	10 per cent. of value
Flax or Linsseed	1s. 9d. per quarter

Linen Yarn	1d. per lb.
Linen Manufactures	10 per cent. of value
Oil-seed Cake	11s. 6d. per ton
Caoutchouc and Gutta-percha	13s. 4d. per cwt.
Caoutchouc and Gutta-percha (manufactures of)	£1 10s. 2d. per cwt.
Skins and Furs	5 per cent. of value
Tallow and Stearine	1s. 1d. per cwt.

The taxes on food-stuffs would bring in twelve millions sterling, and the other taxes about five millions.

Cassava and Its Possibilities.

In the "Cosmopolitan" for March, Mr. Condict Packard discusses the astonishing new agricultural possibilities of cassava, a bushy shrub growing to about five or six feet in tropical and sub-tropical climates, its roots producing more starch per acre than any other vegetable or grain. In South Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, and Florida its cultivation is growing with great rapidity, all the more so because it thrives best in the light sandy soil which before was not worth much.

As tapioca, everyone knows it. But as a fattening food for cattle, sheep and pigs (which all eat it greedily) its value is only just discovered. Experiments show that cassava will produce beef at a little over ¾d., and pork at only a ¾d. Only the roots are used, their average yield being eight tons per acre. The starch from these roots costs only 2½d. per pound, and, according to recent experiments, was six times better for plain and fancy laundry work than the best wheat starch at 3d. a pound. The gain in using cassava for fattening animals, as compared with the cost of fattening them by former method, is put at about 30 per cent. (on a 70-day test).

Hitherto, artificial fertilisers have been used for cassava, but now it is found that several kinds of bean and pease, growing freely in the regions where it is cultivated, are perfect natural fertilisers. Everything, therefore, seems to combine to favour the development of a remarkable new industry.

THE TOPIC OF THE MONTH.

THE DEATH OF MR. RHODES: HIS POLITICAL WILL AND TESTAMENT.

By W. T. STEAD.

All last month Mr. Rhodes lay dying. For days the struggle was prolonged between his unconquerable will to live and the steady progress of the fatal malady to which he did not succumb until the Wednesday of Holy Week.

But not even the tenacious spirit of the most resolute of mortals can triumph in a combat with Death. "Who is this great one," cried the dying Frankish monarch, "who pulls down the strength of the strongest kings?" That strong one has now pulled down the strength of the strongest of the Money Kings of the Modern World. When Cecil Rhodes expired at Muizenbush on March 26 the most remarkable, and in some respects the most significant, personage of our time quitted the stage on which for the last fifteen years he has played so prominent a part. For good or for evil he ranked among the dozen foremost men of his day. He was one of the few men neither royal nor noble by birth who rose by sheer force of character and will to real although not titular Imperial rank. After the Pope, the Kaiser, the Tsar, there were few contemporary statesmen who commanded as much attention, who roused as much interest, as the man who has passed from our midst while still in his prime. The few who knew him loved him. The majority, to whom he was unknown, paid him their homage, some their admiration, and others their hate. And it must be admitted that the dread he inspired among those who disliked him was more widespread than the affection he commanded from those who came within the magic of his presence.

I.—THE FIRST OF THE MILLIONAIRE DYNASTY.

Cecil Rhodes, in the current phrase of the hour, was an empire maker. He was much more than that. Empire makers are almost as common as empire breakers, and, indeed, as in his case, the two functions are often combined. But Cecil Rhodes stands on a pedestal of his own. He was a man apart. It was his distinction to be the first of the new Dynasty of Money Kings which has been evolved in these later days as the real rulers of the modern world. There have been many greater millionaires than he. His friend and ally, Mr. Beit, could probably put down a banknote for

every sovereign Mr. Rhodes possessed, and still be a multi-millionaire. As a rich man Mr. Rhodes was not in the running with Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Astor. But although there have been many wealthier men, none of them before Mr. Rhodes recognised the opportunities which wealth affords its possessor of ruling the world. The great financiers of Europe have no doubt often used their powers to control questions of peace or war and to influence politics, but they always acted from a strictly financial motive. Their aims were primarily the shifting of the values of stocks. To effect that end they have often taken a leading hand in political deals. But Mr. Rhodes inverted the operation. With him political considerations were always paramount. If he used the market he did it in order to secure the means of achieving political ends. Hence it is no exaggeration to regard him as the first—he will not be the last—of the Millionaire Monarchs of the Modern World.

He was the founder of the latest of the dynasties which seems destined to wield the sceptre of sovereign power over the masses of mankind. He has fallen in mid-career. His plans are but rudely sketched in outline, and much of the work which he had begun is threatened with destruction by his one fatal mistake. But he has lived long enough to enable those who were nearest to him to realise his idea and to recognise the significance of his advent upon the stage in the present state of the evolution of human society.

Mr. Rhodes was more than the founder of a dynasty. He aspired to be the creator of one of those vast semi-religious, quasi-political associations which, like the Society of Jesus, have played so large a part in the history of the world. To be more strictly accurate, he wished to found an Order as the instrument of the will of the Dynasty, and while he lived he dreamed of being both its Caesar and its Loyola. It was this far-reaching world-wide aspiration of the man which rendered, to those who knew him, so absurdly inane the speculations of his critics as to his real motives. Their calculations as to his ultimate object are helpful only because they afford us some measure of the range of their horizon. When they told us that Mr. Rhodes was aiming at founding a huge

fortune, of becoming Prime Minister of the Cape, or even of being the President of the United States of South Africa, of obtaining a peerage and of becoming a Cabinet Minister, we could not repress a smile. They might as well have said he was coveting a new pair of pantaloons or a gilded epaulette. Mr. Rhodes was one of the rare minds whose aspirations are as wide as the world. Such aspirations are more usually to be discovered among the founders of religions rather than among the founders of dynasties. It is this which constituted the unique, and to many the utterly incomprehensible, combination of almost incompatible elements in Mr. Rhodes' character. So utterly incomprehensible was the higher mystic side of Mr. Rhodes' character to those among whom it was his fate to live and work that after a few vain efforts to explain his real drift he gave up the task in despair. It would have been easier to interpret colour to a man born blind, or melody to one stone-deaf from his birth, than to open the eyes or the understanding of the "bulls" and "bears" of the Stock Exchange to the far-reaching plans and lofty ambitions which lay behind the issue of Chartered. So the real Rhodes dwelt apart in the sanctuary of his imagination, into which the profane were never admitted. But it was in that sphere that he really lived, breathing that mystic and exalted atmosphere which alone sustained his spiritual life.

II.—THE REAL RHODES AND HIS RELIGION.

Nearly three years ago I printed in the "Review" a statement as to the fundamental principles upon which Rhodesianism rested. Inter arma silent leges, which may be extended to mean that when war begins no one reads articles in Reviews. Now, however, that Mr. Rhodes is no more with us, it is possible that this statement may attract more attention, and all the more so because although it was issued during his lifetime, it provoked from him neither publicly nor privately any protest, criticism, or correction.

I therefore think that my readers will be glad to be afforded an opportunity of seeing what I wrote in October, 1899, which I reprint exactly as it was published in the November number of "The Review of Reviews":—

His Religion.

Mr. Rhodes' conception of his duties to his fellow-men rests upon a foundation as distinctly ethical and theistic as that of the old Puritans. If you could imagine an emperor of old Rome crossed with one of Cromwell's Ironsides, and the result brought up at the feet of Ignatius Loyola, you would have an amalgam not unlike that which men call Cecil Rhodes. The idea of the State, the Empire, and the supreme allegiance which it has a right to claim from all its subjects, is as fully developed in him as in Augustus or in Trajan. But deep underlying all this there is the strong, earnest, religious conception of the Puritan. Mr. Rhodes

is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a religious man. He was born in a rectory, and, like many other clergymen's sons, he is no great Churchman. He has an exaggerated idea of the extent to which modern research has pulverised the authority of the Bible; and, strange though it may appear to those who only know him as the destroyer of Lobengula, his moral sense revolts against accepting the Divine origin of the Hebrew writings which exult over the massacre of the Amalekites. In the doctrine of eternal torment he is an out-and-out unbeliever. Upon many questions relating to the other world his one word is Agnostic—"I do not know." But on the question of Hell he is quite sure he knows, and he knows that it is not true. Indeed, it is his one negative dogma, which he holds with astonishing vigour and certitude. It conflicts with his fundamental conception of the nature of things. Whatever may be or may not be, that cannot be.

His Meditations.

It may appear strange to those who only realise Mr. Rhodes as a successful Empire-builder, or a modern Midas, at whose touch everything turns to gold, to hear that the great Afrikaner is much given to pondering seriously questions which, in the rush and hurry of modern life, most men seldom give themselves time to ask, much less to answer. But as Mohammed spent much time in the solitude of his cave before he emerged to astonish the world with the revelation of the Koran, so Cecil Rhodes meditated much in the years while he was washing dirt for diamonds under the South African stars. He is still a man much given to thinking over things. He usually keeps three or four subjects going at one time, and he sticks to them. At present he has on his mind the development of Rhodesia, the laying of the telegraph line to Tanganyika, the Cape to Cairo railway, and the ultimate federation of South Africa. These four objects preoccupy him. He does not allow himself to be troubled with correspondence. He receives letters and loses them sometimes, but answers them never.

In the earlier days, before he was known, he kept his thoughts to himself. But he thought much; and the outcome of his thinking is making itself felt more and more every day in the development of Africa.

The Search for the Supreme Ideal.

When Mr. Rhodes was an undergraduate at Oxford, he was profoundly impressed by a saying of Aristotle as to the importance of having an aim in life sufficiently lofty to justify your spending your life in endeavouring to reach it. He went back to Africa wondering what his aim in life should be, knowing only one thing—that, whatever it was, he had not found it. For him that supreme ideal was still to seek. So he fell a-thinking. The object to which most of those who surrounded him eagerly dedicated their lives was the pursuit of wealth. For that they were ready to sacrifice all. Was it worth it? Did the end, even when attained, justify the expenditure of one's life? To answer that question he looked at the men who had succeeded, who had made their pile, who had attained the goal which he was proposing he should make his own. What he saw was men who, with hardly an exception, did not know what use to make of the wealth they had spent their lives in acquiring. They had encumbered themselves with money-bags, and they spent all their time in taking care of them. Other object in life they seemed to have none. Wealth, for which they had given the best years of their life, was only a care, not a joy; a source of anxiety, not a sceptre of power. "If that is all, it is not good enough," thought Rhodes.

In Politics.

Then his thoughts turned to politics. Why not devote his life to the achievement of a political career? He might succeed if he tried. Rhodes seldom doubts his capacity to succeed when he tries. Again he looked at the ultimate. In South Africa the top of the tree was represented by the Cape Premiership. What kind

of men are Cape Premiers? He had known some of them. They were men who had alternate spells of office and Opposition. Most of them were mediocrities; few of them had power, even when they held place. They were dependent for their political existence upon the goodwill of followers whom they had to wheedle or cajole. The position did not seem enviable; so once more Rhodes decided "it was not good enough." The true goal was still to seek.

In the Churches.

His mind turned to religion. Was there to be found in the Churches a goal worth the devotion of a life? Perhaps—if it were true. But what if it were not? He thought much of the marvellous career of Loyola, the man who underpinned the tottering foundations of the Catholic Church, and re-established them upon the rock of St. Peter, which had been shaken by the spiritual dynamite of the Reformation. There was a work worthy the best man's life. But nowadays who could believe in the Roman, or even in the Christian, creed? Every day some explorer dug up in Palestine some old inscription which made havoc with a Bible text—a conclusion which the reports of the Palestine Exploration Fund certainly do not bear out; but that need not be discussed here. Mr. Rhodes was a Darwinian rather than a Christian. He knew there was no Hell. How could he devote himself to the service of the Catholic Church? As to the others, these were merely vulgar fractions of a fraction. He respected them all with the wide tolerance of a Roman philosopher, but they neither kindled his enthusiasm nor commanded his devotion. The old faiths were dying out. If his life were to have a worldly goal, it must be among the living, not among the dead, with the future rather than the past.

A Darwinian in Search of God.

So he went on digging for diamonds, and musing, as he digged, on the eternal verities, the truth which underlies all phenomena. He was a Darwinian; he believed in evolution. But was it reasonable to believe that the chain of sentient existences which stretched unbroken from the marine Ascidian to man, stopped abruptly with the human race? "Was it not at least thinkable that there are Intelligences in the universe as much my superior in intellect as I am superior to the dog?" "Why should man be the terminus of the process of evolution?" So he reasoned, as all serious souls have reasoned long before Darwin was heard of.

Reincarnation, the possibility of an existence prior to this mortal life, did not interest him. "Life is too short, after all," he used to say, "to worry about previous lives. From the cradle to the grave—what is it? Three days at the seaside. Just that and nothing more. But although it is only three days, we must be doing something. I cannot spend my time throwing stones into the water. But what is worth while doing?" Then upon him there grew more and more palpably real, at least as a possibility, that the teachings of all the seers, of all the religions, were based on solid fact, and that after all there was a God Who reigned over all the children of men, and Who, moreover, would exact a strict account for all the deeds which they did in the body. He combated the notion; but the balance of authority was against him. All religions, in all times—surely the universal instinct of the race had something to justify it!

A Fifty Per Cent. Chance!

Mr. Rhodes argued the matter out in his cool, practical way, and decided the question for himself once for all. He did not surrender his agnostic position; but he decided that it was at least an even chance that there might be a God. Further than that he did not go. A 50 per cent. chance that there is a God Almighty is very far removed from the confident certainty of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." But a 50-per-cent.-chance-God fully believed in is worth more as a factor in life than a 40 per cent. faith in the whole Christian creed.

"What Wouldst Thou have Me to Do?"

Mr. Rhodes had no sooner ciphered out his 50 per cent. chance than he was confronted with the reflection, "If there be a God, of which there is an even chance, what does He want me to do, if so be that He cares anything about what I do?" For so the train of thought went on. "If there be a God, and if He do care, then the most important thing in the world for me is to find out what He wants me to do, and then go and do it." But how was he to find it out? It is a problem which puzzled the ancients. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Are not His ways past finding out? Perhaps yes; perhaps no. The "did not know everything down in Judee," anyhow, Mr. Rhodes was much too practical and thoroughgoing a man not to set himself to the task of ascertaining the will of God towards us—if so be that there be a God, of which, as aforesaid, the Rhodesian calculation is that the chances are even, for or against.

What is He Doing?

Mr. Rhodes, as I have said, is a Darwinian. He believes in the gospel of evolution, of the survival of the fittest, of progress by natural selection. With such outfit as this, he set himself in his diamond-hole to attempt the solution of the oldest of all problems. "If there be a God, and if He cares anything about what I do, then," said Rhodes to himself, "I think I shall not be far wrong in concluding that He would like me to do pretty much as He is doing—to work on the same lines towards the same end. Therefore, the first thing for me to do is to try to find out what God—if there be a God—is doing in this world; what are His instruments, what lines is He going on, and what is He aiming at. The next thing then for me to do is to do the same thing, use the same instruments, follow the same lines, and aim at the same mark to the best of my ability."

Having thus cleared the way, Mr. Rhodes put on his thinking cap and endeavoured to puzzle out answers to these questions. It sounds somewhat profane, the way in which he puts it; but in its essence, is it not the way in which all earnest souls, each according to his own light, have endeavoured to probe the mystery of the universe? Is not the supreme profanity, not the use of mundane dialect to describe the process, but rather the failure to put the question at all?

(1) The Divine Area of Action.

The first thing that impressed Mr. Rhodes, as the result of a survey of the ways of God to man, is that the Deity must look at things on a comprehensive scale. If Mr. Rhodes thinks in continents, his Maker must at least think in planets. In other words, the Divine plan must be at least coextensive with the human race. If there be a God at all who cares about us, He cares for the whole of us, not for an elect few in a corner. Whatever instrument He uses must be one that is capable of influencing the whole race. Hence, the range of the instrument, or, as a Papist would say, the catholicity of the Church, is one of the first credentials of its Divine origin and authority. Hole-and-corner plans of salvation, theological or political, are out of court. If we can discover the traces of the Divine plan, it must be universal, and that agency or constitution which most nearly approximates to it in the universality of its influence bears the Divine trade mark.

(2) The Divine Method.

This conception of the Divine credentials seemed to Mr. Rhodes to be immediately fatal to the pretensions of all the Churches. They may be all very good in their way; but one and all are sectional. The note of catholicity is everywhere lacking. Even the Roman Catholic but touches a decimal of the race. Besides, all the Churches are but of yesterday. They belong to the latest phase of human evolution. What Mr. Rhodes was after was something older and more universal. He found it in the doctrine of evolution. Here,

at least, was a law or uniform method of Divine procedure which, in point of view of antiquity, left nothing to be desired, and which at this present moment is universally active among all sentient beings. What is the distinctive feature of that doctrine? The perfection of the species, attained by the elimination of the unfit; the favourable handicapping of the fit. The most capable species survives, the least capable goes to the wall. The perfecting of the fittest species among the animals, or of races among men, and then the conferring upon the perfected species or race the title deeds of the future; that seemed to Mr. Rhodes, through his Darwinian spectacles, the way in which God is governing His world, has governed it, and will continue to govern it, so far as we can foresee the future.

(3) The Divine Instrument.

The planet being postulated as the area of the Divine activity, and the perfecting of the race by process of natural selection, and the struggle for existence being recognised as the favourite instruments of the Divine Ruler, the question immediately arose as to which race at the present time seems most likely to be the Divine instrument in carrying out the Divine idea over the whole of this planet. The answer may seem to Chauvinists obvious enough. But Mr. Rhodes is not a Chauvinist. He was conducting a serious examination into a supremely important question, and he would take nothing for granted. There are various races of mankind—the Yellow, the Black, the Brown, and the White. If the test be numerical, the Yellow race comes first. But if the test be the area of the world and the power to control its destinies, the primacy of the White race is indisputable. The Yellow race are smashed thick on one half of a single continent; the White exclusively occupy Europe, practically occupy the Americas, are colonising Australia, and are dominating Asia. In the struggle for existence the White race had unquestionably come out on top.

The White race being thus favourably handicapped by the Supreme Handicapper, the next question was which of the White races is naturally selected for survival—which is proving itself most fit in the conditions of its environment to defeat adverse influences and to preserve persistently its distinctive type?

(4) The Divine Ideal.

At this point in the analysis Mr. Rhodes dropped for the moment the first line of enquiry to take up another, which might lead him more directly to his goal. What is it that God—if there be a God—is aiming at? What is the ultimate aim of all this process of evolution? What is the Divine ideal towards which all creation presses, consciously or unconsciously? To find out the ultimate destination of sentient creatures may be difficult or even impossible; but the only clue which we have to the drift of the Divine action is to note the road by which He has led us hitherto, to see how far we have got already. Then we may be in a position to infer, with some degree of probability, the route that has still to be travelled. If, therefore, we wish to see where we are tending, the first thing to do is to examine those who are in advance. We do not go back to the ape, the Bushman or the Pigmy to see the trend of evolution. We go rather to the foremost of mankind, the most cultured specimens of the civilised race—the best men, in short, of whom we have any records or knowledge since history began. What these exceptionally—it may be prematurely—evolved individuals have attained is a prophecy of what the whole phalanx of humanity may be destined to reach. They are the high water mark of the race up till now. Progress will consist in bringing up mankind to their level.

The Threefold Test: Justice—Liberty—Peace.

Proceeding further in his examination of the foremost and most highly evolved specimens of the race, Mr. Rhodes found them distinguished among their fellows by certain moral qualities which enable us to form

some general conception as to the trend of evolution. Contemplating the highest realised standard of human perfection, Mr. Rhodes formed the idea that the cue to the Divine purpose was to discover the race which would be most likely to universalise certain broad general principles. "What," asked Mr. Rhodes, "is the highest thing in the world? Is it not the idea of Justice? I know none higher. Justice between man and man—equal, absolute, impartial, fair play to all; that surely must be the first note of a perfected society. But, secondly, there must be Liberty, for without freedom there can be no justice. Slavery in any form which denies a man a right to be himself, and to use all his faculties to their best advantage, is, and must always be unjust. And the third note of the ultimate towards which our race is bending must surely be that of Peace, of the industrial commonwealth as opposed to the military clan or fighting Empire." Anyhow, these three seem to Mr. Rhodes sufficient to furnish him with a metewand wherewith to measure the claims of the various races of the world to be regarded as the Divine instrument of future evolution. Justice, Liberty and Peace—these three. Which race in the world most promotes, over the widest possible area, a state of society having these three as corner-stones?

Who is to decide the question? Let all the races vote, and see what they will say. Each race will no doubt vote for itself, but who receives every second vote? Mr. Rhodes had no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the English race—the English-speaking man, whether British, American, Australian, or South African—is the type of the race which does now, and is likely to continue to do in the future, the most practical, effective work to establish justice, to promote liberty, and to ensure peace over the widest possible area of the planet.

Quod Erat Demonstrandum!

"Therefore," said Mr. Rhodes to himself, in his curious way, "if there be a God, and He cares anything about what I do, I think it is clear that He would like me to do what He is doing Himself. And as He is manifestly fashioning the English-speaking race as the chosen instrument by which He will bring in a state of society based upon Justice, Liberty and Peace, He must obviously wish me to do what I can to give as much scope and power to that race as possible. Hence," so he concludes this long argument, "if there be a God, I think that what He would like me to do is to paint as much of the map of Africa British red as possible, and to do what I can elsewhere to promote the unity and extend the influence of the English-speaking race."

Mr. Rhodes had found his longed-for ideal, nor has he ever since then had reason to complain that it was not sufficiently elevated or sufficiently noble to be worth the devotion of his whole life.

The passage in Aristotle which exercised so much influence upon the Oxford undergraduate was his definition of virtue, "Virtue is the highest activity of the soul living for the highest object in a perfect life." That, he said, had always seemed to him the noblest rule to follow, and he had made it his rule from the first.

III.—LOYOLA REDIVIVUS.

If these were Mr. Rhodes' ideals, what were the practical means by which he hoped to carry them out? The answer to this is characteristic of the man. His great dream was to found a Society composed of men of strong convictions and of great wealth, which would do for the unity of the English-speaking race what the Society of Jesus did for the Catholic Church immediately after the Reformation.

The English-speaking race stood to Mr. Rhodes for all that the Catholic Church stood to Ignatius Loyola. Mr. Rhodes saw in the English-speaking race the greatest instrument yet evolved for the progress and elevation of mankind—shattered by internal dissensions and reft in twain by the declaration of American Independence, just as the unity of the Church was destroyed by the Protestant Reformation. Unlike Loyola, who saw that between Protestants and Catholics no union was possible, and who therefore devoted all his energies to enable the Catholics to extirpate their adversaries, Mr. Rhodes believed that it was possible to secure the reunion of the race. Loyola was an out-and-out Romanist. He took sides unhesitatingly with the Pope against the Reformers. The attitude of Mr. Rhodes was altogether different. He was devoted to the old flag, but in his ideas he was American, and in his later years he expressed to me his unhesitating readiness to accept the reunion of the race under the Stars and Stripes if it could not be obtained in any other way. Although he had no objection to the Monarchy, he unhesitatingly preferred the American to the British Constitution, and the text-book which he laid down for the guidance of his novitiates was a copy of the American Constitution.

Imagine the soul of an Erasmus in the skin of a Loyola ready to purchase the unity of Christendom by imposing upon the Pope the theses which Luther nailed upon the church door at Wittenberg, and you have some idea of the standpoint of Mr. Rhodes.

He was for securing union, if necessary, by means which at first sight were little calculated to promote unity. If the American constitution was his political text-book, his one favourite expedient for inducing Americans to recognise the need for unity was the declaration of a tariff war waged by means of differential duties upon imports from those English-speaking commonwealths which clapped heavy duties on British goods.

Mr. Rhodes' political ideas were written out by him on one of the very few long letters which he ever wrote to anyone, just before his departure from Kimberley to Mashonaland in the autumn of 1890. The communication takes the shape of a resume of a long conversation which I had had with him just before he left London for the Cape. Despite a passage which suggests that I should sub-edit it and dress up his ideas, I think the public will prefer to have these rough, hurried, and sometimes ungrammatical notes exactly as Mr. Rhodes scrawled them off rather than to have them supplied with "literary clothing" by anyone else:—

"Please remember the key of my idea discussed with you is a Society, copied from the Jesuits as to

organisation, the practical solution a differential rate and a copy of the United States Constitution, for that is Home Rule or Federation, and an organisation to work this out, working in the House of Commons for decentralisation, remembering that an Assembly that is responsible for a fifth of the world has no time to discuss the questions raised by Dr. Tanner or the important matter of Mr. O'Brien's breeches, and that the labour question is an important matter, but that deeper than the labour question is the question of the market for the products of labour, and that, as the local consumption (production) of England can only support about six million, the balance depends on the trade of the world.

"That the world with America in the forefront is devising tariffs to boycott your manufactures, and that this is the supreme question, for I believe that England with fair play should manufacture for the world, and, being a Free-trader, I believe until the world comes to its senses you should declare war—I mean a commercial war with those who are trying to boycott your manufactures—that is my programme. You might finish the war by union with America and universal peace, I mean after one hundred years, and a secret society organised like Loyola's, supported by the accumulated wealth of those whose aspiration is a desire to do something, and a hideous annoyance created by the difficult question daily placed before their minds as to which of their incompetent relations they should leave their wealth to. You would furnish them with the solution, greatly relieving their minds and turning their ill-gotten or inherited gains to some advantage.

"I am a bad writer, but through my ill-connected sentences you can trace the lay of my ideas, and you can give my idea the literary clothing that is necessary. I write so fully because I am off to Mashonaland, and I can trust you to respect my confidence. It is a fearful thought to feel that you possess a patent, and to doubt whether your life will last you through the circumlocution of the forms of the Patent Office. I have that inner conviction that if I can live I have thought out something that is worthy of being registered at the Patent Office; the fear is, shall I have the time and the opportunity? And I believe with all the enthusiasm bred in the soul of an inventor it is not self-glorification I desire, but the wish to live to register my patent for the benefit of those who, I think, are the greatest people the world has ever seen, but whose fault is that they do not know their strength, their greatness, and their destiny, and who are wasting their time on their minor local matters, but being asleep do not know that through the invention of steam and electricity, and in view of their enormous increase, they must

now be trained to view the world as a whole, and not only consider the social questions of the British Isles. Even a Labouchere, who possesses no sentiment, should be taught that the labour of England is dependent on the outside world, and that as far as I can see, the outside world, if he does not look out, will boycott the results of English labour. They are calling the new country Rhodesia, that is from the Transvaal to the southern end of Tanganyika; the other name is Zambesia. I find I am human and should like to be living after my death; still, perhaps, if that name is coupled with the object of England everywhere, and united, the name may convey the discovery of an idea which ultimately led to the cessation of all wars, and one language throughout the world, the patent being the gradual absorption of wealth and human minds of the higher order to the object.

"What an awful thought it is that if we had not lost America, or if even now we could arrange with the present members of the United States Assembly and our House of Commons, the peace of the world is secured for all eternity. We could hold our federal parliament five years at Washington and five at London. The only thing feasible to carry this idea out is a secret one (society) gradually absorbing the wealth of the world to be devoted to such an object. There is Hirsch with twenty millions, very soon to cross the unknown border, and struggling in the dark to know what to do with his money; and so one might go on ad infinitum.

"Fancy the charm to young America, just coming on and dissatisfied—for they have filled up their own country, and do not know what to tackle next—to share in a scheme to take the government of the whole world! Their present President is dimly seeing it, but his horizon is limited to the New World, north and south, and so he would intrigue in Canada, Argentina, and Brazil, to the exclusion of England. Such a brain wants but little to see the true solution; he is still groping in the dark, but is very near the discovery. For the American has been taught the lesson of Home Rule and the success of leaving the management of the local pump to the parish beadle. He does not burden his House of Commons with the responsibility of cleansing the parish drains. The present position in the English House is ridiculous. You might as well expect Napoleon to have found time to have personally counted his dirty linen before he sent it to the wash, and re-counted it upon its return. It would have been better for Europe if he had carried out his idea of Universal Monarchy; he might have succeeded if he had hit on the idea of granting self-government to the component parts. Still, I will own tradition, race, and diverse languages acted against his dream;

all these do not exist as to the present English-speaking world, and apart from this union is the sacred duty of taking the responsibility of the still uncivilised parts of the world. The trial of these countries who have been found wanting—such as Portugal, Persia, even Spain—and the judgment that they must depart, and, of course, the whole of the South American Republics. What a scope and what a horizon of work, at any rate, for the next two centuries, the best energies of the best people in the world; perfectly feasible, but needing an organisation, for it is impossible for one human atom to complete anything, much less such an idea as this, requiring the devotion of the best souls of the next two hundred years. There are three essentials: (1) The plan duly weighed and agreed to. (2) The first organisation. (3) The seizure of the wealth necessary.

"I note with satisfaction that the committee appointed to enquire into the McKinley Tariff report that in certain articles our trade has fallen off 50 per cent., and yet the fools do not see that if they do not look out they will have England shut out and isolated with ninety millions to feed and capable internally of supporting about six millions. If they had had statesmen they would at the present moment be commercially at war with the United States, and they would have boycotted the raw products of the United States until she came to her senses. And I say this because I am a Free-trader. But why go on writing? Your people do not know their greatness; they possess a fifth of the world, and do not know that it is slipping from them, and they spend their time on discussing Parnell and Dr. Tanner, the character of Sir C. Dilke, the question of compensation for beer-houses, and omne hoc genus. Your supreme question at the present moment is the seizure of the labour vote at the next election. Read the Australian "Bulletin" (New South Wales), and see where undue pandering to the labour vote may lead you; but at any rate the eight-hour question is not possible without a union of the English-speaking world, otherwise you drive your manufactures to Belgium, Holland, and Germany, just as you have placed a great deal of cheap shipping trade in the hands of Italy by your stringent shipping regulations which they do not possess, and so carry goods at lower rates."

Here this political will and testament abruptly breaks off. It is rough, inchoate, almost as uncouth as one of Cromwell's speeches, but the central idea glows luminous throughout. How pathetic to read to-day the thrice expressed foreboding that life would not be spared him to carry out his great ideal. But it may be as Lowell sang of Lamartine:—

To carve thy fullest thought, what though
 Time was not granted? Age in history,
 Like that Dawn's face which baffled Angelo,
 Left shapeless, grander for its mystery,
 Thy great Design shall stand, and day
 Flood its blind front from Orient far away.

IV.—THE REALISATION OF THE RHODESIAN IDEAL.

That Mr. Rhodes is no more with us may seem to some a conclusive reason why all hope should be abandoned of realising his great idea. To me it seems that the death of the Founder in the midst of his unaccomplished labours is a trumpet-call to all those who believed in him to redouble their exertions to carry out his vast designs for the achievement of the unity of the English-speaking race.

What is the Rhodesian ideal? It is the promotion of racial unity on the basis of the principles embodied in the American Constitution. The question of differential tariff is a matter of detail. The fundamental principle is, as Mr. Rhodes very clearly saw, the principle of the American Constitution; or, as he bluntly said, that is Home Rule. As an Empire we must federate or perish.

Mr. Rhodes saw this as clearly as Lord Rosemead, who was the first author of the saying; but it is to be feared that many of those who call themselves Rhodesians have not yet accepted the very first principle of Mr. Rhodes' doctrine.

So this day they apologise for the subscription to Mr. Parnell's Home Rule chest as if it were a lamentable aberration. It was, on the contrary, the very keynote of the whole Rhodesian gospel. No man had less sympathy with the high-flying Imperialists of Downing-street than had Mr. Rhodes. No man more utterly detested the favourite maxims of military satraps and Crown Governors. When he came home from the siege of Kimberley, he told me that he expected "in two years' time to be the best abused man in South Africa by the Loyalists." "I am delighted to hear it," I replied; "but how will that come about?" "Because," he said, "these people have set their minds upon trampling on the Dutch, and I am not going to allow it. For you cannot govern South Africa by trampling on the Dutch."

Mr. Rhodes was a Home Ruler first and an Imperialist afterwards. He realised more keenly than most of his friends that the Empire was doomed unless the principle of Home Rule was carried out consistently and logically throughout the whole of the King's dominions. "If you want to know how it is to be done," he once said to me, "read the Constitution and the history of the United

States. The Americans have solved the problem. It is no new thing that need puzzle you. English-speaking men have solved it, and for more than a hundred years have tested its working. Why not profit by their experience? What they have proved to be a good thing for them is not likely to be a bad thing for us."

To be a Rhodesian, then, of the true stamp, you must be a Home Ruler and something more. You must be an Imperialist, not from mere lust of dominion or pride of race, but because you believe the Empire is the best available instrument for diffusing the principles of Justice, Liberty, and Peace throughout the world. Whenever Imperialism involves the perpetration of Injustice, the suppression of Freedom, and the waging of wars other than those of self-defence, the true Rhodesian must cease to be an Imperialist. But a Home Ruler and Federalist, according to the principles of the American Constitution, he can never cease to be, for Home Rule is a fundamental principle, whereas the maintenance and extension of the Empire are only means to an end, and may be changed, as Mr. Rhodes was willing to change them. If, for instance, the realisation of the greater ideal of Race Unity could only be brought about by merging the British Empire in the American Republic, Mr. Rhodes was prepared to advocate that radical measure.

The question that now arises is whether in the English-speaking world there are to be found men of faith adequate to furnish forth materials for the Society of which Mr. Rhodes dreamed:

Still through our paltry stir and strife
 Glows down the wished Ideal,
 And Longing moulds in clay what Life
 Carves in the marble Real.

We have the clay mould of Mr. Rhodes' longed-for Society. Have we the stuff, in the Empire and the Republic, to carve it in marble?

Mr. Rhodes, like David, may have had to yield to a successor the realisation of an ideal too lofty to be worked out by the man who first conceived it.

"It was in my mind," said the old Hebrew monarch, as he came to die, "to build an house unto the name of the Lord my God. But the word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Thou hast shed blood abundantly, and hast made great wars; thou shalt not build an house unto My name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in My sight. Behold, a son shall be born to thee, who shall be a man of rest. . . . he shall build a house for My name.'"

So it may be that someone coming after Mr. Rhodes may prosper exceedingly in founding the great Order of which Mr. Rhodes did dream.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

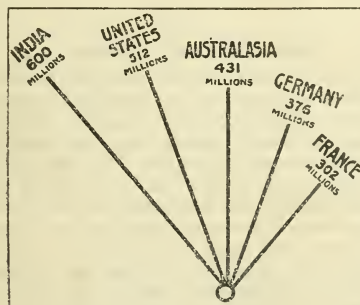
The Buying-Power of Australasia.

Mr. J. Holt Schooling, who has a genius for translating dry figures into pictorial terms, publishes some interesting diagrams showing the buying power of Australasia, and the direction in which that power is exercised. Australia is almost England's best customer. Says Mr. Schooling:

"As a buyer of British goods, Australasia ranks only second to India among all British possessions to which we export our home produce and manufactures. During 1880-1899, our exports of home goods to all British possessions were valued at 1,598 millions, and of this amount 431 millions went to Australasia—an average of over 21 millions per year. Of all our customers, British or foreign, only India and the United States surpassed Australasia; our three leading world-customers during 1880-1899 being:—

	Millions.
British India	600
United States	512
Australasia	431

"Diagram No. 1 illustrates the amount of our exports of home goods to our leading world buyers, namely, those countries to which we exported over 300 millions of our home goods during 1880-1899. With the exception of Germany, all these big buyers fell off in their purchases from us during 1890-1899.



1. Exports of British home goods from the United Kingdom to our five leading world-buyers during 1880-1899. Australasia ranks third, with 431 millions worth of British home goods, bought during those twenty years. The length of the black lines represents the amount of the Exports.

"Our individual Australasian customers are as follows, stated in the order of their rank as importers from the United Kingdom.

"Total imports by Australasia from the United Kingdom, 1880-1899. (Not only imports of our home goods.)

	During 1890-1899 as compared with 1880-1889.		
	1880-1899. Millions.	Fall. Millions.	Rise. Millions.
New South Wales ..	175.4	18.6	—
Victoria	153.2	24.0	—
New Zealand	92.1	—	1.1
South Australia ..	48.6	5.2	—
Queensland	46.6	—	0.2
Western Australia ..	14.7	—	9.5
Tasmania	9.6	0.4	—
Total	540.2	48.2	10.8

Net fall—37.4 millions.

"Thus, regarding all imports by Australasia from the United Kingdom, there was a net fall of 37.4 millions during 1890-1899 as compared with 1880-1889. This is a fall of 13 per cent. upon the total imports during 1880-1889 made by Australasia from us.

"During the period of this too substantial decline in Australasian purchases from us, the total imports made by Australasia from all countries increased by 3 per cent. Thus, not only did we get no share in Australasia's increased purchases, but we fell off in our sales to the extent of 13 per cent.

"During my extended and detailed examination of many parts of British trade, I have seen, over and over again, that our big lines of goods, our big foreign markets, our big colonial markets, are the things and places in which we find the effect of foreign competition most strongly marked—relatively, as well as actually.

"We have seen how we stand as regards progress or regress in our sales to the Australasian colonies, and we will now look at the facts which concern Germany and the United States. These two countries are by far the largest sellers to Australasia of any foreign country; both of them come, of course, a long way behind us, but we are now concerned to examine the progress made by these two countries in their sales to Australasia.

"First, I show the results for Australasian imports from Germany and the United States as a whole, without distinguishing the separate colonies.

"Total imports by Australasia from the United States and Germany during 1880-1899:—

From	During 1880-1889.	During 1890-1899.	The Imports during 1880-1889 1890-1899	
			being taken at 100	were
	Millions.	Millions.	£	£
United States..	21.8	29.1	100	134
Germany ..	6.1	15.7	100	257

"These are the condensed results obtained by examining the sales to each part of Australasia by the United States and Germany during the twenty years 1880-1899. We see that during 1890-1899 the United States sold goods to Australasia to the value of £134 for every £100 worth sold during 1880-1889—an increase of £34 per £100.

"Germany's progress was bigger still. During 1890-1899 Germany's sales to Australasia were £257 for every £100 worth sold by Germany during 1880-1889—an increase of 157 per cent.

"These are the three leading suppliers of Australasia's wants, we being far ahead of our two rivals as regards volume of trade. But although we still greatly lead our rivals as regards volume of trade with Australasia, it is not satisfactory to see the immensely different results which have come out from the last ten years' sales to Australasia by her three chief suppliers. The very large degree of progress made by Germany and by the United States in the Australasian markets is accompanied by our fall of 13 per cent. Moreover, the progress made by our two rivals is altogether in advance of the 3 per cent. increase which, as already stated, has occurred during 1890-1899 in Australasia's total imports from all countries.

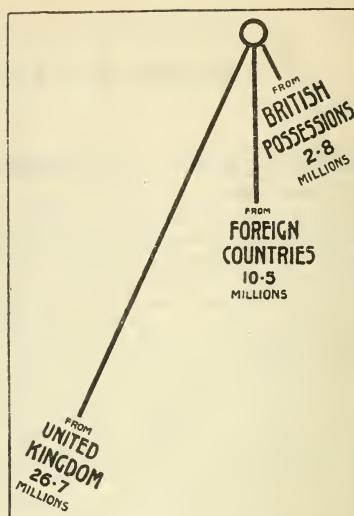
"At present the trade statistics for Australasia are published for each colony separately, but Australasia having become a Commonwealth, the Federal Statistical Department will in future probably supply the facts for the Commonwealth as one whole, and this will greatly facilitate such investigations as this. However, I have gathered all the facts into one whole, and I now show the net results for the year 1899 as regards all Australasian imports from all sources. (See also Diagram No. 2.)

"Total Australasian imports for the year 1899:—

From	Total Imports. Millions.	Percentage of Total Imports. per cent.
*Australasia ..	32.2	45
United Kingdom ..	26.7	37
Foreign Countries ..	10.5	14
British Possessions outside of Australasia ..	2.8	4
Total ..	72.2	100

*Note.—These are Imports into one part of Australasia from all the other parts of Australasia, each colony being separately dealt with in the returns, which are here condensed into one whole.

"Notwithstanding the vigorous and successful rivalry of Germany and the United States, which



2. Total Imports into Australasia, in the year 1899, from the United Kingdom, from Foreign Countries, and from British Possessions outside Australasia. The length of the black lines represents the amount of the Imports.

has been shown to exist in our Australasian markets, we still send in 37 per cent. of all Australasian imports, as compared with 14 per cent. sent in by foreign countries. In point of the contest for these Australasian markets, it will be interesting in another year or two to see to what extent these two percentages alter."

The Remount System.

Writing on "The Remount System from Within," Colonel St. Quintin, in the "Empire Review" for April, complains bitterly of the way in which red tape, plus want of proper means and direction, hamper Government enterprise. The real key of the situation lies in the Chancellor of the Exchequer's pocket—and seems likely to stay there. The late General Ravenhill's experience and ability might have borne much fruit, but he was retired under the age clause before he could get his plans completed. His successor had not the same experience nor ability; then came "an age of extra economy and cutting down," when it was impossible to put forward any broad views.

General Ravenhill's Plan.

General Ravenhill's plan is our only salvation, in Colonel St. Quintin's view. He says:—

General Ravenhill was anxious to have in the Remount Department officers suitable for the work, and in sufficient numbers to enable him to send them to various parts of the world to learn thoroughly the breeding and distribution of the horses of those countries, and to get in touch with the real sources of supply, so that, should the occasion arise, he might be at once able to tap them.

The present Remount Department has been called upon to buy broken horses in unprecedented numbers, and in an impossible space of time. General Ravenhill foresaw the possibility of this, and had the views he held been carried out, the condition of affairs with regard to the Remount Department at the outbreak of this war would have been very different. But it unfortunately meant the addition of more officers to the department, and that meant a small extra expense, and it is unfortunately this small extra expense in time of peace which stops the utility of many branches of the service.

Some Difficulties to be Met.

There is no possibility, says Colonel St. Quintin, of reverting to the pre-Remount Department plan of commanding officers buying remounts for cavalry. Therefore, the Remount Department has to meet the difficulties as best it can; and apparently it will meet with the most loyal co-operation on all sides. How to find enough horses for the urgent demands of war is the question. There are now plenty of draught horses, but there may not always be plenty, since the omnibus companies, the chief source of supply, are reducing their horses. While in South Africa, the 'bus horse was the only one Colonel St. Quintin did not hear "crabbed." In direct buying of horses the difficulties are serious. Of late years the breed of English riding horses has much deteriorated. In Ireland patriotic gentlemen eager to assist Colonel St. Quintin collected at their stables all the best young horses in the neighbourhood, but however careful they had been to insist upon the requirements, it was mostly the leavings of the fairs that were brought, so that out of 150 horses thus collected the Colonel could sometimes not buy 10, and seldom more than 20 or 25, and those not very good. As for buying horses in the fair, only an experienced man can do that.

Another difficulty is that dealers and breeders get to know the points of one kind of horse only, forgetting all the rest. They forget that an Australian horse, though perhaps just as good in every other way, is always narrower and lighter than an English horse.

Hungarian Horses.

Colonel St. Quintin says his experience of Hungarian horses has been most favourable. In April, 1900, he superintended the landing of two shipments in good condition, and the 1,500 or 2,000 Hungarian horses he saw at Maitland Camp compared most favourably with the others. Everyone wanted Hungarians—Colonel St. Quintin himself included—and he found they did excellent work.

Incidentally, he comments on the officer who could send out to drill some hundreds of horses just unshipped, with soft, unshod feet, flabby muscles, and unfitted saddles. If this happened when there was no necessity, what happened under the strain of actual war?

Some Suggestions.

We must clearly either have more horses during peace, or pay extra in time of need.

Colonel St. Quintin suggests that if the desirable end is to be attained of only mature horses in the ranks, there is need—

of a 5th squadron to be horsed by remounts, and old horses partially worn out, ridden, I may suggest, by old soldiers and recruits, or the alternative presents itself of leaving the horses to mature at Government farms—a system general in France and Germany.

If younger horses are bought, then there will be need for one or two properly maturing farms, which need not cost very much. There is no necessity for paying more for cavalry remounts, if General Ravenhill's scheme is adhered to.

To sum up, the great needs seem to be, no more pennywiseness and pound foolishness; less red tape; and officers who know how to treat the horses got for them with so much trouble.

Storm Signals from Dr. Shaw.

THE RELATIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND THE UNITED STATES.

Seven years ago President Cleveland's message on the subject of the Venezuelan frontier was preceded, if not heralded, by the publication of several significant articles from the pen of Dr. Shaw in the "American Review of Reviews." To these articles I called special attention at the time, unfortunately without succeeding in rousing Downing-street to the sense of the seriousness of the crisis which was approaching. In the March number of the "American Review of Reviews," in the section entitled "The Progress of the World," Dr. Shaw devotes several pages to warnings which bear an ominous resemblance to those which preceded the Venezuelan crisis.

Do We Need Canada?

Without further preliminary or comment on my part I will summarise the gist of what Dr. Shaw has got to say. He begins by a general survey of the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain, and from this goes on to discuss the question as to the question of the reality of the interest which European nations have overseas. He remarks that there is little apparent advantage to the English in maintaining permanent political connection with these newer Englands across the sea. But the retention of some threads of union is necessary in order to give pretence

for the proud use of the word "Empire," more and more needful to the British imagination. It was not always so, in proof of which he quotes from a recent address by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in which he asserts that at the close of the great American war the English Government would have been ready enough to accept, as a settlement of all disputes with the Government of Washington, the transfer of Canada to the United States, provided the Canadians were willing. The consent of the Canadians, Mr. Adams thinks, would not have been hard to gain, inasmuch as the benefits of annexation would have been stupendous in almost every way.

Canada in a European War.

Things have changed since then. This is illustrated by a reference to Mr. Chamberlain, whom Dr. Shaw hails as the recognised leader of English politics—the man of courage, force, energy, and efficiency, who will be the inevitable next Prime Minister. Canada is now looked upon as a part of the strategical, military strength of England, and as such valuable at any time for England's support in Imperial conquest or in European war. This change Dr. Shaw regards as unfortunate, because it means that Canada is to be dragged into the European conflict, from which it is the object of the Monroe Doctrine to deliver her, along with the rest of the Western world. This dragging of European and Asiatic conflicts into the heart of the continent of North America would cause the Government of the United States great inconvenience. Canada's participation in the South African War, a matter which did not concern her directly or indirectly, is the most flagrant violation of the essence of the Monroe Doctrine that has ever been committed, because it makes a precedent under which Canada will be deemed by Europe a party to all of England's quarrels, and therefore a legitimate fighting ground.

"A Menace to the U.S."

Then follows a passage which may be commended to those who imagine that they can ride at the same time two such different horses as the American Alliance and Colonial Jingoism. Dr. Shaw says:—"So long as Canada remains in this anomalous position the English statesmen who are congratulating themselves upon the strength of Canada's strategic position and upon her military value to England show little foresight when in the next breath they descant upon the value to England, above all things else, of the friendship of the United States. For it is a simple fact that the one thing in the whole outlook for the United States that is in any way menacing is an arbitrary line across the Continent which checks its natural expansion and beyond which a European Power is building fortifications."

American Expansion in Canada Inevitable.

Then Dr. Shaw sets forth his theory of what ought to have been the providential order of things on the American Continent. The Canadians, he says, were a small and stationary people on the St. Lawrence and on the northern side of Lake Ontario. Nature intended the far North-West for the free and natural expansion of America—meaning thereby, I assume, the citizens of the United States. It was a mistake for the English to make over the great empty Hudson Bay territory and the Pacific North-West to her Canadian maritime colonies on the Atlantic seaboard. That region should have been instead transferred for a proper consideration to the United States. The result is that the critics of England in the United States will some time charge her with creating a military ally in Canada to thwart the expansion of the United States in the only direction in which expansion is possible, and where furthermore it is just as inevitable as the Russification of Manchuria.

Our Historic Offences Against the States.

Dr. Shaw admits that the people of the United States and Great Britain are closely bound together by a thousand ties, but that cannot cover up the fact that the only serious difficulties the United States Government ever had were with the English Government. The obsolete Clayton-Bulwer Treaty instead of being merely abrogated with perfect goodwill by mutual consent was kept alive by England as an irritating matter of contention over half a century. Even when she finally consented to its abrogation it was only after irritating delays and hampering conditions. There does not remain in the minds of a single American any irritation against Spain, against China, nor is there any unfriendly feeling against the Filipinos. With Germany also there are relations of confidence and goodwill. But how different is it in the case of Great Britain! It was not a German aggression in South America which compelled the United States to take a positive stand against which a great European Power once answered with a talk of war. There is no knowing how much of Venezuela and Brazil would have been absorbed by England if President Cleveland had not put an end to the process by compelling the establishment of a boundary line. But this is by no means the only cause which Dr. Shaw discovers for bitter feeling against Great Britain.

The Oregon Dispute.

No American schoolboy, he says, ever reads the history of his country without some pang of regret over such an episode as the outcome of the rivalry for the possession of Oregon, and the compromise now seen to have been unfortunate of

the claim of the United States. The American Government, he says, asserted its claim to all the North-Western Territory up to the latitude of 54.40. The American cry in the early forties was "Fifty-four forty, or fight!" This would have given the American Government what are now British Columbia and Manitoba, and would have brought their coast along the Pacific up to the Russian territory, which subsequently became theirs. The English Government, however, with its peculiar faculty for wanting a worthless thing whenever it seems to be valuable to somebody else, won this contention by shrewd diplomacy until the line of 49 north latitude was accepted as the international boundary. While it would be ridiculous, he admits, for Americans to harbour any grudge against England on the score of this boundary line, it is none the less true that some millions of American schoolboys every year arrive at their first acquaintance with the fact that their country at one time claimed territory all the way to Alaska, and said they would fight for it, and then backed down and gave it up to a Government that had no real use for it, but was acting the part of a monopolist.

Better Have Fought.

Yet Dr. Shaw goes further than this, for he says:—"We have never heard of an American boy who did not wish that we had made good our threat to fight rather than give away a chance of developing the wild country of our own continent." The American boy does not read these things with any stupendous outgoings of his affection for England.

The Alaskan Conflict.

After having thus laid a broad foundation for American distrust of John Bull, which is thus, if not sucked in with his mother's milk, at least diligently inculcated in his school books, Dr. Shaw proceeds to expound the dispute between Canada and the United States concerning the Alaskan boundary. He says that until gold was discovered in Klondyke by American miners, not only all the Russian maps, but all the English maps, showed an unbroken Russian coastline down to 54.40. But when gold was discovered, and a water route was wanted to the Klondyke, the Canadians found that it would be very convenient to have a seaboard of their own, and therefore they established the theory that the old treaty should be interpreted in such a way as to cut the American shore line in two parts by drawing the boundary line straight across the navigable inlet that runs from Sitka to Dyce. The fundamental trouble with this new claim, says Dr. Shaw, is that it cannot be taken seriously as an international dispute. President Roosevelt would no more arbitrate the question of our continuous

Alaskan shore line than Lord Salisbury would arbitrate a claim asserted by the United States to the lower end of Vancouver Island.

Canadian Association Better for Both.

As conclusion of the whole matter, Dr. Shaw expresses his regret that England and Canada are not both growing toward a clear conception of the benefits that would derive from a political union of Canada and the United States. If this had been accomplished, as advocated by Mr. Sumner after the war, Canada would to-day be many times more populous and richer, while England would have been the gainer in many respects and the loser in nothing except in nominal extent of Empire.

The Meaning of it All.

Whatever may be said concerning the soundness of the assumptions which underlie Dr. Shaw's warning, especially the assumption embodied in the phrase, "our own Continent," which, literally interpreted, would seem to imply that the whole Continent of America belongs to the citizens of the United States, and that the Canadians, although Americans born, have no claim to share in the ownership of the part of the Continent on which they live and which has been secured to them by treaties ratified by the President and Senate of the United States, this soundness or unsoundness in no way affects the significance of this deliverance. In fact, the more unsound the arguments may be the more serious it is to find them put forward as if they were incontrovertible truths by a publicist who enjoys the commanding position of Dr. Shaw. Dr. Shaw would, of course, be the first to repudiate the assumption that in his writings he is in any way the authorised exponent of the views of President Roosevelt and the young American statesmen who surround the President. But Dr. Shaw's relations with the President have always been so close and friendly that it is difficult to believe he would launch a minatory notice to quit of this description if he believed that such an utterance would be regarded with displeasure at the White House. It is possible, however, that it may merely be intended to be a vigorous opening towards a resolute refusal to make concessions to Canada upon the Alaskan frontier question.

Always Arbitrate.

Dr. Shaw maintains that the case of America is so absolutely clear that President Roosevelt can no more send the dispute to arbitration than Lord Salisbury could arbitrate about Vancouver Island. But it is only a matter of procedure. There is no need to call it arbitration, because arbitration implies that we agree to accept the award whatever it may be. I have always maintained,

that I would arbitrate anything—the City of London or the Isle of Wight—it always being well understood that if any arbitrator were idiotic enough to give away what was unmistakably mine, I should prefer to face the additional odium that would be involved in drawing the sword against an arbitral award rather than refuse to arbitrate any question in dispute. But why not adopt the principle of the Commission d'Enquete, in which persons who would be judges in all but in name would be appointed by the United States and Great Britain for the purpose of ascertaining the facts and drawing up a report which might or might not be accepted by either party. If the facts are so clear as Dr. Shaw believes them to be, the result of such a Commission d'Enquete would be a foregone conclusion. In any case it would tend to eliminate matters of controversy from the dispute, and leave us with an irreducible minimum upon which we should have to agree to differ or to compromise.

A Frenchman in Japan.

The Anglo-Japanese agreement naturally adds fresh interest for us to the series of articles which M. Bellessort is contributing to the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*," and of which the eighth instalment appears in the first March number. M. Bellessort quotes an interesting remark made by M. Harmand, French Minister to Japan, to the effect that it was a pity that Japan had waited, before opening her arms to Western civilisation, for the arrival of a democratic age, because the seventeenth century would have done the work much better than the nineteenth. The Japanese, with their politeness, their decorum, the aristocratic structure of their society, and their family life, were much nearer to the Frenchman of the age of Louis XIV. than to the modern democracies of Europe and America. Even so late as 1850 an American who was shipwrecked in Japan found it impossible to make himself understood when he spoke of the sovereign people. The Japanese were no more capable of understanding such a monstrosity than a marquis of the old regime at Versailles would have been. M. Bellessort proceeds to analyse the component parts of Japanese society.

At the top, of course, are the Emperor and the Imperial Court, leading a life of the utmost mystery. What is His Majesty really like? Is he a hard worker, a bureaucrat who slaves away at official routine from eight o'clock in the morning to three o'clock in the afternoon? Or is he a good sort of man, but rather limited, and entirely devoted to sport and dogs? The visitor to Japan receives accounts of him as different as these. One informant says: "If you knew the chamberlains at Court you would be surprised that the Emperor is

so liberal, for the people who surround him are so retrograde and reactionary." Marshal Yamagata, the conqueror of China, who is supposed to have the ear of His Majesty, said to M. Bellessort: "The Emperor watches over the smallest interests of his Empire, but he does not love the parliamentary regime at all." Nevertheless, the Emperor submits to this regime, which he does not love, without apparent bitterness, and the newspapers are right in praising his tact, his discretion, his modesty, and his patriotism. Evidently he cannot be a mediocre man, or he would not be able to efface himself with so much prudence, or to play a part unpleasant to him with so much dignity.

The Empress, who is less enigmatical, but not less secluded in her life, inspires the people with an affectionate veneration. There is no dispute about her virtues and her intelligence, but, of course, her influence does not penetrate beyond the narrow limits to which the Japanese woman is confined. Her Majesty has overcome her natural timidity in order to appear before the eyes of Europe as a free Sovereign of the East. She has reformed the dress and manners of her Court, and her heart has discovered subtleties of conduct which she never learnt from the Protocol. Thus, when the present Tsar was almost assassinated on the road at Nara, it was the Empress who, on her own initiative, wrote a personal letter to the Empress of Russia. Moreover, modern civilisation has never intoxicated her; she remains faithful to the usages of her country, and she has done much to make fashionable again the home cultivation of the silkworm.

The Prince Imperial is not the son of the Empress, but has been adopted, and, so far as is known, appears to be a prince of no small ability. His education, which was entrusted to a large staff of officers and governors, seems to have been carefully planned; at any rate, he speaks French well, and though he is naturally reserved, M. Bellessort says that he possesses a youthful grace which appeals to the imagination of the crowd. Of the other members of the Imperial house the thick darkness traditionally associated with Oriental monarchy still seems to enshroud them; at any rate, the public seem only to hear of them when they die and are buried with a certain amount of ceremony.

We regret that space does not allow us to follow M. Bellessort through his interesting analysis of the other component parts of Japanese society.

Some more "Humorous Artists of America" are dealt with in the April "*Strand*," in an article richly illustrated by reproductions of their work. The artists of "Puck," "Life," and "Judge" are those treated of.

Engineering Projects in Russia.

The "Forum" for March contains an article by Mr. R. E. C. Long, entitled "Some Remarkable Russian Engineering Projects." The article describes the Baltic Canal, and a number of other schemes which have lately been urged on the Russian Ministries of Finance and Communication.

The Baltic Canal.

The Baltic Canal still remains merely a project, though it is the most likely of all the projects which Mr. Long describes. The project is to cut a ship canal between the northward-flowing Duna and the Beresina, which flows into the southward-flowing Dnieper. These rivers are already joined by a shallow canal, but the making of a ship canal which would join the Baltic and the Black Sea would require the cutting and deepening of existing channels for a distance of about a thousand miles. The advantages, naval and commercial, of such a canal are obvious, and its only drawback is that it would be frozen for a great part of the year. But that is a defect common to all Russian rivers.

To Dam the Sea of Azof.

A more sensational project is to build a great dam, with locks, across the Straits of Kertch, and raise the level of that sea about ten feet. At present the Sea of Azof is extremely shallow, and large vessels have to stand miles away from the chief ports. This is a great disadvantage to Russian export trade. The scheme for raising the level of the sea was proposed by Lieutenant Mendeleef, a son of the famous chemist. The Straits of Kertch are very narrow, the deep-water strait being only about 1,200 yards in width. With the stoppage of the outflow of water into the Black Sea the Sea of Azof would rise to the desired level, inundating land, for the most part marshy and of little value. It is estimated that a tax of half a kopeck per poon on freight passing through the Straits of Kertch would cover the interest on capital, and provide for the up-keep. As the loss suffered by shipowners under present conditions amounts to eight times that sum, it is obvious that there is good financial foundation for the scheme.

An Ocean in Western Asia.

The third scheme described is even more revolutionary. Mr. Long lays stress upon the immense losses which Russia suffers owing to perennial droughts, especially in the eastern and south-eastern provinces. The cutting down of the forests, though now stopped by legislation, has been the chief cause of this, but in addition there is a gradual dessication of West Central Asia which reacts on Russia's climate. A project has, there-

fore, been formulated for diverting some of the Siberian rivers to the south in such a way as to double the total area of Lake Aral and the Caspian Sea, and thus irrigating the deserts and steppes, and increasing the humidity of Eastern and South-Eastern Russia. A dam would be built across the rivers Obi and Tobol at points where they flow between high banks, and the water on rising to the height of these banks would be at a greater elevation than Lake Aral, and at a much greater elevation than the Caspian. A short canal would then be cut through the watershed which divides the northward and southward flowing rivers of Western Asia, and through this canal the surplus waters would flow into Lake Aral, and thence into the Caspian. The new Lake Aral would be three or four times larger than its present area, and the Caspian Sea would be doubled. It is believed that the scheme would change the climate for the better over an area of 300,000 square miles, that the deserts would become habitable by a settled population, while the south-eastern provinces of Russia, and the Don-Cossack country, where at present good harvests are only periodical, would rival the best watered land in the Empire. At present the Siberian rivers are to a great extent wasted on uninhabitable tundra, and their diversion to profitable use is a question mainly of capital and labour.

Alphonso XIII. of Spain.

On May 17 Alphonso XIII. will go in state—not to be crowned, for a King of Spain is such by the grace of God and by the constitution of 1876—but to take his constitutional oaths, and be solemnly installed as ruler. In Spain an impression prevails that this event will mark the beginning of a new era in Spanish history, and the reasons for this impression are set forth in a very interesting paper by Mr. A. E. H. Bramerton, in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for April, on King Alphonso XIII., and the training that has made him what he is.

His Early Years.

Born on May 17, 1886, nearly six months after his father's death, during the first years of his childhood, perilous as was the Bourbon position then in Spain, everyone tried to patch up a temporary truce. The Pope also did his utmost to prop up King Alphonso's throne by standing godfather to him, and showing a constant regard for him and his mother. For more than eighteen months he was in the hands of a strong peasant woman, then a familiar figure in Madrid, who was herself directed by Mrs. Davenport, an Englishwoman. The baby-king gave little trouble, except that he was at times wilful, but his mother's influence over him was so great that a word from

her was always enough to bring repentance. Every summer he was taken to San Sebastian, where the Queen-Regent had a summer palace built, and where the King playing on the beach was a much more familiar figure than in Madrid. Clearly he was not a very strong child, and several times Madrid thronged anxiously thrice a day to know whether he would recover from his dangerous illnesses; but equally clearly he has grown up fairly strong, and busybodies have much exaggerated his delicacy. Gymnastics have formed an important part of his training, and if he can walk five miles an hour in summer on the mountains near San Sebastian, he can hardly be very frail. His favourite playmate was always his younger sister, like himself a Bourbon, with "the lively disposition, the inclination for chaff, and even the personal traits, the bright eyes, the broad forehead, of the Bourbons, and the regular and delicate features."

His Spiritual Pastors and Masters.

When about nine years old, King Alphonso's training passed from the hands of women to those of men. His first spiritual adviser was a chaplain of Leo. XIII.; later on he was replaced by the Queen Regent's Jesuit Confessor—afterwards disgraced for writing indiscreet articles. Mr. Bramerton says:—

It is the custom for the "Director de Estudios" to live in an apartment in the palace, where quarters are also assigned to the principal officers in charge of the king's education—Colonels Loriga and Castejon, and Rear-Admiral Aguirre de Tejada. These three have been for years the close companions of the monarch, one of them always sleeping in his bed-chamber. They always, one or the other, escort him whenever he does not go out with his mother or with his sisters, and are often present when he has lessons with his other professors.

Under Admiral de Tejada's superintendence the King has had an education "more practical and less theoretical" than is usually received by a Spanish boy of rank. Above all, he has been carefully made master of his own language and the literature and history of Spain. History, indeed, and geography have both been favourite studies of his. Latin and Greek, mathematics, and the sciences he has also studied. He is said to have a retentive memory and a most intelligent disposition.

English he learnt in his childhood, and now reads, writes, and speaks it very well. French he speaks with fluency and a slight Spanish accent. Of German he is master. But, most important of all, under a distinguished Liberal professor of Madrid University, he has become most deeply interested in political economy, social questions, and politics generally.

His Daily Routine.

Alphonso XIII., when in Madrid, rises at seven or earlier; his studies, with an hour's interval for exercise, last till nearly one; they are continued in the afternoon for several hours; he has a music lesson in the evening; and goes to bed about ten. He has led a very secluded life:—

He has but rarely, and only in the last eighteen months, accompanied the Queen Regent and his sisters to any public entertainment, and then only at the Royal Opera House, and the Spanish theatres of the highest class, or some classical concert. Once, so far, he has been allowed to go to a bull-fight.

He has had a few young companions, carefully selected from noble and ancient families of irreproachable Catholicity.

Personal Tastes and Characteristics.

It looks as if the King was getting weary of his secluded life. He is very fond of horses, and the royal stables at Madrid are famed for their thoroughbreds. He is a good rider, and has begun to drive his carriages and four-in-hand on the Royal estates, with unconcealed longings to go beyond their confines. He is a true Bourbon in his love of hunting.

Courtiers say he is greatly devoted to his mother, and wishes her to remain in the palace at Madrid after his coming of age. Mr. Bramerton says:—

The relatively secluded life that the King has led so far has not made him shy or timid. He has had enough glimpses of the outer world to acquire a perfect command of his face, a peculiarly grave deportment for his years, and an easy, cool way of talking, not unmingled with banter and slight assertion of his intention, as Spaniards have it, "of being every inch a king." This does not prevent him from being courteous, considerate, kindly, even warm-hearted, with those surrounding him, and his humbler attendants. He is averse to excessive courtly demonstrations, such as too much kissing of hands, and prefers a manly shake of the hand with his youthful companions and professors. He goes out of his way to please them, and to show them any present received—anything that interests him.

How to Succeed in Parliament.

WHAT TO DO AND NOT TO DO.

Mr. Robert Farquharson, M.P., has an interesting article in the "New Liberal Review" on "The Compleat Member." It is an exposition of how to become a successful M.P., and no doubt contains a good deal of experience, bitter and otherwise.

Personal Qualifications.

Mr. Farquharson says the perfect M.P. should be either very good-looking or very ugly, and if you are lucky enough to be very ugly, you must make the most of it, and live up to it. You must be thick-skinned, loud-voiced, pleasant-mannered. You must have a good digestion and a wife who is attractive, but not too much so. She must abjure the sieve-like tendencies of certain of her sex, for

more political reputations are ruined by premature blabbing than any other cause.

What It Is to Be a Cecil.

As a rule you must begin political life early. Such men as Mr. Morley are exceptions. You ought to have some knowledge of practical affairs. You must do a great deal of bowing and scraping. You must sit behind ministers, and entertain them. You must not mind snubs, but just show your independent teeth now and again. Your maiden speech ought to be a success. With these qualifications, if "you belong to the Cecil clan," all is plain sailing. But if not—and even Lord Salisbury's relatives are limited in number—you must have other qualifications.

The Art of Speaking.

You ought to have a good voice, but Mr. Farquharson thinks even a bad voice may be considerably improved by training. Speeches should be thoroughly prepared. A maiden speech should be written out and committed to memory. After it is made you should wait and learn the ways of the House before speaking too often. Mr. Morley was three months in the House before he made a speech. You must not be bumptious or dogmatic.

The Result of the New Rules.

It is a good thing, says Mr. Farquharson, to identify yourself with one subject and stick to it. You must be prepared, if you are an English member, to always have your hand in your pocket. In Scotland members are let off more easily. Mr. Farquharson ends his amusing paper by lamenting the new rules which, he says, have been framed at the bidding of the smart set. The new rules make the private member as extinct as the dodo, and are suited only to flaneurs and loungers, who care for nothing but week-ends and dinner and golf.

Is Friendship on the Wane?

Mr. J. Hudson contributes to "Gentleman's" a most interesting study on friendship. He grants that we look in vain to-day for any such close friendships as those of Theseus and Pirithous, Achilles and Patroclus, Pylades and Orestes, Damon and Pythias, David and Jonathan, Laelius and Scipio, Cicero and Atticus. For this fact he finds several causes.

(1) Rapid communication has increased a man's acquaintances a thousandfold, and has diffused over a multitude the affection once concentrated on a few or on one.

(2) Men being generally more like brothers to each other, there is less need of the close offensive and defensive alliance which was once the bond of intimate friendship.

(3) The wear and tear of modern competitive life leaves little leisure and small inclination for forming or maintaining friendships.

(4) Most potent of all is the emancipation of woman, which has made her more than ever before the companion and friend of man. The writer deals chiefly with the modern comradeship of husband and wife as distinguished from the easily-repudiated marriages of pagan times. He leaves it to be inferred that the new friendship is not restricted to the marriage-relationship. As a matter of fact, many of the friendships of to-day which would rank with that of David and Jonathan, are between persons of different sex; and to the solid realities of friendship is added the glamour of chivalry.

So if friendship is spread out thin over a vast number of men, and the whole of the other sex has been admitted into the relation of true and equal friendship with men, we may take it that friendship is not really on the wane.

Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites.

Twenty years ago, on Easter Sunday, April 9, 1882, Dante Gabriel Rossetti passed away at Bournemouth-on-Sea, and the present anniversary of his death seems a fitting time to publish a new work on the art of the most ardent of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. An appreciative study of the poetry of Rossetti remains a book of the future.

The present monograph, which forms the Easter "Extra" of the "Art Journal," is written by Miss Helen M. Madox Rossetti, a niece of the painter. The main incidents of the life of Rossetti are too well known to require repetition, but information concerning his pictures is always welcome.

In reference to the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the writer says:—

Which of the three prime movers in the Brotherhood—Rossetti, Holman Hunt, or Millais—was responsible for the first definite suggestion of such an association it would be difficult to say. All three were equally essential to it, and probably have equal claims to its foundation. Millais and Hunt were undoubtedly the more competent painters at that time, and Hunt, as his works throughout his career prove, was a most earnest and strenuous seeker after truth and nature, a man of determination and of intellect. Of the three, Rossetti possessed the richest imagination, the greatest creative power, and being the most headstrong and impetuous of the set, probably went farther than the others in urging that such a body should be formed under the name Pre-Raphaelite. Their admiration for the Pre-Raphael painters was inspired rather by their contempt and detestation of the pompous and stereotyped works of the painters who succeeded Raphael than by their absolute knowledge of the former.

Rossetti and Dante.

One of the plates in the monograph is "Paolo and Francesca," one of the pictures produced under the influence of Dante. To Rossetti, both as painter

and poet, the poetry of the great Italian was a never-failing source of inspiration:—

The sublime poetry, the superhuman imagination which could grasp at once heaven and hell and the whole universe, appealed to him. The most beautiful of all his early Dantesque water colours is perhaps the "Paolo and Francesca," painted in 1861 for his patron, Mr. Leathart, being a replica of the first compartment of a diptych of earlier date (1855). This beautiful little picture illustrates those wonderful lines in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," in which Francesca tells Dante "in what manner love conceded that she first recognised her dubious desires."

The other Dante subjects include "Dante Drawing an Angel in Memory of Beatrice," "Beata Beatrix," "The Salutation of Beatrice," "Beatrice Denying Her Salutation," "Dante's Dream," "Giotto Painting Dante's Portrait," the "Dante's Amor," the "Boat of Love," "La Donna della Finestra," etc. Then there are the religious pictures, the Arthurian series, others representing types of female beauty, besides a number of portraits. The religious works include "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin," the "Ecce Ancilla Domini," "Magdalen at the Door of Simon," "The Seed of David," and a series of designs for stained glass.

Types of Physical Beauty.

Among the women who have sat to Rossetti may be mentioned Mrs. Rossetti (his mother), his sister Christina, his wife Lizzie Siddal before and after marriage, Miss Agnes Wilding, Fanny Carnforth, Mrs. W. J. Stillman, and Mrs. William Morris. In conclusion, Miss Rossetti's lines on the women pictures may be quoted:—

The works of Rossetti, by which he is best known, and which mark the last, and in some respects the richest, period of his art, are those single female figures which he commenced to paint in about the year 1862—types of physical and spiritual beauty which appealed to him, and each one of which embodied some particular conception of his life or art. In them are displayed at once Rossetti's greatness and the defects appertaining to it. In them we can trace, as it were, the increase, the summit, and the decline of his power. The simplicity, the love of and strict fidelity to Nature which characterised his early works, are diminished, but we have in all its force, sometimes even to the extent of exaggeration, those qualities in which he most noticeably excelled—beauty of colour and form, ardour and elevation of thought, wealth of semi-mystical imagination.

On the whole, we have to thank Rossetti, among other things, for the creation of a type of feminine beauty unsurpassed, and in some respects unequalled, by the works of the great Venetians, a type of woman in which physical and spiritual beauty are so perfectly blended that in some instances it is hard to say which claims supremacy. There is all the passion for physical beauty inherent to a Southerner and an Italian in these works, but not in the most voluptuous, "Lady Lilith" for instance, is there one single element of coarseness to mar the beauty of the painting, while in some the very mystery of human existence, that indefinable something which we call the soul, seems mirrored in the canvas.

A new fortnightly French review, "Minerva," made its appearance in March, under the editorship of M. Rene Marc Ferry. Art, Literature, Politics, are the leading topics.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd's Book.

SOME HOSTILE CRITICISM.

Mr. Frederic Harrison, in the "Positivist Review," expresses himself very freely concerning Mr. Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilisation." He declares that it serves as a test of the depth of imbecility which can nowadays be reached by what is called philosophy. The public rarely gets such a mass of sonorous fatuity as in this bulky collection of principles. Mr. Kidd's discovery that the present is under the control, not of the past but of the future, is rank nonsense. The future has not yet happened, but Mr. Kidd knows what it is to be, and this inspiring vision enables him to see the final value of things which our current morality and commonsense politics condemn as evil. Mr. Kidd misunderstands and distorts the views of Mill and of Spencer, and speaks of Darwin almost as if he (Mr. Kidd) had discovered the true doctrine of evolution, of which Darwin had only a glimpse. Mr. Harrison is piously glad to see that Mr. Kidd does not allude to Comte nor to Positivism, as he would not have understood either:—

Metaphysics of this Christian Science sort may rejoice the heart of Mr. Beit and Lord Milner. Empire-builders and company floaters sneer at the past and sacrifice the present, but they prophesy a glorious Paradise hereafter in this world and the next, if we will only mock at the past and bear our burdens in the future.

He says that Mr. Kidd's meaning is sometimes projected beyond the farthest limits of metaphysical bamboozlement:—

The bang of the Laputan big drum is perhaps best heard when we reach the last sesquipedalian sentence of this gaseous volume. . . . Nothing so tall as this has ever been attempted in metaphysics since Squire Thornhill confuted poor Moses. . . . With poor Moses Primrose we cry "Hold! Hold!" And this blatant stuff is paraded about as the last word of British philosophy!

Mr. John Beatty Crozier deals with the same book at length in the "Fortnightly Review." He is even more scathing than Mr. Frederic Harrison. Mr. Crozier says that the more he read Mr. Kidd's book the more disappointed he became with it. Mr. Kidd has retrograded to a standpoint vaguer, more crude, and, scientifically speaking, less advanced than any occupied by those earlier philosophies whose works he so lightly brushes aside. Dip into Mr. Kidd's volume where you will, and you will find that his history has been muddled and perverted by those empty chimeras called principles, projected retrospectively into it, which are as practically useless as they are unreal. He accuses Mr. Kidd of splitting civilisation into two antithetical halves, but we had better quote Mr. Crozier's summing up in his own words:—

To sum up, then, we may say: (1) That Mr. Kidd's book is not a scientific evolution of civilisation or of any part of it, but a mere historical record. (2) That

it is not a closely-written history, but a series of generalised sketches, picked out at certain points. (3) That its explanations are mere labels attached to its divisions, and these divisions, again, are of the most primitive scientific character, like the division of Life into the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. (4) That to cramp his facts under these two immeasurable hats of the Present and the Future he has to pervert history, confound all human categories, and lump together things most opposite in essential nature. (5) That he nowhere even starts on the real problem of Civilisation, namely, of showing how one stage passed into the other, and by what means, and out of what materials Society forged the tools necessary for these transformations, or how the great factors of Religion, Government, Philosophy, Science, and Material and Social Conditions co-operated at each point to produce them. (6) That he cannot, in consequence, get any fixed, continuous, and definite line of direction of Civilisation, and so has no line—as that of a mariner's chart—by which to steer the course of evolution, either in the present or in the future. (7) And lastly that, incredible as it may seem, he nowhere assigns any part in the development of Modern Civilisation to the results of Astronomical and Physical Science.

After having thus summed up under seven heads the shortcomings of Mr. Kidd's matter, he finishes up his article by an almost equally scathing condemnation of its general style, tone and manner. Tom-toms are beaten, cannon salvos are beaten all along the route, to herald the approach of the new revelation. He first hypnotises himself with the importance of his message, and then hypnotises his readers by wrapping it in a confused cloud of words and phrases, a wordy confusion and without real definiteness of point, which in the world of literature has not its parallel. At a time when so many of our best workers cannot even get a hearing—therein Mr. Crozier wells from the heart—the over-puffing of laborious mediocrity which has brought a work like this to the very crest of the wave is a scandal which ought to be abated.

The Commercial Needs of the Empire.

By DR. E. J. DILLON.

We congratulate Dr. Dillon upon having abandoned the pseudonyms behind which he so often loves to conceal himself. In the current number of the "Contemporary" he leads off with an earnest and vehement plea for a return to Protection. There is nothing very new in his article. The ploy of it is that the demand for the re-establishment of dearer bread by statute should be supported by such a man. Dr. Dillon is very emphatic, not to say peremptory. He is as insistent as Cato, but the Carthage he would destroy is the system of Free Trade under which Great Britain has attained a degree of commercial prosperity unprecedented in her previous history. That he does not deny, but he asserts that times have changed, and that we must change with them:—

Unless England is to follow in the steps of Spain and Holland, and at an immeasurably quicker pace than either, Free Trade must be once for all set aside as a

commercial system which has done its work, and is no longer in harmony with the altered conditions of international competition.

How to Protect Our Shipping.

The first thing to be done is to protect our shipping by following the example of other nations, and excluding all foreigners from taking any part in the carrying trade between the ports of the Empire. He says:—

It seems feasible and easy to induce the Governments of Canada and New Zealand—and very probably our other self-governing colonies as well—to levy differential duties on all cargo carried in vessels not under the British flag, to declare all trade between Great Britain and her ultra-marine possessions to be coasting trade in the Continental and American sense of the term, and to exclude foreigners from participating therein.

After having thus safeguarded our shipping, we must weld the Empire together by securing something approaching to an Imperial Customs Union. The great difficulty in the way of this at present is our Free Trade policy. But, says Dr. Dillon:—

There must be one homogeneous commercial policy throughout the Empire; and as the colonies are determined not to give in their adhesion to the system of Free Trade, it is for Great Britain to consider the advisability of adopting Protection.

That is not the only revolutionary change which Dr. Dillon demands:—

And one of these is some form of Imperial Federation with a truly Imperial Parliament. To my mind an essential condition of the success of any such scheme must be an increase of the power of the Crown, mainly in the conduct of foreign policy and matters of military organisation.

Back to the Land, via Protection.

We are getting on, and, after all, if we can put the clock back to Protection, why not go a step further and put it back to the time of the Stuarts? It must be said that Dr. Dillon has at least the courage of his convictions. Most of the differential people shrink and boggle when their panacea is applied to bread; but Dr. Dillon does not shrink. He maintains that if we want soldiers for our Army we must keep up the physique of the population, and that cannot be done unless we keep up the prosperity of agriculture, and we cannot keep up the prosperity of agriculture unless we keep up the price of bread. Therefore let us increase the price of bread:—

The only remedy for this state of helplessness is to take a lesson from Germany betimes, and to foster agriculture by imposing protective duties on corn raised in every country but our colonies. This measure would have the manifold effects of tightening the bonds of Empire, providing for our own needs in cases of sudden emergency, and counteracting the force of attraction which draws country folk from the soil into the unhealthy atmosphere of cities, where in a few generations they lose that vigour, freshness, endurance, and sturdy independence which once made Britons the most formidable fighting men of Europe and the world. And not only are the physical standard and the moral fibre of the population jeopardised by the indirect results of the system of Free Trade which, crushing out the agricultural class, tends to metamorphose all England into one colossal city, but the rate of increase of the num-

ber of the inhabitants is also destined to diminish in time.

A Continental Customs Union Against England.

As the result of a survey of the condition of Europe, Dr. Dillon comes to the conclusion that before long we shall find ourselves confronted by a great European confederation. He foresees the development of the Austro-German Alliance into a great Customs Union, which, plus a naval and military convention, would confer upon German trade with the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean exactly the same advantages as the incorporation of Austria-Hungary in the German Empire. There is already a postal and telegraph convention between Germany and Austria-Hungary which ignores a frontier, and treats the two States as one. The same principle can be carried further. Belgium, Holland, and Switzerland will be roped into the Continental Customs Union, and we shall find ourselves face to face with a convention covering the whole of Europe, with the exception of France and Russia, disposing of a formidable navy, and a much more formidable army, possessing extensive and wealthy colonies, round which a wall of protective tariffs will be built against us, while Free Trade will be established between all those which dwell within the frontiers of the federation.

If, says Dr. Dillon, European statesmanship can contemplate a welding of absolutely independent and heterogeneous peoples into a great confederation, it surely ought not to be beyond the capacity of our own statesmen to achieve something of the same kind for our half-finished Empire, composed as it is of men of the same race and language. When Dr. Dillon was about it he might as well have included the American Republic, for they are also of the same race and language, and what is more, as Lord Rothschild long ago told Mr. Rhodes, when he was putting forward the same scheme, "A Customs Union is possible for the English-speaking race. It is not possible for the British Empire. Whereas, if the Empire and the Republic were to form one Customs Union, the Free Trade area within the Union would be sufficiently large to compensate for the economic loss occasioned by the imposition of duties upon territories which lay outside the Union."

A Railroad from Paris to New York.

"Harper's" for April contains Mr. Harry de Windt's programme for his "Land Journey from Paris to New York," which is now under way. Mr. de Windt's scheme is to start from Paris eastward, reaching Irkutsk by the Siberian Railway, then striking due north to Yakutsk, and then proceeding to Nijni-Kolymsk, 1,500 miles to the north-east of Yakutsk, and on the Arctic Ocean. Bering Sea is due east from the last town, and the 1,200

and odd intervening miles must be accomplished by means of dog-sleds. Starting from Paris in December, Mr. de Windt expected to reach East Cape early in April, and cross the Bering Strait over the ice to Cape Prince of Wales, on the American shore. At its narrowest point Bering Strait is only thirty-six miles wide, and once on the western side the journey is comparatively simple. A sled trip of a few days should bring the party to St. Michael, and on the opening of navigation the journey will be resumed via the Yukon River to Klondike. Mr. de Windt has selected the winter because the Siberian "Tundra" is too marshy to allow travelling in summer. The expedition, which includes the Viscomte de Clinchamp-Bellegarde and Mr. George Harding, counts on crossing Bering Strait on the ice. This does not break up until late in April or early in May, but if it cannot be crossed when they arrive, they expect to make the passage on one of the United States revenue cutters, which have promised to call at East Cape in July. If this is the result, the three adventurers will reach New York by August.

"The Franco-American Line."

Mr. de Windt takes the project of a future continuous railway journey from Paris to New York very seriously. He calls attention to the fact that Bering Sea does not exceed twenty-eight fathoms in depth, and that the geological formation beneath would be particularly favourable to the construction of a tunnel.

"In Asia, explorations are being actively carried out under the direction of Prince Khilkoff, chief inspector of communications in St. Petersburg, with a view to the extension of the Trans-Siberian Railway from Irkutsk to Yakutsk, from which place the line could be carried on to, say, East Cape, at a cost that the boundless mineral resources of the country traversed would probably repay in a few years. The 'Franco-American Railway' is therefore not a vague and shadowy project, but one that is receiving the serious attention of the scientific world on both sides of the Atlantic. Where riches exist a railway must surely follow, and I would remind those who, dazzled by its magnitude, scoff at the scheme, that, half a century ago, one seriously suggesting the possibility of wireless telegraphy would probably have been regarded by the majority of mankind as a lunatic. Such is a brief and necessarily incomplete account of the present attempt of the de Windt expedition, which left Paris in December, 1901. A detailed narrative of the journey will follow in two instalments—one of these articles will be despatched, if possible, upon the landing of the expedition on the American continent, and the second will be delivered in person upon the arrival of the travellers in New York."

The Education of an Army.

The April "Atlantic Monthly" opens with an excellent article on "The New Army of the United States," by Mr. O. G. Villard. He sketches rapidly the history of its army up to the past two years, which have produced a new military organisation under the effective reforms of Secretary Root and President Roosevelt. Secretary Root's main reforms went straight to the root of the evils from which the army has suffered—the establishment of a system of higher education, together with a general staff and the principle of an interchangeable line staff.

It was President Roosevelt who firmly and finally established the merit rule in the military service. He simply posted a notice that every officer using patronage to obtain advancement or comfortable details away from his regiment would be placed upon the department's black list, and the thing was done. Mr. Villard shows how much courage this action took, however simple was the method employed, and what a crying need there was for ending the interference of politics and social influence in army promotions.

The Education of the U.S. Army.

Secretary Root has adopted the European theory that the officers of the army should be as trained and professedly instructed up to the day of their retirement as if they were going to a university. This was especially needed after the war with Spain, when more than 33 per cent. of the officers were men who have come into the service in the last three years from the ranks of civil life or from the volunteers, nine-tenths of them without professional training. Secretary Root's system of instruction specifically employs for the training of officers in the army the following schools in addition to the Military Academy at West Point:—

1. At each military post an officers' school for elementary instruction in theory and practice.
2. Special service schools:
 - (a) The Artillery School at Fort Monroe, Va.
 - (b) The Engineer School of Application, Washington Barracks, D.C.
 - (c) The School of Submarine Defence, Fort Totten, N.Y.
 - (d) The School of Application for Cavalry and Field Artillery, at Fort Riley, Kan.
 - (e) The Army Medical School, Washington, D.C.

General Miles' Office Abolished—The General Staff.

Congress now has before it Secretary Root's bill for the general staff, which is inseparably connected with this educational system. "The general staff will be the goal of every ambitious officer in the service, as well as the best kind of a training school for the future generals of the army. It will

be composed of a chief of staff with the rank of lieutenant-general, a major-general, a brigadier-general, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and twelve captains, who will all be detailed to the general staff for four years, and then return to their permanent places in the new supply department or in the line, where they must serve two years before again going on general staff duty. Almost revolutionary is the provision abolishing the position of commanding general on the retirement of General Miles, thus doing away with an office which has given rise to endless and frequently disgraceful quarrelling between the civilian secretaries and the senior generals. After General Miles leaves the active list, the chief of staff will be selected by the President, to serve during the latter's term of office; thus ensuring an officer who will not only be in sympathy with the commander-in-chief, but who will be de facto the military right hand of the President." The functions of the general staff will be similar to those exercised in like European bodies; it will be not only the brains, but the eyes and ears of the service. Its members will prepare plans for the national defence, and will have before them all the questions affecting the welfare and efficiency of the army. "Had such a body existed before the war with Spain, there would have been no such scandals as marked our conduct of the military hostilities. Its creation by Congress will be momentous, for it will put the American service abreast of all others, and will have as marked an effect upon the future military history of this country as West Point has had upon that of the last hundred years."

The Quartermaster's, Commissary, and Pay Departments Consolidated.

One of Secretary Root's most daring proposals is the consolidation of the supply departments into one great business organisation. There is no such many-headed organisation of the navy, nor any such cumbersome and dangerous division of duties in any well-managed private business. So far the officers of the department involved have not been able to agree upon a scheme of consolidation. Mr. Villard thinks it uncertain whether political influence will defeat this plan.

Mr. Villard tells of a number of minor matters which the strong and intelligent mind of Secretary Root has taken in hand. One plan for modifying the existing rule of promotion by seniority only by the annual selection of a certain number of officers for advancement over the heads of others less industrious or less capable, is still on the carpet. A bill drawn up by Secretary Root is now before Congress, providing for the retirement of all officers who have served thirty-five years, and are veterans of two wars, with the next higher rank to the one they held. There are 185 officers

concerned, and Mr. Villard thinks this would free the upper grades of the service of a number of faithful but now worn-out officers, who are too old and too conservative to be of the best use in the army. Other questions before the secretary are the individual training of the recruit, and the question of proper regimental field transportation.

The Canadian North-west Territories.

This year's heavy immigration into the Territory of Alberta and the projected railroad line up the Saskatchewan valley are attracting more and more attention to the Canadian North-west. The proposed railroad extension from Prince Albert, in Saskatchewan Territory, to Edmonton, in Alberta Territory—a distance of three hundred miles—will open for settlement an area of 20,000,000 acres of land, offering homes for 500,000 people.

According to an account furnished to the "Canadian Magazine" for March by Mr. John Howey, the climatic conditions of this region are similar to those of the Canadian North-west in general. Winter begins in November, and continues till March. The dry atmosphere of these high altitudes is said to make the intense cold of winter less penetrating than in the East.

A Grain and Vegetable Country.

Spring wheat yields abundantly. Seeding is done in April, and harvest begins in August. In many parts of Alberta successful experiments have been made with winter wheat. Barley and rye are grown successfully everywhere. Oats thrive in the cool summers; a sample of this grain grown ten miles east of Edmonton was awarded highest honours at the Paris Exposition of 1900. "Vegetables of all kinds flourish and mature. Small fruits of all varieties thrive, and most of the ordinary kinds grow wild in abundance. The native hay is unsurpassed for nutriment, and timothy is already grown in large quantities, though the abundance of wild hay has so far made its cultivation unnecessary. The fertile valley of the Vermilion, lying somewhat more than a hundred miles north-east of Edmonton, is already the home of large herds of cattle—doubtless the progenitors of many a shipload of 'the roast beef of Old England.'

The Process of Development.

"In the West, contrary to the rules of settlement of eastern Canada, the railways have preceded the settlers, and the settlements have been formed almost invariably along the railway lines. The reason of this is evident, as the vast distances from the headquarters of trade precluded the idea of overland carriage of grain by waggons, and the shallowness and rapidity of the streams prevented its carriage by water. The towns, which are

exceptions to this rule, almost invariably had their origin as posts of the Hudson Bay Company or forts for the North-west Mounted Police, and in rapidity of development and importance are in no way comparable to their younger rivals situated along the railway lines.

This question of transportation alone can explain the fact that while northern Alberta has been for some years the recipient of a continuous and enormous stream of immigration, the valley of the Saskatchewan eastward has been but little encroached upon. From the western end of the gap the country is well settled for fifty miles eastward, while toward the eastern extremity the communities about Battleford and Carleton form the only intervening settlements of consequence in the whole route. With the coming of the means of transportation it is but reasonable to suppose that the rapid settlement which has followed the entrance of railways to other portions of the North-west will be repeated in this valley; that settlements will form in the most favoured spots along the route, developing quickly into producing and exporting communities,—that these will grow to villages and these to towns with the rapidity which has characterised the development following the opening up of districts in other parts of the Territories.

Immigration Statistics.

"The general similarity of soil and climate throughout the region to be traversed by the new line to the soil and climate of northern Alberta may enable us to form some reasonable estimate of the rapidity of this settlement, by observing the speed with which settlers have of late years poured into the latter district. From the reports of the immigration authorities it appears that about 13,000 immigrants came into northern Alberta during the three years of 1898, 1899, and 1900. A very large proportion of the settlers, however, who now arrive in Alberta come independently of the Immigration Department, and of these no official record is kept. It does not seem extravagant, however, to place the number of this class at 25 per cent. of the total immigration, which calculation would indicate that during the years specified about 17,000 immigrants made their homes in this district. It is further significant that the influx for 1900 was nearly triple that of 1899, which in turn nearly doubled that of its predecessor.

"From these figures it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that within a year from the completion of the Canadian Northern from Prince Albert to Edmonton, an army of 10,000 immigrants will have made their homes in the newly opened territory, and that ten years later 150,000 people will populate this region, now comparatively unoccupied."

The Oldest Steam Engine in Actual Service.

The old atmospheric or Newcomen engine of the eighteenth century, the immediate predecessor of the more economical Watt, has been almost forgotten, notwithstanding the important part that it once played in the development of the British mining industry. A few of these cumbersome machines were retained for many years in the mining districts of England and Scotland, but it has been generally supposed that they long ago ceased to be operated. It seems, however, that an engine of this ancient type is still at work in a colliery at Rutherglen, near Glasgow, and, as this is almost certainly the oldest engine now being operated in the world, the account of it, given by Professor William S. Unwin in "Cassier's" for March is of more than passing interest.

Professor Unwin states that this Newcomen engine was built in 1809, and has worked continuously to the present time.

"As it was constructed long after Watt's invention of the separate condenser, it may, perhaps, be inferred that one object in its design was to escape payment of royalty. Curiously enough, unlike all other Newcomen engines of which there is record, it is a winding, not a pumping, engine. The cylinder is of pure Newcomen type, but there is a modified Watt parallel motion with the radius bar above the beam, and a crank and fly-wheel of comparatively modern type.

The cylinder is $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, and the stroke 6 feet. It takes about thirty-five seconds to raise coal from the bottom of the pit to the ground level. The cylinder was never bored, but it has now a beautiful internal surface, having worn out probably a thousand packings. The piston is packed with hemp gasket, and carries a layer of water on top, which makes it quite steam tight. There is no automatic valve gear. A single handle, worked by a man, opens alternately the steam and injection valves. There is no air pump. Gravity and the pressure of the incoming steam drive out the condensed steam and injection water through a flap foot-valve. It is stated that except brasses, and one or two spur wheels, broken by accident, no important part of the engine has been renewed since it was built.

"The beam is about 17 feet long, and the fly-wheel is 15 feet in diameter. There is a feed-pump worked from the beam. The latter is carried on a masonry pier. The engine works quite smoothly and well, and, strange as it may seem, it is probably, for the intermittent work it is doing, no so extravagantly wasteful as might be supposed."

An Overworked President.

In the April "McClure's," Mr. Lincoln Steffens makes a vivid picture of the hardship of the President of the United States in his day's work. Mr. Steffens points out that the President is in many ways like the head of a great corporation, with 76,000,000 stockholders, and that he has powers and responsibilities commensurate with the magnitude of this business concern. With this in view, Mr. Steffens thinks a great number of duties the President is called on to perform, and which must certainly wear him out, are utterly trivial.

"He is called upon to settle not alone the rows among his important agents, but also the petty squabbles of employes no better than gang foremen and section bosses; he himself appoints all sorts of menials, investigating and choosing between the claims of applicants for places relatively about as important as those of janitors and mule drivers. He receives and distributes much of the mail of his subordinates, handling some of it with his own hands, and acting upon no little of it. Moreover, this man thus burdened is required by custom to keep open house for all comers. He has to allow his idlest stockholders to enter his own residence, walk curiously about his parlour; and those who are not satisfied may go into the room where he is talking to his business advisers, speak to him, shake him by the hand, while he is bound to listen to their troubles and congratulations and express sympathy or pleasure with them."

Mr. Roosevelt's Day's Work.

Mr. Steffens admits that if any man could go through the grind prescribed by modern White House conditions, and at the same time keep his head clear for the greatest questions propounded to any man on the globe, President Roosevelt is the man, as no statesman can be found with more vigour and courage than he. "An early riser, and up betimes, he darts into the breakfast-room with a cheerful hail to those already there, some of his family and a visitor or two. The visitors are confidential friends, and their interests are his. But his are government and politics. In other words, the day's work is begun. By nine he's in his office, where he and Mr. George B. Cortelyou, the secretary to the President, are to have a quiet hour forecasting and planning the business before them. Mr. Cortelyou shows him the list of his appointments; the notes of bills, orders, and reports to come up, and such mail as he has to see. The President has to hurry, because, as an exception—which occurs nearly every day—an appointment has been made before 10 o'clock (at 9.45), and it is 9.30 now."

Mr. Steffens proceeds to describe the motley horde of callers that besiege the President until 1.30, many of them with no more important business than to shake hands, but most of them with an axe to grind and a Congressman to introduce them.

At 3 o'clock the President takes a horseback ride—he found he could not take walks without being joined by someone who insists on talking politics or business. When he comes back it is more mail with the secretary, signing of commissions, and receiving of reports.

"The evening was spent talking politics and State policies with an editor, two Senators, and a well-known public man, all interested with him in politics. Towards the end of the session the late evening will probably be devoted to signing or vetoing bills. That was the time President Cleveland and President McKinley gave to such work, and Mr. Cleveland often stole time for strictly governmental business in the early mornings."

The Origin of the Abuse.

President Washington, with the highly developed sense of the dignity of his office, and of the uses which sentiments of deference toward the Chief Magistrate might have in the democracy, received only people who had business with him, or were his social or personal friends; and at public functions he stood with one hand on his sword-hilt, the other behind his back. His methods were followed until Andrew Jackson swept them all away and opened his house to everybody. But in Jackson's time it was a serious matter to get to Washington from Indiana or Georgia, or even from New York, and those who came to the capital to see the President usually had some motive stronger than curiosity. The Civil War increased vastly business of all kinds at the White House, and afterward the volume did not lessen, and the open-house policy of Jackson became more and more ridiculous. "General Grant's hand was shaken till it swelled. 'He did not know how to shake hands,' a Senator explained to me. 'A President must learn to rush up, seize and grasp the other man's hand. He should never let the other man get the first grip and squeeze him.' What an art for a President to have to learn."

Prince Henry as a Sailor.

In America's enthusiastic welcome to Prince Henry of Prussia, not much attention was paid to the naval record of that distinguished guest. It seemed to have been assumed in some quarters that the Prince's connection with the German Admiralty was a purely honorary one—a matter not to be taken at all seriously. In the "Criterion" for

March, however, Mr. Edwin Emerson, jun., shows that the sailor-prince has had a good grounding in seamanship, and has won his rank by actual service. Young Henry's initiation in the navy came about in this wise:—

"When William was put into the army, in his tenth year, Henry announced that he wanted to be a sailor. His father, the Crown Prince, and old King William approved. Just before the boy was sent away to serve his apprenticeship on the schoolship Niobe, the family chaplain preached a little farewell sermon, choosing for his text the 107th Psalm, 'Those that go down to the sea in ships.' One year was spent at Kiel, serving on the Niobe and attending the Royal Marine School. In the following year the young prince was appointed a naval cadet, and was ordered off on a two years' practice cruise on the corvette Prinz Adalbert. The Crown Prince and his English wife came to Kiel to see their boy off. The elder brother, William, was allowed to stay on board until the pilot should be cast off. As the Crown Prince introduced his son to the Niobe's commanding officer, Captain McLean, he gave him this paternal advice: 'Remember that a seaman's first lesson is to learn to obey. Be respectful to your superior officers, do your duty to the letter, and keep on pleasant terms with your comrades.' How far the boy acted on his father's injunctions may be judged from the last words that Emperor Frederick, when he was dying, addressed to Henry his old-time favourite: 'You, at least, have never given me cause for grief. You have always been a dutiful son.'

"The Prinz Adalbert's practice cruise, judging by her log alone, appears to have been generally uneventful. When the ship crossed the equator, Prince Henry, with other neophytes, was put through the customary initiation by Neptune, all except the keelhauling."

In Command of Torpedo Boats.

After Prince Henry had completed his naval education at the marine and artillery schools of Kiel and Friedrichsort, and had seen several years' service on the Olga, Stein, and Oldenburg as naval lieutenant and first officer, he was put in command of a torpedo flotilla. Continuing his account, Mr. Emerson says:—

"The young torpedo boat commander soon showed his peculiar fitness for this hazardous service by a brilliant exploit. For the celebration of Queen Victoria's first jubilee the German torpedo flotilla was ordered to Spithead. Prince William was to accompany his brother on his tiny flagship. At the last moment a violent storm threatened to make the English Channel impassable. The two princes, fearing that their sailing orders might be revoked, put out into the teeth of the gale on their torpedo boat. The rest of the diminutive squadron

followed their lead, as a matter of course. The flotilla was dispersed, and all of the frill vessels suffered severely from the tempestuous sea; but they managed to get together again, and steamed up the Thames at the appointed time in close formation. This achievement was hailed even by British naval authorities as a daring demonstration of the seaworthiness and speed of torpedo boats under adverse conditions. In Germany the feat was viewed with much disapprobation, for the reason that the life of the heir-presumptive to the throne had been exposed to undue risk. There was, indeed, good ground for apprehension, since the old Emperor died shortly afterward, and Emperor Frederick ascended the throne only as a dying man. Six weeks before he died, Prince Henry was married. In the absence of the ailing father, Henry's brother, the present Emperor, clad in a naval uniform, officiated at the wedding."

Protracted Man-of-War Service.

After the accession of his brother, Emperor William II., Prince Henry's advancement was as rapid as the growth of the German navy. A single instance—the voyage of the Hohenzollern, the imperial yacht, bearing the two brothers, convoyed by a squadron of forty German ships of war, to Sweden and Russia—was indicative of the changed conditions under the new reign.

"After this Prince Henry was shifted from one responsible command to another, affording opportunities to the future admiral to become acquainted with all the leading types of German war vessels. Thus he served on the bridges of the Irene, Beowulf, Sachsen, Worth, and Deutschland. His first shore leave of a full year was not granted to him until he had gained the rank of rear-admiral in 1895. As such the prince was despatched to the Far East in 1897, when the murder of some German missionaries in China was to be revenged by a powerful German fleet in China waters. There he remained for three years. Once during this long, tedious service Princess Irene was enabled to visit her husband at Christmas time, but she had returned to Germany and was alone when her youngest child was born. Prince Henry was rewarded for these privations by his imperial brother's commission as vice-admiral in 1899. On his return to Germany in 1900 he was appointed commander-in-chief of the first squadron. Last autumn he became a full-fledged admiral."

In the "Royal Magazine" for April there is a curious account of a caterpillar farm near Scarborough, whose owner, Mr. H. W. Head, with half an acre of land, artificially raises a great variety of butterflies and moths, sending the caterpillars and chrysalises away to collectors all over the country.

Queen Victoria in France.

In the second March number of the "Revue des Deux Mondes" M. Ernest Daudet writes a well-informed paper on the visit which Queen Victoria paid to France in 1843. This view of an historically important visit is derived from the voluminous correspondence of Guizot and the Princess Lieven. Successively Deputy, Ambassador, Minister, and Prime Minister, Guizot occupied for ten years under an enlightened Prince, whose confidence he had won, the first position in the Government. He had a close knowledge not only of all the illustrious people of his own country, but also of all the statesmen, young and old, of his time—Metternich, Wellington, Nesselrode, Granville, Palmerston, Aberdeen, and many more. The Princess had an equal, or perhaps even wider, knowledge of the great minds which controlled European politics at that time; the two together were therefore exceptionally well qualified to judge both of merits and persons. M. Daudet has taken her late Majesty's visit to France in 1843, not only for its own sake, but also to illustrate the relations which then subsisted between the two countries. Before that visit was paid Guizot had returned to Paris from London and had taken office, so that the two friends were once more united. This naturally had an effect on their correspondence which assumes a more businesslike tone with less of the tenderness of previous years. It was not that their affection had lost its strength, but rather that it stood in no need of protestation.

Queen Victoria's visit lasted from August 31 to September 5, 1843. It was the great triumph of the Guizot Cabinet, and represented the price of the efforts made by that Minister to efface the hostility maintained between the two countries during the Palmerston regime. As for Louis Philippe, he felt himself to be an upstart among the sovereigns of Europe, and a visit from the young Queen of England was exactly what suited him best. Her Majesty decided on the visit herself, and not less suddenly than, nearly sixty years later, she decided on her memorable visit to Ireland. There seems to have been an accident at a certain bridge, of which, however, M. Daudet can find no record except a slight allusion made by Guizot. Princess Lieven seems to have been delighted with the lively chatter and gossip of the preparations which Guizot wrote to her. He gives a charming description of the arrival of the young Queen at Treport, and her very obvious delight in the enthusiasm of her reception. She seems to have been much amused by the conversation of Louis Philippe, for Guizot is continually referring to Her Majesty's merriment. Unfortunately, Guizot has not really much to say about the young Queen, though here

is one pretty picture. "You would have laughed," he writes to the Princess Lieven, "to have seen us all yesterday while coming back from our walk into the park. The King and the Queen, leading the way, stopped before the espallers to eat peaches. They did not know how to peel them, and the Queen bit into them like a child. The King drew a knife from his pocket: 'When one has been like me, a poor devil, one has a knife in one's pocket.'" After the peaches came nuts and pears, and the whole party returned to the chateau in an excellent humour. Altogether it is a pleasant picture; and we can well imagine the solemnity of the occasion when Prince Albert received the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, and Louis Philippe made him a little speech on the intimate relations of the two families and the two countries. But the King did not receive the Garter which he coveted till the following year.

Korea and Its Emperor.

BY A RECENT VISITOR.

Mr. Alfred Stead contributes to "Harper's Magazine" for March an interesting account of a visit which he and Mrs. Stead paid to the Korean capital last autumn. The article, which is illustrated with portraits of the Emperor and the Crown Prince, and views of the palace, is the latest and most authentic description of a sovereign whose country may yet become the cockpit of the East. The Korean capital is fascinating, but dirty and incomprehensible. The Crown Prince shows little intelligence, but the Korean Emperor is shrewd enough not to commit himself in interviews with passing strangers. Lsi-ti, the ruler of the Hermit Kingdom, is a middle-aged person, slightly inclined to stoutness, who goes to bed at 4 o'clock in the morning—an hour at which the rest of the citizens of Seoul are awakened by the music of the imperial military band, which parades the streets at the head of the troops. The hour of reception is late in the afternoon. There is much prostration on the part of Ministers, but the Emperor and Crown Prince greeted their English visitors with a hearty handshake. The reception-room was not imposing:—

Imagine a small, wooden, square room, the walls papered with bad French paper, the ceiling white-washed, a glaring red and green carpet on the floor, and cheap-looking lace curtains draping an ordinary glass window. To add to the general depressing effect, there were two cheaply-framed chromos hanging on the wall behind the Emperor.

The reception itself is thus described. Mr. Alfred Stead says:—

The Emperor himself was at the farther end of the room from the doorway, standing behind a plain modern table, unornamented except for a monstrosity of a table-cover. On his left hand stood the Crown Prince.

The Emperor was wearing a loose robe of yellow silk, beautifully embroidered with golden dragons in a circle on his chest. The imperial belt is of gold, with yellow opaque stones, and projects several inches from the Emperor's breast. On his arms, and on his chest and back, the Emperor wears the thin Korean woven bamboo guards or shields to hold the clothes from touching the skin in hot weather. These help to give him an appearance of stoutness greater than the reality. The imperial head-dress is a two-tiered purple gauze one.

The Emperor was courteous, and talked through an interpreter upon the usual topics, including the approaching Coronation. In the evening the guests were entertained at dinner, the Crown Prince peeping through the curtains at the diners, who were entertained by the usual dancing girls, whose beauty does not seem to have impressed the guests.

The Korean Court appears to be much infested by concession hunters, and Europeans, as usual, prey upon the Asiatic.

Here is one Korean story from which a British official's ardour would appear to have secured a "good thing":—

A British official having died in Korea, the court was given to understand, heaven alone knows why, that some compensation should be awarded the widow. She therefore was given the post of governess to the Crown Prince, with an official salary. It is said that during the three years of her governess-ship she never saw the Crown Prince as a pupil; nevertheless, her engagement for another term of three years has been arranged for.

We close our extracts from this interesting paper by the following interesting local tradition:—

The Old Palace of the Emperor of Korea lies at some distance from the smaller New Palace, and close to the hill of Pouk Han, of which hill tradition says that when the last tree is gone from its surface the end of Korea is at hand. It is because of this tradition that it is death for anyone to cut wood on Pouk Han. There are still many trees left standing, but on the summit there remains only one tree, solitary and rugged, and this gives the impression that the prophecy is not far from fulfilment.

Poetry in the Periodicals.

THE POET LAUREATE TO FRANCE.

In "La Revue" for March was published Mr. Alfred Austin's poem on the Hugo Centenary in French and English. As it is far superior to some of the effusions with which he has of late honoured his own country, we reproduce it here:—

TO FRANCE.

(On the Victor Hugo Celebration.)

Glory and honour unto France that pays
Honour and Glory unto those that sing,
Deeming them more than Emperor, Pope, or King,
And crowning them with Fame's unfading bays,
Therefore all wise men love you, love and praise,
And willingly to you their tribute bring,
And from their heart forgive you everything,
And hail you great through the enduring days.
And if you would but learn to love and know
Those who do know and love you, and believe
That England is your friend and not your foe,
And give her back as much as you receive,
Then would the world o'er Discord cease to grieve,
And Hugo's hopes be Victor here below.

ODE TO JAPAN.

An ode to Japan is contributed to "Macmillan's" by Mr. Arthur C. Benson. He begins by invoking the "Ocean-throned Empires of the East: and West" to "clasp hands across the world" and plight mutual troth. He thus describes the gain which he expects will accrue to both the high contracting parties:—

From us you shall acquire
Stern labour, sterner truth,
The generous hopes that fire
The spirit of our youth;
And that strong faith we reckon ours,
Yet have not learned its strength, nor proved its
dearest powers.

And we from you will learn
To gild our days with grace,
Calm as the lamps that burn
In some still holy place;
The lesson of delight to spell,
To live content with little, to serve beauty well.

Perchance, he says, our fleets may have to combine in "some war-vexed hour," "to bruise some impious head, to right some tyrannous wrong":—

But best, if knit with love,
As fairer days increase,
We twain shall learn to prove
The world-wide dream of peace;
And, smiling at our ancient fears,
Float hand in faithful hand across the golden years.

Lord Salisbury.

SKETCHED BY AN AMERICAN.

"A well-known American publicist" contributes to the Easter number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" a personal study of Lord Salisbury. He says:—

Not many Englishmen are less understood in the United States than Lord Salisbury, whether he be discussed as Lord Salisbury or as Prime Minister. . . . We call him a Tory, and let him go at that.

Old Scores.

Lord Robert Cecil of forty years ago, who wrote and spoke on behalf of the break-up of the Union, was America's enemy:—

Than Lord Salisbury we have few better friends among Englishmen of place. We forgave Mr. Gladstone, whose enmity was far more effective than Lord Robert Cecil's. Why do we not forgive the other? Is it because the one was labelled Tory and the other Liberal? Or is it because Mr. Gladstone wrote an article of recantation in an American magazine, and his great rival did not?

When Mr. Blaine went to London, well equipped with anti-English sentiments, he would neither attend Lady Salisbury's reception at the Foreign Office nor meet Lord Salisbury privately—wherein the writer thinks he made a great mistake. Lord Salisbury is never a man to carry political differences into private life, as witness his semi-royal reception at Hatfield of his steadfast opponent Li Hung Chang.

"A Glutton for Work."

"A glutton for work" is the description of Lord Salisbury by his friends. Lord Randolph Churchill, when Secretary of State for India, was asked whether the details of that office were not difficult to master. "Details," answered Lord Randolph, "you don't suppose I attend to details!" In which respect, as in many others, he was unlike his chief. Said an official who had long worked under the Foreign Minister: "You may often see him take his work away with him. Often he deals himself with a mass of papers, where an ordinary Minister would be content with a precis." His name is almost greater on the Continent than at home. England has had no Foreign Minister who was his equal since Palmerston; nor was Palmerston his equal in that kind of knowledge which gives a Minister authority, irrespectively of the power behind him.

A Strong Point and a Weak One.

If one quality of character be more conspicuous than another in Lord Salisbury, it is patience; a profound belief in the efficacy of time. He will not be hurried. In all his diplomacy and under all kinds of pressure you will find the same note, the same tranquillity, the same confidence in returning reason among rulers or people whom for the time it has deserted. His fault as a diplomatist, or, at any rate, as a despatch writer, is his inability to resist making a point. When Mr. Olney told him that the fiat of the United States was law all over the North American Continent, he could not refrain from reminding Mr. Olney that Great Britain was an older and greater North American power than the United States—

which was far from pleasing that statesman.

His Rumoured Resignation.

Lord Salisbury's American champion is very severe on two classes of people—the "Radical wits," who made a joke about the Hotel Cecil, and the busybodies who periodically predict the Prime Minister's resignation:—

While it may well be that he would gladly lay down the burden he has borne so long, I know of no reason for expecting his early resignation. His health is alleged as a reason, but it is certain that his speeches show no decay of intellectual energy.

The Prospects of Women's Suffrage in Belgium.

In "La Revue" for March 1 M. Finot publishes an interesting enquete on this subject, with comments by Mme. Andree Tery. Women's suffrage has never yet been tried in any Catholic country, and everywhere in this enquete we are met with a powerful argument which has no force in a Protestant country—the handle that it would give to the priests, and the consequent growth of their political power.

Sure to Come—But a Doubtful Experiment.

On the whole, the deputies, senators, and publicists consulted are distinctly favourable to the idea in the abstract. M. Colaert says the idea has been mooted, and will sooner or later be realised. Doubtless women, especially of the working classes, will at once be exposed to "a bitter and corrupting propaganda," but for this the partisans of

women's suffrage must be prepared and armed. Women's suffrage is the best remedy for her inferior economic and social status.

Women's Suffrage—Clerical Suffrage.

M. Henry, of the "Journal de Bruxelles," says:—"Women's suffrage—clerical suffrage," which is why the Belgian Socialists are so much afraid of the experiment, and do not mean it to be made too soon.

No: Rather Admit Women to Parliament.

M. Paul Janson (deputy) thinks women's suffrage impossible as things are at present, and this because, as a rule, they are not interested in politics, and do not even care about the suffrage. Far better let the most capable women expound and defend their own interests in Parliament.

In Principle, Yes—In Practice, No.

M. Delachevalerie thinks women's suffrage highly dangerous. Women are conservative by temperament; they know little of, and often care less for, questions which they must understand before they can vote intelligently. "They vegetate in indifference." In general, women's indifference plus clerical influence would combine to make a reactionary force of terrible strength. The proof of the increased power it would give to the clericals is that they are so eagerly championing the cause of women's suffrage. When clericalism goes at the back door, women's political emancipation may come in at the front—not before.

The Views of Two Belgian Women.

Mmes. Vanderwelde and de Gamond write temperately expressing themselves in favour. But they realise that they must not press for it just yet, or they will indefinitely postpone it.

Yes—But Let Them Begin with Local Elections.

M. Vanderwelde (deputy) thinks that, though at first it would be a mere doubling of the votes of the men, that could not long continue. Nothing but women's complete political emancipation will improve their condition. But let them begin at the beginning by voting for municipal elections, and then for Parliamentary.

The Finest Newspaper Office on Earth.

THE WASHINGTON "STAR."

Mr. Frederic A. Mackenzie contributes to "Caxton's Magazine" for April an interesting and admirably illustrated article under the above heading. The Washington "Star," a paper almost unknown in Europe, has the glory of possessing the finest newspaper office in North America. The "Star" is remarkable for three

things. First, it has only a circulation of 35,000 a day; secondly, it publishes no Sunday edition; and thirdly, although its circulation is comparatively insignificant, it has so many advertisements as to stand among the few dailies at the top of the advertising field. Instead of a Sunday paper, it publishes a Saturday magazine supplement. Although it has so small a circulation, it has made sufficient profit to build what Mr. Mackenzie regards as a much finer newspaper office than anything to be seen in New York. It is, indeed, he declares, one of the finest public buildings on earth. It is built of smooth-faced marble in the French Renaissance style; it is nine stories high, and the only office with which he can compare it is the marble palace of the "Herald" buildings in New York. From attic to basement everything is marble. The entrance hall is a lofty marble chamber, elaborately carved, and with abundant bronze work. Round the walls are a series of seven symbolical frescoes painted by Mr. Dealman, who painted many of the frescoes in the Washington Library. Four of them, reproduced in "Caxton's Magazine," symbolise the day's history, news-gathering, the editorial function, and advertising. The proprietorial consulting-room is fitted up as an old Dutch sitting-room 200 years old. In every room it is the same. Mosaic floors, marble pillars and fine bronze work, silver shower baths, explain to Mr. Mackenzie how it is that this edifice is said to be the most costly office-building in the world. The newsboys are as carefully studied as the editors. The compositors have quarters which a merchant prince in London might envy. Every comp. has his own cupboard, and is provided with shower and other baths. Even the lavatories have mosaic floors, plated pipes and marble walls. Mr. Kaufmann, the president of the "Star" Company, takes a special pride in caring for the welfare of his comps. Once a printer enters the "Star" office, he regards himself as settled for life so long as he keeps up to his work. He is cared for when sick, and pensioned when old. In Mr. Kaufmann's opinion the expenditure on the details necessary to enable comps. to keep themselves clean and comfortable is well-invested money. The composing-room is, for daintiness of detail, more like a lady's boudoir than a printing room. Yet it is a place where very solid and smart work is done. An elaborate system of pneumatic tubes reduces speaking and writing to a minimum. Every reporter has a roll-top desk, a swinging chair, and a Remington typewriter. There is a club on the premises for the benefit of the staff. In every department the office, like the paper which is issued, is admirably, solidly, and artistically finished. We congratulate Mr. Mackenzie on the good use which he has made of his time while in America.

The "Ca' Canny" Controversy.

The "Ca' Canny" controversy is summed up in "Temple Bar" by Mr. Arthur Montefiore-Brice. He considers that the criticism of trade union policy has been confirmed by the trade unionists' own admissions. At the same time he welcomes the present success of the co-operative system as an augury of better times to come. He concludes thus:—

The outlook is better than the retrospect. I have the authority of one of the greatest among trade union leaders for saying that as the gradual strengthening of organisation on both sides proceeds, so there develops a disposition on the part of both workmen and employers to deal with each other on the basis of their mutual obligations. There is an increasing inclination to reason together—a steady bias towards moderation. Industrial peace is infinitely preferred to industrial war. Out of the completer organisation grows a wider view, and a recognition of the ultimate unity of the problem. And from elements so encouraging as these it is daily becoming more probable that a high standard of industrial statesmanship will be realised, and that a prevailing sense of industrial patriotism will maintain the eminence of England in the markets of the world.

AN EMPLOYEE'S STRIKING TESTIMONY.

In the "Economic Journal" Mr. G. Binney Dibblee, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford, and Manager of the "Manchester Guardian," discusses the situation as regards the printing trades, and the crisis in British industry. He finds serious fault with the "Times" in its dealings with the effect of trades unions in the printing industry. His judgment is that the printing trade in Great Britain is now in a very fair condition of prosperity and efficiency. The linotype compositor can, he says, earn from seventy to seventy-five shillings a week. He bears willing witness to the virtues of the leaders of the Typographical Association. He says, "My impression from prolonged conferences and frequent dealings with them as opponents was not only that they had a better command of detail than the employers who had to meet them, but that they were a far-sighted, able set of men, whose influence over their followers was in the direction of progress." He emphatically denies that trades unions have adopted or fostered the "ca' canny" policy. "Trade union leaders are too intelligent to deliberately adopt a policy which must tend to general degeneration"—

No, "ca' canny," as it is called, is something much more simple than the "Times" would have it to be; it is just poor human nature, or the vices of laziness and ignorance, from which employers themselves are not exempt.

The Captains of Industry at Fault.

Mr. Dibblee then compares British employers with their rivals "in America, where Unionism is more powerful and more aggressive than here"—a statement, by the bye, which both British and American employers do not seem to accept. He says:—

On the contrary, in England the employers in comparison are too apt to attach too much importance to low money wages, they are lazy in resisting small encroachments on their liberty, which may later on become a dangerous interference, and they are much slower to swallow individual jealousies for a common purpose. But then we have not the same level of ability to draw upon for our employing class here as in the newer country.

The able man in the working-class is kept down by prejudice and class interests. The able man in the employing class will take to any or every employment, professional or honorary, rather than to vulgar trade. So the captains of industry are not conspicuous for ability. Mr. Dibblee points out that our Universities are intended for a leisured class and high station, and have not yet been adjusted to the industrial requirements of the nation.

This testimony of an employer, that British labour leaders know their business better than the employers themselves, and that the great lack in the armies of British industry is the lack of able and well-trained officers, is extremely significant. The most thoughtful of British labour leaders have repeatedly maintained, after observing what goes on in German and American workshops, that where our competitors have the pull over us is not in the rank and file, but in the directors of industry.

Lord Kitchener.

In Mr. T. W. Williams' article on "The Man of the Hour," in "Pearson's Magazine," there is not much to quote. However, the words of "a well-known general," who has been all through the war, are interesting:—

"Lord Kitchener," said the general, "is not a woman-England, where people believe that he is a sort of ogre who devotes his time to chasing officers round South Africa. This is a most erroneous idea.

I have worked under him for many months, and the more one sees of Lord Kitchener the greater becomes one's liking and respect for him. No officer who does his duty can wish for a kinder or better friend than "K" but there is trouble in store for the one who neglects it; the Chief will stand no nonsense. When once he has lost faith in an officer he has no further use for him, and he is soon sent home on some excuse or other.

"Lord Kitchener," said the general, "is not a woman-hater either. He has not married, and I do not believe he ever will, because he is wrapped up in his profession."

Lord Kitchener, in the Jepps Johannesburg Mansion, now his headquarters, rises at 5.30, and works till 8; again from 9 till 1, and again till 5, when he rides or walks with his staff officers till dinner, after which apparently he plays billiards till 11. Not an overworked life at all.

Naturally, Lord Kitchener would not commit himself to say when the war would end; it might last till July or August, or be drawn out another twelve months. Several amusing stories of doubtful authenticity, however, are quoted about Lord Kitchener.

Pope Leo XIII.: Some Personalities.

There is a character sketch of the Pope in the April number of the "Lady's Realm." It cannot be said to contain much that is new, but the following quotations may be made:—

Leo XIII. employs also at the Vatican quite a little army of chambermaids and seamstresses; the latter have to take care of the Pope's wardrobe. The clothes of His Holiness are of so delicate a nature that it was found that men could not handle them with the necessary care, and therefore women were substituted for the valets.

The value of the various personal gifts to Leo XIII. is estimated to be equal to at least £2,000,000. The magnificent jewels he received at his recent jubilee included 28 tiaras, 319 crosses, set with diamonds and other precious stones, 1,200 chalices in gold and silver, 81 rings, of which the one given by the Sultan is worth £20,000, 16 pastoral staves of gold, set with precious stones, 7 statues in gold and silver, as well as the largest diamond in the world, valued at £800,000, which was presented by ex-President Kruger.

An American lady has presented Leo XIII. with a splendid snuffbox of immense value, containing a cheque to the value of £10,000, as her contribution to the annual collection of Peter's Pence, in which the present Pope has received over £4,000,000. This money is deposited partly in the Bank of England and partly in the large Continental banks.

The Holy See is in the happy position of having no debts. Like most people, the Pope has his little weakness—a love for sweetmeats. This is well known in Italy, and at his jubilee a motherly peasant woman gave expression to her affection for him by a present of an enormous pile of sweets, wrapped in a huge coloured cotton handkerchief. It was said at the time that none of the Pope's many presents pleased him more than this.

Of late the Pope's nerves have been so much shaken that he has become comparatively indifferent to questions about which he once displayed a feverish enthusiasm. In the dismayed Vatican the utmost precautions are taken to avoid his receiving any shock:—

All the doors and windows of his rooms are padded to shut out even the most distant noises from without, and the same temperature is kept up night and day in the apartment. No news of any kind is allowed to reach him unless with permission of his Secretary of State, Cardinal Rampolla.

"I have lived too long," he said, only a short time ago. "I feel very weary, and pray to soon be called away from this world."

The Coming Literature.

ROSY FORECAST BY DR. GARNETT.

The "Young Man" for April gives, in the form of an interview, an excellent paper on Dr. Richard Garnett, until recently principal librarian of the British Museum. He has spent his life in that great library. He is himself a voluminous author. And he is an optimist still, in his old age. He admits that work done to-day by literary men does not compare favourably with literary products of the early and middle Victorian epoch. But he adds cheerily:—

Fluctuations are but natural, and just now we are in the trough of the waves. That we shall presently be at a high point again, on the top of the wave, I have

not the least doubt. I regard the educational system of to-day as the chief factor in the formation of the present literary taste. Nothing, of course, could wield an equal influence. Free education has produced a class of readers not known when I first went to the British Museum—a class whose education has not gone beyond the elementary stage, and for whom a new literature, of a light and temporary kind, has been provided. I am not among those who sneer at the "popular" literature of to-day; on the whole, it is clean and healthy, and very much of it is excellent of its kind.

Among living writers, George Meredith and Thomas Hardy stand nearest to the height reached by writers of the middle century—Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, and so on. But no writer to-day can be placed quite so high as either of those. But I believe in the future; the writers of to-day are paving the way for the approach of a grander and more brilliant literature than has hitherto been known. The spread of culture is preparing the taste of people for something better, and the demand for higher quality will produce those capable of satisfying the demand. The great fault, I think, of the literature of to-day is diffuseness; we give greater importance to the matter than to the manner of its display; and before the golden age of the new literature dawns, the lesson will have to be learned that good matter must be presented in a good manner. Human feeling will be increasingly the main note of the literature of to-morrow. Already we have seen the novel as an agent in social amelioration; but the novel of the future will develop in this direction and find enormous resources not yet touched.

The Best Books to Read.

The interviewer had the temerity to ask Dr. Garnett to advise his readers on the best books to read. The works he selected may be just jotted down here in the order of mention:—

The Bible and Shakespeare.
Milton's "Paradise Lost."
Gibbon's "Rise and Fall."
Carlyle or Kingsley—"Carlyle made easy."
Froude's Historical Writings.
Wordsworth.
Waverley Novels.
Dickens.
George Eliot.
Biography.

Maeterlinck on Luck.

In the "Revue de Paris" Maeterlinck gives a most curious analysis of what the ordinary man calls "luck," and what the scientist styles the laws of chance. He evidently believes that there is something to be said for the theory that certain people are born into this world lucky or unlucky, as the case may be, and he opens his essay by recalling an old-world Servian folklore tale, in which Fate is represented as a kind of fairy queen, living alternately in a palace and in a hovel, all those children born during the hours she spends in the palace finding good fortune on their path, while those who come into the world when she is in the hovel are born unlucky! This old-world story, according to Maeterlinck, proves that human beings have believed in the existence of good and evil fortune since the very earliest ages of man. In a powerful passage he traces the career of a number of men known to him, some of whom

have been extraordinarily fortunate, and others strangely unfortunate throughout the whole course of their lives. Turning to history, he observes that it is now the fashion to speak of as fabulous and impossible the calamities which befell Edipus and other classic heroes, and yet certain families, such as the Stuarts and the Colignys, seemed doomed to meet with tragic fates. As to the reverse side of the picture, there are innumerable examples of men who have been invariably fortunate in love, in war, and in the pursuit of wealth. There are well-known soldiers now living who have gone through a hundred fights without receiving a scratch, while certain of their comrades never go into action without receiving a wound; indeed, the very expression "soldier's luck" has passed into a proverb. Few of us, says Maeterlinck, but see examples round us of bad men who succeed, and good men who fail; the one seems to see all obstacles cleared, as it were, by miracle from his path, while the other may equally be said to never meet with a piece of good fortune.

Still, the Belgian writer and mystic does not seem to really believe in irresponsible "luck," and this in spite of the fact that he is a fatalist as regards the course of events. He considers that a certain act is fated to be accomplished—say a great shipwreck or the burning of a public building—that future fact is, as it were, fixed and stable; not so, however, the number of the victims, for he points out that in the case of every great tragedy of the sort there are many people who escape as if by a miracle; a slight illness, a mistaken indication, being given the wrong date, anything may supervene to save a man and woman who but for a small deviation from an intended course would have been drowned or burnt to death. As to how far individuals can bring about their own good fortune, the writer shrewdly observes that "ill-luck" is a catching and a long malady; and that those who expect to be unfortunate often are so, just as the grumbler nearly always finds something to grumble at.

Marconi's Latest Triumph.

In "McClure's" for April, Mr. H. H. McClure, under the title, "Messages to Mid-Ocean," prints Marconi's own story of his most recent feats of wireless telegraphy between ships in mid-ocean and the shore.

The people who still doubted the reported feat of receiving signals from England at St. John's, Newfoundland, have had their doubts set at rest by Marconi's receiving, on the steamship Philadelphia, in mid-ocean, messages from Cornwall, 1,551 miles away. "At a pre-arranged hour a transmitter at Cornwall shot a message through the air. Marconi and the ship's officers and others

on board the Philadelphia heard the tick, and looking at the tape saw the dots and dashes which you, or I, or anybody still can see. A great number of signals and messages were sent at this distance, and signals were received up to 2,091 miles. All this happened on a ship steaming away from England at 20 knots an hour."

Marconi's Apparatus on the Philadelphia.

"Marconi's party occupied four staterooms on the upper deck. On a small table in one of these the instruments rested. It was the same installation as is used on all the transatlantic steamers equipped with his apparatus, except that this one was fitted with special coherer attachments which attuned it to the Poldhu station. Outside of the cabin there was little to be seen. One wire passed through a porthole of the operating-room and was fastened to the side of the ship, thus establishing a 'ground'; and in place of one aerial wire extending to the top of the ship's mast, four were used in parallel, in order that a better effect might be secured. The end of these four wires was 150 feet above the water line, a fact worthy of note in comparison with the height of the kites and balloon at St. John's—over 400 feet.

"At Poldhu, the sending station, there was used practically the same apparatus as for the Newfoundland experiments. Engines and dynamos generating from six to forty horse power of energy created a voltage of 20,000, and this high tension was transformed up to 250,000. When the operator pressed the telegraphic key, a spark a foot long, and as thick as a man's wrist, the most powerful electric flash yet devised, sprang across the gap; the very ground near by quivered and crackled with energy. No human being could stand near the huge coil which produced this tremendous flash of lightning. Of so great a power must be the transatlantic stations, in order that 3,000 miles away a few slender wires may pick up an infinitesimally small part of the energy radiated, and the receiving instruments record the message that speeds like light across the space."

In the test on the Philadelphia, it was an important fact that the Umbria, also equipped with the Marconi installation, and only a few hours behind the Philadelphia, did not receive a single signal from Poldhu, proving Marconi's assertion that he can so regulate his instruments that only the proper stations shall receive certain messages.

Marconi on Future Possibilities.

"Why, I can sit down now and figure out just how much power, and what equipment, would be required to send messages from Cornwall to the Cape of Good Hope or to Australia. I cannot understand why the scientists do not see this thing as I do. It is perfectly simple, and depends merely

on the height of wire used, and the amount of power at the transmitting ends. Supposing you wanted to light a circuit of 1,000 electric lamps. You would use enough of dynamos and produce enough current for that effect. If you did not have that much power, you could not operate 1,000 lamps. It is the same with my system. We found several years ago that, if we doubled the height of our aerial wire, we quadrupled the effect. We used one-fortieth of a horse power then. Now I use several horse power, and by producing a powerful voltage, I naturally get an effect in proportion to that power. It is not possible to keep on extending the height of our aerial conductors, so we simply use more power when we wish to do long distance work.

"Give me a week at Nantucket, and I will guarantee to receive signals from England. As soon as we can get up stations in this country similar to our station at Poldhu we shall be able to transmit and receive any and all kinds of messages across the Atlantic."

The Pope and His Silver Jubilee.

This autumn the Pope has entered his Silver Jubilee year, for he was crowned in the Sistine Chapel in the March of 1878. At the time it was thought that he would barely live a year, so delicate in health was he said to be, and so frail did he appear to those about him; but he will go down to history as one of those who occupied the longest the Papal chair. In the "Revue de Paris" M. Leroy-Beaulieu traces the careers of the last two Popes. He considers that, though they have both been admirably suited to the needs of their time, never were two men more utterly different. Pío Nono—to give him the name by which he was known to his own people, the Italians—had a vigorous, stout, robust personality, and he impressed all those who came near him as essentially human. Leo XIII. is an ascetic; in his thin emaciated body only his eyes seem alive; but, according to the French writer, it is a very good thing for the Roman Catholic Church that after an ardent, impetuous, vehement ruler, she should have had the good fortune to meet with a Pope who was essentially inclined to meditation, to calmness, and to measured thoughts and words. Pius IX. was an orator, a lover of words; his successor is a writer and a thinker, and never speaks without having thought over what he is about to say. Pío Nono scarce ever opened a book; Leo XIII. is a scholar in the best sense of the word, ever learning, ever desirous to know what is going on around him.

Probably, however, not many readers of this interesting article, which gives a very careful and elaborate analysis of the history of the Vatican

during the last twenty-five years, will agree with the French writer when he says that Leo XIII. has completely cut off the Roman Catholic Church from political alliances. In theory, no doubt, it has been the Pope's wish to keep the Church from all undesirable alliances, and there is no doubt that both in France and in Spain he has done all that was possible to prevent the bishops and the priests from identifying themselves with any one political party or parties. Still, he has been, as M. Leroy-Beaulieu is obliged to admit, a political Pope, or rather, perhaps, we should say, a diplomatist Pope. During many years of his life he was Papal Nuncio at Brussels, and he may be said to have studied in the school of diplomacy. As to who will succeed Leo XIII., M. Leroy-Beaulieu is discreetly silent, and he writes as if he considered the present Pope still good for many long years of life and work.

Lord Salisbury as a Business Man.

Mr. F. D. How, in his April instalment of the *Life of Lord Salisbury*, now running through "Good Words," brings to light a little-known side of the Premier's career. He says:—

It may not be generally known that as a business man he proved of the greatest service to the Great Eastern Railway Company. He became their chairman in 1867 at a time when the company were in serious embarrassments. An application had just been made to Parliament to borrow one and a half millions, and had been refused. Under his auspices, however, better things began. He induced the company to amend their bill, and to ask for leave to borrow three millions. This they did, and so ably did he conduct the matter that this time they gained the day. Having put their affairs on the high road to success, he retired from the chairmanship in 1872, having held the post for just five years.

A little later, in 1874, he assisted Lord Cairns in dragging the London, Chatham and Dover Company out of an apparently hopeless state of financial muddle, and set their affairs also upon a sound basis. This is strong evidence of a mind able not only to seize upon the points of a political argument, not only to work out the most difficult scientific problems, but able also to grasp and to manipulate vast business matters with the clearness and decision of one who might have been from his earliest years at the head of great commercial concerns.

The "Sunday at Home" gives a clear story from the pen of a correspondent in Greece of the recent troubles in Athens about translations of the Bible. It is pointed out that after all modern versions have been prohibited, there are several significant exceptions, including the version of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which is exempted on the curious plea that it is not an instrument of proselytism but an article of merchandise! Clearly the modern Greek has not lost the ancestral love for verbal hair splitting. Practically nothing has been effected by the riots and the bloodshed and the upset of Government.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

The Nineteenth Century—and After.

The "Nineteenth Century" is a singularly colourless and uninteresting number, containing not a single article of first-rate interest. It opens with a paper by Miss Agnes Lambert on "The King's Declaration and the Catholics of the Empire," largely made up of quotations, some of which seem to have nothing whatever to do with the question under discussion. South Africa takes up two papers. Mr. J. W. Cross writes upon "Capital and Population" in that country. He is of opinion that veldt life will prove much more attractive to Germans and Scandinavians, or even to Italians, than to Englishmen, and points out that sixty years ago British emigrants were much more inclined to go to British Colonies than they are now. The Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Cecil writes on "Female Emigration to South Africa." She thinks that it is our duty "to send out some of our best women to the country where we have sacrificed so many of our best men," and recommends that absurd expedient, sanctioned by Mr. Asquith, of farming for women near the great towns.

Lord Rosebery's Whigs.

Mr. Lloyd Sanders, in a short article, suggests that Lord Rosebery and his followers should abandon the term Liberal-Imperialists and call themselves Whigs or "Whig-Patriots." They are a war party, he says, and resemble the Whigs of Queen Anne's reign in objecting to a cobbled peace:

Whiggery of the most inveterate order inspires Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Asquith's abjuration of Home Rule, now that it has failed to commend itself to the British electorate. An exact example of such airy opportunism is not easily discoverable in the whole confused course of party history. The Conservatives have abandoned principles times and again when innovation has been carried in the teeth of their resistance; such was the surrender to reform commended by the Tamworth manifesto, such Mr. Disraeli's ultimate attitude towards Protection. But it is one thing to throw away beliefs which have become antiquated and unattainable prejudices; quite another to clutch at brand new ideas, to sport them as a party badge, and then contemptuously discard them.

The Naval Reserve.

Mr. Laird Clowes writes on "The Condition of the Naval Reserve," arguing that one of the most efficacious means of making the Reserve popular would be to afford facilities for men as well as officers to join sea-going ships for one or more periods of twelve months' training, and give them afterwards small retaining fees in proportion to their qualifications.

Colour-Blindness.

Mr. Edridge-Green, writing on "Colour-Blindness," sums up as follows:—

It is probable that though we have gained in colour perception, we have lost in acuteness of sight. It is well known that savages have a far more acute sight than is normal in civilised communities. I have examined a colour blind person who was able to read coloured test types at more than twice the normal distance. There is no doubt whatever that the sense of colour and the perception of light and shade are quite distinct. In the same way acuteness of hearing and musical ability are not related. The theory which I have constructed to explain the phenomena of colour perception is consistent with every fact which I have alluded to in this paper. It is easy to suppose that primitive man saw all objects of a uniform hue, just as they appear in a photograph, but that he had a very acute perception for differences of luminosity. In course of time a new faculty of the mind, a colour-perceiving centre, became developed.

Other Articles.

Mr. G. A. Raper writes on "Freemasonry in France." Miss M. F. Johnson, in a paper entitled "The Case Against Hospital Nurses," says that nurses are systematically overworked, having, as a rule, a working day of twelve hours for seven days in the week. Archdeacon Fletcher writes on "The Renewed Struggle for the Schools." Mr. P. F. Rowland, an Australian, deals with "The Literature of the Australian Commonwealth."

The New Liberal Review.

The "New Liberal Review" is hardly up to its average level. We have dealt elsewhere with the best paper in the number, that is, Mr. Robert Farquharson, M.P.'s, "Compleat Member."

Motor Yachts.

Lazy sailors, who don't like tugging at a long oar on a windless day, will read the anonymous paper signed "A Yachtsman" with joy. The question dealt with is what is the auxiliary power suited for small yachts. A French invention has solved this problem. The present auxiliary engines are not a success on yachts, for the propeller lessens speed when sailing, interferes with steering, gets stuck in weeds when sailing, and has other disadvantages. But the new motor opens up a vista for the lazy yachtsman which had never been dreamed of. It is "The Universal Propeller." The engine can be removed from the yacht, or stowed away, put into a dinghy to fetch visitors from the shore, or applied to a skiff for a rapid voyage up a river. It is 1½ horse power. No structural alterations are required in the yacht,

the engine merely being lashed to a couple of battens athwart the yacht, these battens having the advantage of absorbing vibration. The steering of the boat is done by the screw.

It is by this means that it is possible to make the boat go through the most wonderful evolutions which are unobtainable by the mere rudder. The propeller, attached to the propeller-box at the bottom of the vertical arm, can describe a circle without interrupting the rotary movement of the screw or changing the speed of the motor. To reverse, therefore, it is only necessary, by means of the steering wheel, to make half a revolution of the propeller-box. If the propeller-box be placed, by a slight touch to the steering wheel, at right angles to the direction in which the boat is travelling, the boat will turn in its own length, even if going at full speed. It is this circling movement of the propeller-box that is essentially, apart from its general adaptability, the most interesting point of the system introduced by this invention. For, apart from the steering capabilities of the motor, a boat, when going full speed ahead, can be stopped in less than its own length by a simple turn of the steering wheel. With this motor in use the yacht's rudder can either be lashed or entirely unshipped.

This invention is only now being introduced into England, but in France it has been successfully used for some years.

Taxes that Gall.

Mr. H. Morgan-Browne has a paper under this heading. He estimates that if Sir Robert Giffen's proposals were adopted, a man earning £1 a week would be taxed to the extent of £10 a year, and that an artisan earning £2 a week would be taxed to the extent of 10 per cent., while a man with £500 a year would pay only 5 per cent. on his income.

Other Articles.

Mr. Hugh Spender writes on "Some Interesting Coalitions." Mr. G. A. Raper writes about M. Delcasse. Mr. Justin McCarthy has a paper on "Humour as an Element of Success," from which it appears that all successful men, however austere, have had some sense of humour.

The Contemporary Review.

The "Contemporary Review" for April is somewhat heavy. With the exception of Mlle. Vacaresco's article on Roumania, and a sketch by an officer in South Africa, all the articles are grave. We notice elsewhere Dr. Dillon's paper on "The Commercial Needs of the Empire."

"The Roman Church and Biblical Criticism."

Mr. Austin West gives a very interesting account of the Commission of twelve appointed by the Pope to sit in judgment upon all the leading questions of the higher criticism. The appointment of this Commission was brought about by Cardinal Richards' accusation against the Abbe Loisy, who seems to be a kind of Roman Catholic Robertson Smith. He published a volume of Biblical studies, in which

he sets forth, among other things, that the Pentateuch as we now have it cannot possibly be the work of Moses, that the first eleven chapters of Genesis, while they may embody traditional memories of historical significance, are in no sense an exact or real history of the origin of the world or of man, that the whole of the New Testament ought to be freely criticised as to its origin owing to the freedom with which such documents were edited in the olden time.

Dr. Loisy's view is that the Fourth Gospel is a spiritual interpretation of Our Lord's teaching, the Gospel of Christ lived over again in the mind and religious experience of a privileged soul, in contrast with the material or historical interpretation of Christ in the Synoptics.

Instead of allowing the question raised by the Abbe and the Cardinal to be decided by Consultors of the two congregations of the Index and the Inquisition, the Pope on August 30 last appointed a permanent international pontifical Commission of twelve persons, under the presidency of Cardinal Parocchi. Father David Fleming was the Irish secretary of the committee, Dr. Robert F. Clark represented England, and Mr. Grannan, of Washington, the United States. Several of the twelve are very advanced in their views, and Mr. Austin West thinks that the appointment of the Commission marks an epoch in the history of Roman Catholicism.

Marriage and the New Licensing Bill.

Mr. Thomas Holmes maintains that the fifth clause of the new Licensing Bill, which allows a married man to get from a police magistrate a separation order equivalent to a judicial separation, is stupid, immoral, and the very quintessence of cruelty. When it is known that a man may marry a drunken woman, or drive his own wife to drink, and then run to the nearest magistrate and get a separation order, it will not add to the dignity of the marriage state. Mr. Holmes does not, however, confine himself to negative criticism. He is prepared with an alternative. He says:—

My proposal is simply this: No separation orders; we have enough of them. But when a sober wife has a persistently drunken husband, or a decent sober husband has a persistently drunken wife, let them have the right to apply to a Court of Summary Jurisdiction for a summons, the wife against the husband, or the husband against the wife, as the case may be, for habitual drunkenness; and, if the case be proved, let the Court have power to call on the inebriate to enter into recognisances for six months, and to come up for judgment at the end of that time. If during that time the accused has kept sober, the desired end has been obtained; but if not, let the guilty party, either husband or wife, be committed to an inebriate reformatory for not less than one year, and only then discharged on license. If the wife be committed, let an order be made on the husband for her maintenance—he had better pay for her there than elsewhere; if the husband be committed, the Court must be guided by the surrounding circumstances and judge of the ability of the wife to pay for the husband.

Non-Episcopal Churches.

It is very difficult indeed for the lay mind to take any interest in the discussion which is going on in the "Contemporary" between the clergy of the Free and of the Established Churches as to the status of non-Episcopal Churches. In the current number Mr. Vernon Bartlett surveys the opinion expressed by the four deans in the previous number of the "Review." His point of view may be gathered from the following extract:—

The three questions to which answers seem most needful are these:—1. Were ordinations by presbyters the highest type of ordination in certain Churches down to some period in the third century, at any rate? And, if so, why should such ordination to-day be invalid, and invalidate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper ministered by men so ordained? 2. What evidence is there that the Apostles, or the "delegates whom they authorised to ordain others of equal and inferior rank," appointed to the ordinary local ministry any order superior to presbyters as regards power of ordination? 3. Is there valid proof that in all cases even presbyters were ordained by Apostles, or by apostolic men who had themselves received by ordination a formal apostolic commission to transmit?

Indians and the Empire.

The Prime Minister of an important native state says that the two Jubilees of the late Queen made the people of India feel a disparity of affection compared with her subjects in other parts of the Empire. That feeling of soreness threatens to become acute unless something is done to make India feel that the English are not indifferent to the keen sense of loyalty by which Indians are animated. This native Prime Minister says:—

To achieve this object two things should be attended to. In the first place, Indians should be allowed more opportunities of cultivating devotion to the person of their Emperor; and in the second place, a natural feeling of pride and glory in being associated with the British Empire should be allowed to grow in their minds.

There are no practical difficulties in the way of allowing Indians access to our Court, but this Prime Minister would go much further than this, as may be seen from the following extract from his article:

Lord Curzon has in various ways been enlisting the interest of the Indian people in the British Government. His Cadet Corps is a happy move in that direction. It would be to his Lordship's lasting credit if he went a step further and persuaded the British Government to give an honoured place to the Indian Princes in the ranks of the Imperial Army, and to trust them with commands in the field when occasions arose to defend the Empire against external danger. It would be a clever stroke of policy to incorporate the noblemen of India among the aristocracy of the Empire by conferring British titles on them. Outside the limits of India no Indian nobleman feels sure of his rank, and thus has no personal interest in the affairs of the Empire.

Other Articles.

Mr. John Gamble discusses the causes of the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders, and suggests that the chief cause for the present lack of candidates is the extent to which the standard of orthodoxy has been changed in the last generation. Mr.

Charles Douglas writes upon the Liberal League from the point of view of one who believes that the South African War is conducted with a humanity deliberate, scrupulous, and, on the whole, effective. The Rev. Guinness Rogers writes upon the Liberal Imbroglia, not to much purpose, excepting in his last page, in which he suggests that there should be a Council of War in the Liberal Party to decide upon practical operations.

Pearson's Magazine.

In "Pearson's Magazine" for April Mr. Gould is the subject of the "Art" paper. Mr. Rydall describes a ranch of ten thousand pigeons in California. The King's recent visit to Burton has inspired one writer to pen a glowing description of Burton and its ale-making. There are besides a couple of natural history articles.

The Similarity of a Baby and a Monkey.

Writing on "Our Descent from Monkeys," Mr. S. S. Buckman makes a curious comparison between the habits and attitudes of a young baby and a monkey, all of which, he says, go to the support of the Darwinian theory. To quote a very few of his numerous illustrations. The baby's snub nose with wide nostrils is like the nose of a low type of monkey. The furrow of the upper lip often shown in a baby's face is a relic of the time when the lip was in two distinct pieces. The mobility and almost prehensile power of a baby's foot have often been noticed, as also the fact that their instinct is always to clasp and grasp with the whole hand, and always to hold the hand in a grasping attitude. And children will even sleep face downwards, their limbs tucked underneath them, exactly in the attitude of a sleeping monkey. But there is no end to the points of similarity found.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

The Easter number of the "Pall Mall Magazine" shows no signs that it will be displaced from its position as the first English illustrated monthly. The articles on King Alphonso of Spain and Lord Salisbury are separately noticed.

Our Statesmen Viewed by an American.

The "well-known American publicist" who so sympathetically sketched Lord Salisbury has some remarks to make about some of our other statesmen.

Of Lord Curzon he says that he has probably more personal power and power of initiative than any ruler in the world. The "splendid experiment" has proved a splendid success.

Of Lord Cromer he says he is a man of business rather than a diplomatist; "a young man of sixty,

erect, alert, equal to his work." Of living experts in the rare art of conversation Sir William Harcourt and Lord Rosebery are first. Lord Lansdowne possesses the supreme gift of tact, and when Lord Pauncefoot's retirement was recently contemplated there was some question of Lord Lansdowne succeeding him.

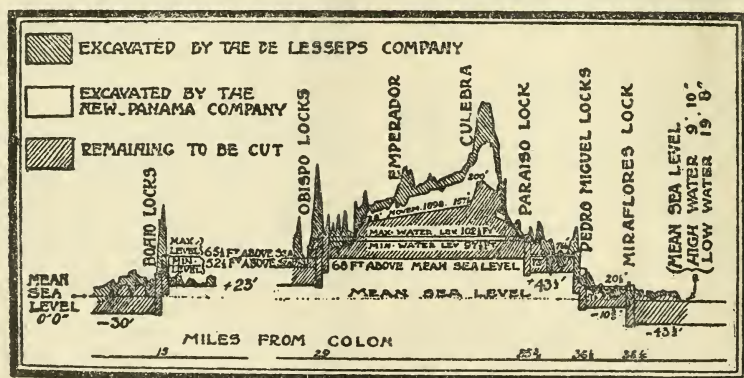
"Black Michael" holds his conviction first and his office second. Few men in high office are less loved, or care less for the affection of those about them; none are more respected.

Of Mr. Brodrick he can only say that he is a good example of the highest order of civil service, blessed with a departmental mind; while Mr. Wyndham is a remarkable example of a young man belonging to the leisured class who prefers the strenuous life.

Coronation finery at Braintree and other places. Mr. William Archer has been having another of his marvellously interesting conversations—this time Mr. Heinemann being the person conversed with and the subject publishing, bookselling, and the reading public in general.

The Century.

In the April "Century" there are two exceptionally readable articles dealing with Abyssinia,—"Personal Impressions of Menelik," by Oscar T. Crosby, and "New Trails in Abyssinia," by Hugues Le Roux. Mr. Crosby describes Menelik's court and tells of the European influences at work there. Menelik is, according to him, a strong and effective ruler, and certain it is that, with the excep-



PROFILE OF THE PANAMA ISTHMUS.
(From the "Pall Mall Magazine.")

The Panama Canal.

Mr. J. G. Leigh, discussing the pros and cons. of the rival routes, is distinctly in favour of the Panama route. It is (1) shorter, (2) needs far less labour to complete it, (3) has more facilities for transport, (4) has a better climate, (5) there is less risk of malaria, (6) the cost (a) of construction and (b) of maintenance is considerably less, and (7) the time in which a deep-draught vessel could go through is little more than one-third as long as for Nicaragua. This article is a very clear expose of the question, and well worth reading.

Other Articles.

Mr. W. A. Pearce writes of "plants that walk." Mr. D. W. Freshfield writes of a holiday tour in the Himalayas. Mary Howarth writes of the weaving of the King's mantle of gold and other

tion of a few blackfellows killed in frontier frays, Abyssinia proper is a wonderfully peaceful country. Mr. Crosby thinks the ominous thing, so far as the future is concerned, is the relation between Menelik and his European concessionaires,—the Russian Leontieff in the south, the French railway company in the east, and a British mining company in the west, where a part of the supposed gold fields, as yet insecurely held by the Abyssinians, has been put under the control of a London syndicate. Menelik he paints as a monarch too much enlightened for lazy content with semi-savagery, and not enough enlightened to understand the dangers of entanglements with European powers.

The Map of the Blue Nile.

M. Le Roux's account of Abyssinia is made up from material obtained on a trip taken at the in-

vation of the emperor himself. Menelik sent him at the head of a small troop of Abyssinians, chosen from the best soldiers, to make a map of the frontier bordering on the country of the Benichargoul negroes, the most savage in all Africa. During the expedition, M. Le Roux determined the course, hitherto unknown, of the Blue Nile, in reward for which Menelik gave his name to the mountain which stops the Blue Nile in its southward course, and turns it toward Egypt. M. Le Roux calls Abyssinia the most tremendous of all the surprises given by the discovery of Africa. It is an African Switzerland, the area of which is greater than that of France. The Abyssinian tableland is between 8,000 and 10,000 feet high, and the land is wonderfully fertile.

Recollections of Appomattox.

There is a group of war articles of the Appomattox period. General E. P. Alexander contributes some "Personal Recollections of the Break-up of the Confederacy;" Colonel Charles Marshall writes of "The Last Days of Lee's Army," and the late General John Gibbon contributes his "Personal Recollections of Appomattox." General Alexander gives his opinion that, considered merely as a business proceeding, the simple method of paroling the Confederate army, and taking charge of its surrendered property was admirably short and effective.

Other Articles.

There is a brief but appreciative sketch of Nicholas Murray Butler, the new President of Columbia University; a pleasant article by Sylvester Baxter on "The Beautifying of Village and Town;" an account of "Recent Discoveries Concerning the Buddha," by T. W. R. Davids, these discoveries including the identification of Buddha's birthplace and one of the burial places of his ashes, and some very entertaining reminiscences of a journey across the plains fifty years ago, by Noah Brooks.

Harper's Magazine.

In "Harper's" for April is printed Mr. de Windt's programme for his "Land Journey from Paris to New York," which we have quoted from among the "Leading Articles of the Month."

In "The Palace and Temple of Nebuchadnezzar," Dr. Morris Jastrow, jun., shows the result of investigations during the past three years of a party of German explorers who have been excavating the series of mounds about forty miles to the south of Bagdad. These mounds covered the remains of the famous city of Babylon, and the explorers have already been so fortunate as to discover the exact site of the great palace begun by Nabopolassar, and completed by Nebuchadnezzar.

The latter. The edifice was famous throughout the ancient world; it was the palace to which the author of the Book of Daniel referred in his story of the mystic handwriting on the wall that foretold the downfall of the great city. Cyrus took up his official residence in it when he conquered Babylon, 538 B.C., and the same building, two centuries later, witnessed the pathetic death of Alexander the Great.

Berthelot's Scientific Activity.

Mr. Carl Snyder writes, apropos of the Berthelot celebration in Paris, on "Fifty Years of Synthetic Chemistry." Of Berthelot's own work, Mr. Snyder says: "One of the first exploits of young Berthelot was to analyse glycerine, then study its combinations. With a rapidity that is still a marvel, a crowd of discoveries followed. Alcohol appeared from its elements; with the gas ethylene he made formic acid, which comes from distilling ants. The fatty substances yielded their secrets; the problem of the sugars was attacked. In five years he had created a new science—synthetic chemistry. A little later came the synthesis of acetylene, now so common as an illuminating gas. It was the point of departure for a prodigious work. Condensed simply by heating, acetylene became benzine, the base of innumerable compounds; adding yet more hydrogen, the new compound became ethylene, and ethylene with water gives the alcohol of our whiskeys and wines. Merely to enumerate the results of this incessant activity would form a catalogue."

McClure's Magazine.

In the April "McClure's" there is an interesting article by Lincoln Steffens, "The Overworked President," and an interview with Marconi by H. H. McClure, concerning the inventor's recent messages to mid-ocean, which we have quoted from among the "Leading Articles of the Month."

Mr. La Farge on Rembrandt.

Mr. John La Farge continues his great artist series with a monograph on Rembrandt, illustrated with copies of Rembrandt's most famous pictures printed in a delicate tint. Mr. La Farge concludes his critical study with the opinion that, "After all, it is as the great dreamer that Rembrandt stands almost alone, unless we choose to think of him with such other dreamers as Michael Angelo or Shakespeare. He remains the great exponent of the pity and tenderness of Bible story, of its being of all times and a synopsis of all human life; and he remains, as well, the master of many realities, the poet of the mystery of light, and the painter of the individual human soul."

The War Prison on Dry Tortugas.

Captain W. R. Prentice contributes some entertaining stories of military prisoners and of the Lincoln conspirators confined in Fort Jefferson, on the Dry Tortugas. The Dry Tortugas are seven islands, which are merely the tops of coral reefs, the largest of them being not more than ten acres, and all rising but a few feet above the surface of the ocean. Some four hundred men were confined there during the war, and among them the four men then believed to have had some share in the assassination of Lincoln. The most interesting of these latter was Dr. Samuel A. Mudd, the physician to whose house Booth rode on the night of his great crime, and who set the assassin's broken leg. "The doctor was an educated man of refined and dignified manner. He had never quite recovered from his surprise that anyone should find fault with him for setting a broken bone for a stranger. He always asserted that he did not know Booth, and was not aware at the time that Booth had committed a crime." Samuel B. Arnold, the second of the four, was a young man just out of college, who had been corresponding with Booth regarding the scheme to abduct President Lincoln, convey him to the Confederacy, and hold him as a hostage until peace could be secured on terms which those two young men proposed to dictate. Edward Spangler was the stage carpenter in Ford's Theatre, accused of so arranging the doors that Booth could get to the President's box and out again without being immediately pursued. The fourth man was Michael O'Laughlin, an Irish shoemaker, who had earned a dollar by holding Booth's horse at the entrance to Ford's Theatre.

Mr. William Davenport Hulbert has a timely nature study, "A Tale of the Trout Stream," illustrated with exceedingly good pictures by Walter M. Hardy.

Scribner's Magazine.

In the April "Scribner's," Dr. Daniel C. Gilman gives charming reminiscences of "Some Noteworthy Scholars." Professor Sylvester, Professor Rowland, and James Russell Lowell are the most noteworthy of these. Doctor Gilman has the courage to print a portion of one of Sylvester's mathematical poems "To Rosalind," and cites a number of other highly entertaining eccentricities of that curious genius. Mr. James B. Connolly, writing on "The Gloucester Fishermen," describes graphically the mysteries of night-seining and winter trawling. Clara E. Laughlin has a charming essay, "The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal," and the newest story of Mr. Richard Harding Davis is be-

gun; "Captain Macklin" dates his memoirs from the West Point Academy, and the tale has a military setting.

The Cosmopolitan.

Mr. John Brisben Walker writes in the April "Cosmopolitan" on the Emperor of Germany, under the title of "A Clever Emperor and a Confederation of Nations." Mr. Walker says the two most interesting personalities in the world to-day are President Roosevelt and Emperor William. He thinks that the visit of Prince Henry to America was arranged by a very shrewd and far-seeing mind to accomplish a number of things, including the obtaining of an excellent American yacht, as well as the latest Yankee ideas in ship construction, the off-setting of England's advances to America, the arousing of enthusiasm in the eight millions of Germans in America, and the accomplishment of a graceful stroke in inviting the President's daughter to christen the yacht, and thus strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all classes of Americans.

Hugo's Place in the Temple of Fame.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in an essay on "The Influence of Victor Hugo," apropos of the Hugo centenary, calls attention to the marked falling off in enthusiasm among the admirers of the author of "Les Misérables." The prestige of his genius was so enormous that the worship of Hugo was almost idolatrous twenty years ago. To-day even in Paris some very rude things are openly said about Hugo. "The new school of poetic criticism in France is greatly puzzled to know what to do with Hugo. His work is so copious and magnificent, and so perfect of its kind, and so varied in its perfection, that it is hardly possible to deny its merit. (I once had, it is true, the joy of hearing an ineffable young ass in the Latin Quarter, who had mentioned that no other French poet but himself had been born in a particular district of the Franche Comte, and to whom Victor Hugo's birth at Besancon had been recalled, reply, 'And Victor Hugo, sir, we can scarcely call a poet!' But a fatuity so splendid as this is rare, even on the Boulevard St. Michel.) The critics of the new school, therefore, satisfy their scruples by explaining that they think him magnificent, but that they class him among orators. As I saw it rather delightfully put the other day, in one of the organs of young French criticism, 'Victor Hugo was an Ear, he was an Eye, he was a Trumpet and a Gong; but he was not a lyre nor a flute.'"

Mr. Rafford Pyke selects the rather large subject for a five-page essay of "Husbands and Wives." The magazine opens with a description of Mount Vesuvius by B. F. Fisher, and Mr. Ken-

yon Cox, in "Some American Figure Painters," speaks of the work of Blashfield, Mowbray, H. O. Walker, John W. Alexander, and others of the group of essentially figure painters who were so prominent in making the exhibition of paintings at the Pan-American Exposition the best and most thoroughly representative collection of American pictures ever got together.

Frank Leslie's Monthly.

In the April "Frank Leslie's," Mr. B. F. Blackburn studies the farming out of convicts as practised in the State of Georgia. The county system is under the commissioners of roads, and works great hardships, and in many instances, he thinks, dreadful cruelties. He tells of county commissioners having placed petty offenders under the sole control of lessees who have allowed them to be whipped, without the law of decent authority, by negro bosses. "Of the 2,084 convicts, 1,145 are on the public roads and 939 are hired to private individuals who, in some instances, treat them very much as they please, desisting only when their offences become notorious." Under the State system the convicts are well treated, and the system of allowances for good behaviour shows rebates averaging 25 per cent. for ten-year terms, and even greater for longer time. There is a description of "Northern Kentucky in War Time," by Mr. John Uri Lloyd, the novelist; a sketch of Mrs. Leslie Carter by Franklin Fyles; another account of the discoveries in the investigations of the life principle by Professors Loeb and Mathews, of the University of Chicago, and the usual quota of fiction and verse.

Everybody's Magazine.

In "Everybody's Magazine" for April, Mr. E. P. Lyle, jun., gives an interesting account of the Prince of Monaco, a sovereign who is as absolute as the Czar of Russia," and who chooses to be a servant of science. The prince has devoted himself to deep-sea exploration, to the mapping of ocean currents, and studying the inhabitants of the deep sea, and has a superb museum of oceanography.

American Submarines the Best.

An article on "Warfare Under Water," describing the mysterious Gustave-Zede and her achievements, suggests that the submarine torpedo-boat may be the most important invention of the age in revolutionising war and human society. The first really successful submarine types were the American Holland and the French Goubet, the latter built in 1885. France has been assiduous in attempts to perfect the submarine craft, and all

the experiments are conducted with most jealous secrecy; but it is generally admitted that the Americans are now ahead in this field, with their double motive power boats.

The World's Work.

In the "World's Work" for April, Mr. Oscar King Davis tells of the "Results of the Pan-American Congress." The most important of these, he says, was the action regarding arbitration, an agreement being reached for admission to The Hague conventions on the part of American republics not signatory to those treaties. There was a supplementary agreement signed by ten of the delegations to the conference, providing for the compulsory arbitration of pending and future questions. Mr. Davis thinks it was very well that the conference showed little confidence in its own ability to settle difficult problems out of hand and that it was inclined to commit special propositions to special extra congresses.

The Expansion of American Shipbuilding.

The most considerable feature of the magazine is a profusely illustrated article by Arthur Goodrich on "The Expansion of the American Shipyard." He protests against the condition Americans are in with regard to shipping, of paying more than 200,000,000 dollars yearly to foreign shipowners to transport all but one-tenth of their surplus crops and manufactured goods, when potentially the United States is a shipbuilding, shipowning country. He goes on to give some facts to show the States are waking up to the possibilities of doing their own water transportation. The largest ships in the world are being constructed at New London. The yards of the Pacific coast are at work on scores of vessels, and there is scarcely a well-known shipbuilding concern on the whole length of the Atlantic coast that is not preparing some steel ship for the Government, quite outside of the commerce carriers. He gives, as an example of the economy of high-priced American workmanship, a comparison of the St. Louis and St. Paul, burning 350 tons of coal a day, with the Lucania and Campania, which cross the ocean in only half a day less, and burn 550 tons.

A Chinese Newspaper in America.

Mr. Morrisson Pixley tells of the most important Chinese newspaper in America, published in San Francisco by Tong King Chong. This gentleman has taken for the great work of his life the restoration of the Emperor Kwang Hsu. His family are all confined in prison in China as a consequence of this ambition, but Mr. Chong defies the Dowager Empress from his San Francisco sanctum. Mr. Pixley tells us that only 10,000 of the more common words are selected out of the

50,000 characters of the language, and the vocabulary is thus far confined, but even with this limit the type-case is 60 feet long and 5 feet high, and in a day's work the compositor has to walk about 25 miles up and down in front of the cases.

The Ladies' Home Journal.

In the "Ladies' Home Journal" for April there is a sketch of Miss Alice Roosevelt, under the title, "The President's Daughter," by Mr. Clifford Howard, who calls Miss Roosevelt "a typical American girl in the best sense of the term: modest, self-reliant, democratic." Miss Roosevelt is fond of outdoor sports, riding, driving, skeeing, shooting; the outdoor life of the Roosevelts at Oyster Bay, Long Island, has been thoroughly conducive to health, and natural tastes, habits, and aspirations. Mr. Howard says Miss Roosevelt is the idol of her father, and has been since her babyhood; she was not permitted to go to boarding school because of the President's strong desire to have his children about him in the few leisure moments of his busy life.

Helen Keller's Autobiography.

Miss Helen Keller tells the story of her life, and the editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal" assures us that every word of the sketch as printed in his magazine has actually been written by the blind girl, not dictated, but first written in "Braille," and then transferred to the typewriter by Miss Keller herself. Then it was read to her by her teacher, by means of the fingers, corrected, and reread. Helen Keller was born in a little country town of Alabama, and was six years old before her case was brought to the attention of an eminent oculist in Baltimore. Under his advice, Mr. Keller consulted Dr. A. Graham Bell, of Washington, and by him was referred to the Perkins Institution in Boston, where the wonderful results in the blind girl's education were accomplished.

Have Birds a Sixth Sense?

In a pleasant article by Neltje Blanchan, "Why the Birds Come and Go," she discusses the theory sometimes advanced that birds have a sixth sense, which enables them to find their way from one region to another. This seems to some scientists the only way to account for the wonderful feats of travelling by migratory birds, which always return to the region of their birth. "In all probability, the first journeys undertaken by birds were short roving excursions from home; gradually the routes traversed were lengthened of necessity, until in generation after generation the habit became hereditary; the 'homing instinct' led little by little to migratory habits."

The Atlantic Monthly.

The April "Atlantic Monthly" contains one of the best accounts of modern forestry in Mr. P. G. Huston's "The Day's Work of a Forester." Mr. Huston explains that the application of the science of forestry must be conducted on strictly commercial principles; that is, it must make the forest pay. Unless the scientific treatment of the trees will produce in a given number of years more money than the old methods of going into the woods and cutting down everything in sight, it will not amount to much. He believes thoroughly, however, that the selection of the mature trees and the preservation of the young trees on scientific principles will give a better financial return to the lumberman, even though it may not please the aesthete and the landscape gardener. Mr. Huston goes on to tell in detail and very charmingly just how the forester invades a tract of woodland to estimate what amount of commercial timber there is on the acreage. The thing is accomplished with squads of three men each, two men handling calipers, which quickly show the diameter of the individual trees breast high, the third man taking notes of the measurements obtained by his comrades and of various other matters affecting the problem. The party advances in a uniform path through the woods, and there are ingenious methods of making the particular strips measured by them typical of the whole tract. The surveying foresters determine, too, how long in that particular ground it takes for each species to grow to commercial size, by cutting down sample trees, counting the annual rings of growth, and comparing the result with the diameter.

Lippincott's Magazine.

The April "Lippincott's" has for its complete novelette a story of the Island of Haiti, "Diane, Priestess of Haiti," by John S. Durham. Mr. W. H. Francis throws out "Some Advance Hints to Travellers," calculated to be of use in the spring and summer migration to Europe. He tells us that one English railway has introduced the American metal check, though the continental roads seem to be wedded to the old sticky labels, whose main usefulness consists in recording the itinerary after one's return home. Mr. J. G. Rosengarten writes on "German Influences in America," with the conviction that Germany and America will find much to do in co-operation with each other in the industrial development of the world; Mary Moss tells us "Why We Read Samuel Richardson," E. E. Rexford describes "A Garden of Native Plants," and there are a number of contributions of verse and fiction.

Country Life.

In "Country Life" for April, Mr. W. T. Mann gives some information of value to those who contemplate investing in abandoned farms, in his discussion of "The Reclamation of a Barren Apple Orchard." He shows the causes of unprofitableness in orchards, and gives a record of his personal experiences.

Otto von Bergen, in "The Cloudlands," describes the photographing of clouds from Mount Tamalpais, near San Francisco; the illustrations made from the photographs are the finest we have ever seen in this class of subject. Mount Tamalpais, although only 2,600 feet high, reaches this height in one sweep from the sea-level, leaving the view in all directions absolutely unobstructed, so that the opportunity was an unusual one for perpetuating cloud effects by the camera.

Foreign Reviews.

The Revue de Paris.

We have noticed elsewhere Maurice Maeterlinck's essay on "Luck," and M. Leroy-Beaulieu's account of the present Pope. The place of honour is given to M. Gregh's critical review of Victor Hugo's early work. Far more interesting and valuable, however, are Anatole France's concluding chapters on the Siege of Orleans. He insists on, and indeed helps to make clear, a point which is too little regarded in connection with Joan of Arc—namely, that she was above all things desirous to avoid bloodshed, and on more than one occasion she tried to soften the hearts of her English enemies by telling them of her visions, and of what evil would befall them were they to proceed in their efforts to take the town. At the present time it is interesting to note that even in those days "the mounted men ran but little risk of being caught by the English, who were quite short of horses." Very shortly, but perhaps all the more vividly for that, the latest historian of the Maid of Orleans describes the last day of the famous siege, which had already lasted nearly seven months. It was a Sunday, and when the maid was asked whether the English should be given battle, she answered: "In honour of holy Sunday refrain from giving battle. Do not yourselves attack; but if you are attacked, defend yourselves with strength and courage, and be without fear, for you will be the victors." Curiously enough, the English did not give battle, or try again to take the town by assault. They retired in good order, leaving, however, their wounded and prison-

jublation, and services were held in all the churches. On this triumphant note M. France leaves his heroine.

French readers seem to have an inexhaustible interest in the royal personages, great and small, who once ruled over them. Viscount de Reiset devotes a long and elaborate article to the birth of the Duc de Bordeaux, the hapless prince better known to our time as the Comte de Chambord. To most people on the English side of the Channel these pages will be noteworthy as showing that the French reader, not only in fiction, but in the pages of a leading review, welcomes the transcription of physical details which would in England and in America be scarce tolerated in a medical journal. There is, however, much that is touching, and at the present time profoundly moving, in this straightforward account of the eagerness with which was welcomed the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry. The splendid gifts sent from all the great towns in France, the humbler presents forwarded to the widowed Duchess by obscure individuals who longed for the birth of a future King, and then the minute account of the event itself, which was, one learns with amazement, followed by the doors of the palace being thrown open to all and sundry, even the bedroom of the Duchess being filled with strangers come to assure themselves of the birth of the royal baby! How strange and mournful to think that the child whose birth was hailed with heartfelt joy by every section of France should have been fated to spend his life, and finally to die, in exile!

Yet another retrospective article dealing with two royal personages intimately associated with the history of France describes the passage in the lives of Napoleon's brother Louis (at one time King of Holland) and of his Queen, Hortense Beauharnais, the daughter by her first husband of the Empress Josephine. After the fall of Napoleon, the couple retired into private life under the title of Count and Duchess of St. Leu; in the "Revue" is described their final parting with Bonaparte.

The Nouvelle Revue.

The "Nouvelle Revue" is interesting rather as expressing the sentiments of young France than as a literary or artistic publication. In the second March number are three topical articles; the one deals with the new German customs tariff; the second analyses, from the anti-British point of view, the Anglo-Japanese Treaty; the third describes with intelligent care the co-operative communities of the United States. M. Raffalovich, who is in his own way an expert, evidently regards the new German tariff as a menace to French trade. Nowhere does protection rule more triumphantly than in the German Empire. For instance, every

article of dress sent from Paris to Germany is highly taxed, not only according to its intrinsic value, but according to the price paid for it in France. Accordingly, private individuals, especially those German ladies who procure their clothes from the land of dress, do all in their power to evade the law, and, by an arrangement with their French dressmakers and milliners, articles of clothing which have cost hundreds of pounds are debited—for the benefit of the customs officer—at 5 per cent. of what has actually been paid, or will be paid for them! The present German Emperor is said not to be a friend of protection, but his ambition ties his hands; thus, in 1900, apropos of the German Navy Bill, beer, alcohol, and, above all, sparkling wines, were all taxed more heavily than had been the case before. The new tariff goes so far as to tax human hair, fans, paint brushes, cardboard, books, illustrations, and pictures, watches and clocks, and even toys. In his next article, M. Raffalovich apparently intends to give a brief sketch of what German protection will bring forth.

The Anglo-Japanese Treaty evidently fills M. de Pourvoirville with apprehension, though he admits that on the face of it the new Agreement was only entered into to keep, not to destroy, peace. He evidently considers that had it not been for the South African War, England and France would by now have been plunged into bitter conflict. This view is much held in France, where it is firmly believed that Mr. Chamberlain was at one time "playing" for an Anglo-French naval conflict. The French writer evidently fears that, once the South African embroglio is out of the way, the more ambitious spirits who guide the destinies of the British Empire will once more turn their attention to France; and he naturally fears lest Japan should prove a powerful ally in the Far East, and he strongly advises that France and Russia should on their side enter into an alliance with China.

M. Jadot is evidently fascinated by the American religious and communistic societies, notably by the Shakers, whom he considers lineally descended from the "Camisards," who were persecuted and practically driven out of France in the eighteenth century, some taking refuge in England, and others in America. He describes, with evident admiration, the Amana Society, the outcome of a German religious movement established in the State of Iowa in 1843, and which has since prospered exceedingly—in fact, the society now owns 28,000 acres, and is divided into seven villages. Here may be seen an ideal republican community having solved the servant problem, all the work being done in common, all the food being consumed in restaurants. There is but one shop in each village, and there everything that is

necessary for human comfort, though not for luxury, may be purchased at cost price. There is no room in an Amana settlement for the lazy, or for the beggar; there is no police, and no precautions are taken against thieves. Public-houses are strictly prohibited, but in each village there is an inn or hotel.

La Revue.

In "La Revue" for March there is, as usual, great variety of interest. The enquete on Women's Suffrage in Belgium has been noticed elsewhere.

The Mastery of the Seas.

M. Alfred Duquet writes a forcible article, often verging on bitterness, the gist of which is that France is guilty of criminal, of suicidal folly in not developing to the uttermost her one means of defence—the submarine torpedo-boat. The submarine, put to its full use, would be the end of "our subjection to England." Invulnerable to France's other weapons, she is vulnerable to the submarine. France knows more about the submarine than any other nation. But whenever an inventor has come forward anxious to endow his country with an irresistible weapon, the Administration of Marine—M. Duquet's Black Bogey—discouraged them and put every possible obstacle in their way. They might easily have sold their invention to some more enterprising foreign Admiralty, but this they were above doing. M. Duquet quotes the words of Admiral Aube—a great man perpetually scoffed at as "living in the clouds." Speaking some years ago of a new French man-of-war, of which the French Admiralty were highly proud, Admiral Aube had the courage to exclaim: "All that only deceives the eye. Your ship is going down—a pre-historic thing, the worm-eaten framework of which will fall to pieces at the first shock."

Admiral Aube was right and the French Admiralty wrong. And now, says M. Duquet, here is every Power busy seeking the irresistible type of submarine; and to the Power which finds it will belong the mastery of the seas:—

Yes, abominable to relate, although she has good types, although she could make them still better, France alone does nothing, or almost nothing, to create a formidable flotilla of submarines. . . . Yes, we are going back; instead of increasing the tonnage of our fleet, it is being diminished. . . . Naturally, the English and Germans are free to sleep on both ears.

Since it is recognised, even by our admirals, that we are a hundred leagues from being able to fight with England, that our defeat is certain and that our ironclads and cruisers cannot and will not prevail over the English ironclads and cruisers, why persist in constructing ruinous and useless vessels when we have a way of annihilating their like of British build by those sea-thunderbolts known as submarines?

France is the only country in the world whose geographical position allows her to think of naval

war with England. In such war the English Channel must be held. It can only be held by submarines. Submarines must come; and the Power with the best fleet of them must dominate the seas till some other Power produces a Santos-Dumont who shall take possession of the air.

The Last Word of Islam to Europe.

This M. Finot gives us through the mouth of Sheikh Abdul Hagk, of Bagdad. A few extracts from this singular document will show its nature:—

For us in the world there are only believers and unbelievers, love, charity, fraternity towards believers; contempt, disgust, hatred, and war against unbelievers. Amongst unbelievers the most hateful and criminal are those who, while recognising God, attribute to Him earthly relationships, give Him a Son, a mother. . . . Learn then, European observers, that a Christian of no matter what position, from the simple fact that he is a Christian, is in our eyes a blind man fallen from all human dignity. . . . Other infidels have rarely been aggressive towards us. But Christians in all times have shown themselves our bitterest enemies. . . . The only excuse you offer is that you reproach us with being rebellious against your civilisation. Yes, rebellious, and rebellious till death! But it is you, and you alone, who are the cause of this. . . . Great God! are we blind enough not to see the prodigies of your progress? . . . But know, Christian conquerors, that no calculation, no treasure, no miracle can ever reconcile us to your impious rule. Know that the mere sight of your flag here is torture to Islam's soul; your greatest benefits are so many spots sullying our conscience, and our most ardent aspiration . . . is to reach the happy day when we can efface the last vestiges of your accursed Empire. . . . Before the Christian peril we have effaced the quarrels of our sects. . . . Islamic unity is rising from one end of the world to the other. . . . The cause of Islam's sterility. . . . is entirely in the fatal abyss created by your Churches between us and Western civilisation.

One European nation, with its religion divorced from its Government, might have been the ally of Islam—France. The rupture of the modern spirit with the ancient Church might once have assured to France “the enthusiastic support of a hundred nations carried by an unconquerable faith to one and the same God, to one and the same justice.” But it is with no unquenchable faith the Sheikh writes of France's rising to this glorious opportunity.

Count Tolstoy on Religious Tolerance.

Immediately after this cry of eternal hatred of the unbeliever, Count Tolstoy takes up his pen to prove that tolerance to those of another faith is of the very essence of Christianity. The Church, being a human institution, can only live by intolerance and persecution; Christianity, being a divine institution, cannot be anything but tolerant.

Mme. Pardo-Bazan contributes a curious article on the close connection of literature and politics in Spain.

Auguste Comte.

On March 23 last a statue was erected by the Positivists on the Place de la Sorbonne to Auguste

Comte. M. Louis de Busnes, in two long articles, traces the history of Comte's life and of the spread of the Positivist philosophy in different parts of the world, from France to Brazil.

Other Articles.

M. Melinaud takes tears as the subject of his article on “Why do We Cry?” He replies that more often than not we cry to excite pity, when we could very well prevent it if we wanted to do so.

Dr. Catanes discusses what is being done to cure madness by surgery; and Dr. Romme describes the light cure, especially for lupus.

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

The “Revue des Deux Mondes” for March fairly maintains its usual standard of excellence. We have noticed elsewhere M. Daudet's paper on Queen Victoria's visit to Ireland in 1843; and M. Bellesort's paper on Japanese society deserves notice. It must be admitted that the remaining articles are not of great interest to English readers. We may note, however, a delicately written paper on the Dantesque Comedy by Mlle. Lucie Felix-Faure, the daughter of the late President; while a paper by M. Dastre on the part played by the mosquito in the propagation of diseases is significant of the attention with which the experiments of Major Ronald Ross are being watched on the Continent.

The Italian Reviews.

The “Rassegna Nazionale,” March 16, publishes a long, melancholy description of the Italian founding hospitals, with some account of the reforms that have already been introduced in some places, notably at Milan and Rovigo, and of those recommended by a recent Commission of Enquiry. No one will question the urgent need of reform on reading that whereas the death-rate of legitimate babies under one year is 175 per 1,000, among foundlings it is 376 per 1,000, and in the Campagna it rises as high as 459. Yet this is not the only evil of a system which allows unmarried mothers to dispose of their offspring without fear of subsequent enquiries. It encourages illicit unions, deprives children of their parents' care, and owing to bad internal management frequently conduces to infantile immorality. It is now proposed that the old-fashioned founding hospitals, where a child can be deposited at the gate, should be abolished altogether, and that the necessary assistance should take the form of a small weekly sum to the mother to enable her to keep the child herself, or to some respectable peasant woman to take charge of it in her stead. Where orphanages for deserted children appear necessary they should

invariably be supervised by a skilled doctor. Unfortunately, as the author of the article points out, political questions take precedence of social questions in the Italian Parliament, as elsewhere, so the chance of this much-needed reform being carried seems remote.

In the "Nuova Antologia" (March 1) D. Angeli writes with personal knowledge and warm appreciation of the late Lord Dufferin, whom he describes as "an admirable dilettante, who knew how to enjoy life in its most perfect forms, and to create himself a world in which he could live at his ease." His talents, his charm of conversation, and his love of Italy combined to make him by far the most popular ambassador whom we have sent to Rome of recent years. In the same number an illustrated article on the walls of Bologna, with their delightful gateways, and another, also illustrated, on the celebrated pavement of Siena Cathedral, with due acknowledgment of Mr. H. Cust's recent volume on the subject, should interest all travellers in Italy. The growing interest in "feminism," which is one of the features of intellectual life in Italy to-day, finds confirmation in a series of articles on women's education in America, which Professor A. Mosso, of Turin, has started in the mid-March number. He writes of the various colleges in a most appreciative vein, and it is clear that the sight of female undergraduates, who were both hard-working and womanly, and of attractive lady-professors in cap and gown, shattered many of his national prejudices. Lovers of folklore will be interested in a very full account of the beautiful Esthonian epic-poem, "Kalevipoef," i.e., "The Son of Kalev," which, for the many who do not know the Esthonian tongue, can only be read to advantage in German, although an English prose translation does exist.

The Victor Hugo Centenary has had its echo in many of the Italian magazines, the most noteworthy article being contributed by the novelist A. Fogazzaro, to the "Nuova Antologia."

The Dutch Magazines.

Dealing first with the illustrated—and therefore more "popular"—magazines, the most interesting article is to be found in "Elsevier's Geillustreerd Maandschrift," and treats of a collection of boots and shoes of all countries. There is the old Spanish shoe, in leather and velvet, the heel of which seems to be coming apart from the shoe proper; the Chinese, of silk and velvet, looking something like one shoe on another; the product of Tunis ("Koeb-Keb") is made of white wood, and has the appearance of a chopper; and others, both curious and interesting, are illustrated and described in the article. The continuation of the

article on "The Land of the Khmers" comes next in point of interest. The illustrations are of some of the ruins of Angkor-Wat, in Cambodia, described in school geographies as the "most remarkable monuments of Further India." The Khmers—one would like to know exactly how to pronounce the name!—are worth becoming acquainted with; they are possessed by a warlike spirit, among other qualifications, and go into battle "like the heroes of Homer," says the writer. Articles on Dutch art, stories, and editorial chat are included in the contents.

"Woord en Beeld" (freely translated, "Pen and Pencil"), gives articles on Sonsbeek, an estate near Arnhem, and Old Flemish Towns, both illustrated; they engender the wish that the summer holidays were here, so that the reader might go over the same ground. The "celebrity" for this month is Dr. Bronsveld, one of the great sons of the Protestant Reformed Church, a sturdy antagonist of Rome. The writer says that Dr. Bronsveld is not very popular, because he speaks the truth fearlessly; and the portrait accompanying the article enables one to believe it without difficulty. Holland, as we know, is not the only country where a man gets himself disliked for speaking out! A story, music, and an instalment of a novel, given as a supplement, complete the number.

The heavier reviews are headed by "De Gids"; this review usually leads off with a novel or a short story, and this month the celebrated Dutch novelist, Louis Couperus, gives us two legends, of which "The Unholy Heritage" is the more dramatic. Professor A. G. Van Hamel deals in his usual scholarly and thorough style with French Symbolists. Professor van Hamel is at home in French literature, not to mention other things, and one may be sure of something good from his pen. The writer of an experience of quarantine on the Iles du Frioul, Marseilles, certainly should not wish to repeat it. The essay on Dutch Naval Strength shows us that even Holland is troubled about its navy. For a long period the navy had but scant attention, but during the last decade there was a change, and the introduction of electricity, quick-firing guns and other modern improvements for the destruction of one's fellow-creatures has brought the Dutch navy more into line. Mr. van Rossum writes of the ships and the men in an exhaustive manner, regrets the lack of experience in certain officers, whom he does not mention, but classes as the "older officers," and touches on the question of hygiene in the Indian fleet.

"Vragen des Tijds" has an article on another burning question—the revision of the tariff. He deals with the flow of goods from the Rhine, more

than nine million tons, of which two-thirds come under the head of free of duty. The German invasion of Holland will probably be checked to some extent, although there is a desire to do nothing that will seriously hamper trade. "The Purification of Waste Water" and a political essay make up the current issue.

German Magazines.

The "Deutsche Revue" contains a review of Dr. Conan Doyle's book on the war in South Africa, and regrets that, although given away free in Germany, it receives no attention to speak of; for after all, says the reviewer, it may be taken to represent the views of the educated classes in England. There is also an open letter to the Dutch Prime Minister, praising him for his efforts on behalf of peace. Dr. Cabanes contributes one or two Victor Hugo anecdotes. From these it would appear that the great poet had a very high opinion of himself, and corresponded with most of the sovereigns of Europe on terms of equality.

Hugo von Hofmannsthal contributes an essay upon Victor Hugo to the "Deutsche Rundschau," dealing chiefly with the picture of the world shown in his works. It makes interesting reading, and a few well-chosen quotations give force and point to his view of the poet. Eleonore von Bojanowski concludes her articles upon Huder and Duchess Louise.

"Nord und Sud" publishes its 300th number this month. In a foreword by the editor its history is traced from its foundation exactly a quarter of a century ago. Beginning shortly after the creation of the German Empire, it has witnessed and chronicled marvellous changes and immense strides in commerce, in social development, in literature. We wish our contemporary every success during the next twenty-five years, in which it will, without doubt, continue to keep up its high reputation. The article which touches those most in England is that by Karl Blind, entitled "India's

Need and Russia's Goal." He quotes Mr. Digby's book pretty largely, and the view of Indian affairs is rather gloomy.

Ulrich von Hassell gives some interesting figures about German colonies in the "Monatsschrift für Stadt und Land." It appears that the total white population in the four African possessions is only 5,571! Of these 3,760 are Germans, and these are largely composed of troops and officials. The increase since 1896 is only some 2,300 whites. Turning to the South Sea colonies the figures are little better. Omitting Kiautschau, there are only 6,500 whites living there, Samoa contributing 950 to the total. The trade returns show an increase of 16 million marks on imports into the African colonies, being now 36 millions; but the exports have only increased 2 million marks since 1896, when the value of exports was 11 million marks. The Pacific possessions have a total trade return of 57 million marks, whilst in 1898 they had only 32 million. The total German trade with all colonies appears to be only 25 million marks—almost twice what it was five years ago. The writer gives many other particulars about the colonies, and his article will be of great use to those interested in the development of German enterprise overseas. Constantin von Zeppelin contributes his third paper upon the relations between King Frederick William IV. and his Prime Minister Manteuffel.

"Ueber Land und Meer" contains a finely illustrated article upon icebergs and the wonderful attraction of the world of ice. The photographs of the bergs are splendidly done and give a good idea of their impressive grandeur. Gustav Meinecke writes upon the wonderful development of Schöneberg, one of the suburbs of Berlin. Photographs of the principal buildings and streets accompany the article. Yet another article on Victor Hugo is contributed by L. Silverthof. The telephone system of Berlin is ably described by Otto Jentsch. The photograph of the huge central office interior is especially good.

"Notable Essex Girls" form the subject of the second paper in the "Girl's Realm" on "Girls that the Counties are Proud of." Prominent, indeed first, among them is the Countess of Warwick, who is identified with the Essex Needlework Guild, the Dunmow Nursing Association (Dunmow is the place where she has a country house in Essex), and the Lady Warwick School at Bigod's Hall, Dunmow.

In the "Quiver" for April, "A Century of Englishwomen's Work" is described by Mr. D. L. Woolmer. The work is entirely of a philanthro-

pical character, such as that done by Mrs. Fry and Miss Nightingale. The article recalls the fact that when women first began to organise Soldiers' Homes, the idea struck society as outrageous. Miss Robinson, the pioneer of such work, heard her name bawled about the streets of Portsmouth in a music-hall song. She heard, also, that she was burnt on Southsea Common, and a man dressed to look as much like her as possible paraded about on a scraggy pony followed by an admiring mob. But these were the days of pioneer work—now long past.

SCIENCE OF THE MONTH.

Electric Waves and the Brain.

In the wireless telegraph, electric or Hertzian waves in the ether cause metal dust to "cohere," and Mr. A. F. Collins, in the "Electrical World and Engineer," February 22 (120 Liberty-street, New York, 10 cents), gives results of his experiments, showing that they also make the cells of the brain in man or other animals cohere. He was led to the research by the alleged suffering of persons, especially the nervous, gouty, or rheumatic, from thunderstorms. He cites the case of a girl of eight, residing in Germanstown, Philadelphia, who fell into convulsions at thunder and lightning, and when a house a quarter of a mile distant was struck, expired. The death was ascribed to fright, but Mr. Collins put it down to electric waves. The apparatus he employed in his experiments was like that of Hertz, giving a spark 2 centimetres long, and electric waves of 30 centimetres. Brain cells, living or dead, substituted for an ordinary carbon "coherer," were found to cohere like it; that is to say, their electrical resistance fell. The "grey" was more sensitive to the waves than the "white" matter of the human brain. The rust-coloured matter in the cerebellum was most, and the medulla, where the nerves centre, the least sensitive part observed. One day, in trying to measure the resistance of the brain with a Wheatstone balance, he saw the galvanometer needle swing without apparent cause from side to side, showing a rise and fall of resistance for which he could not account, until a thunderclap told of an approaching storm, and led him to prove that the electric waves caused by lightning discharges also exert a cohering action on the brain. When the storm was at its height he replaced the galvanometer by a telephone, and heard sounds from the cohering of the brain similar to those of dipping red-hot metal into water. In trying to explain the pathological effects of thunderstorms he suggests that electric waves acting on the cerebrum are transmitted to the diseased part of the anatomy. The cerebellum seems to be a kind of governor of muscular movements, and the waves may aggravate existing disorders. The muscles at the base of a living brain subjected to the waves were seen to convulse or twitch, and it is interesting to add that over a century ago, Galvani's assistant while touching frogs' limbs with a scalpel saw them twitch every time a spark was drawn from an electric machine, doubtless owing

ing to electric waves. Mr. Collins concludes that "coherence" by electric waves is manifested through the nervous system, and what is called "fear" is often due to these waves. The brain cells are more affected than the brain fibres; they are affected in health or disease, and the waves from lightning may even cause death. The same journal in an editorial points out the bearing of these experiments on the hypothesis of telepathy being a result of ether waves passing from one brain to another. The "Electrician" (London), March 14, also suggests that electric waves of the wireless telegraph might produce a similar cohering of the brain, perhaps in some cases dangerous. It may be added that this nervous effect of electric waves, causing prostration and a "throbbing sensation" during flashes of lightning, was surmised in the "Romance of Electricity" (Munro), p. 67, published 1893.

Repeater for the Wireless Telegraph.

Soon after Marconi introduced his wireless telegraph it was shown by an English writer in the "Globe" that practically any distance—for example, England to America—could be covered by employing "relays" at intervals to receive and forward the message. M. Emile Guarini, of Brussels, has invented a repeating relay for the purpose, which is described in the "Scientific American," March 8 (Munn and Co., 361 Broadway, New York, 8 cents), with illustrations by Mr. A. F. Collins. It is more difficult to send ether messages over land than over sea, owing to obstructions from buildings, hills, etc., and a transmitter capable of signalling 100 miles over water may only cover 25 miles over land. Hence there is more need of relays for land than sea use. M. Guarini worked out his apparatus in telegraphing between Brussels and Antwerp, 25 miles apart, with a repeating relay at Malines, a town on an eminence between. In Brussels the antennae or elevated wires, 90 feet high, were fixed on the Column of Congress, at Malines on the Tower of St. Rombaut, and at Antwerp on the tower of Notre Dame. The relay is of the electro-magnetic switch order used in wire telegraphy, but is operated by a coherer in connection with the antennae which receive the electric waves from the atmosphere. Care is taken to prevent the outgoing or relayed signals from interfering with the incoming signals to be relayed. It is, of course, automatic, and is said to work well.

Weakly Babies and Sterilised Milk.

Ten years ago a baby atrophied or feeble from intestinal troubles, or a seven months' child, was nursed on the breast; but it is now feasible to rear such weaklings by the methodical and exclusive employment of sterilised milk. A practical trial of the system has been made by M. G. Variot at his Goutte de Lait, Belleville, Paris, and the results are given, with statistical curves, in the "Revue Scientifique," February 22 (19 Rue des Saints-Peres, Paris, 60 centimes). The success of the sterilised milk is an important fact, because it will gradually do away with hired wet nurses, and women of the poorer classes who cannot nurse their own children may still hope to preserve their own weaklings, although unable to pay for a wet nurse.

Talking and Musical Arc.

It is an old observation that the electric arc sometimes emits a humming sound made by the "brushes" of the dynamo supplying the current, and this fact has led to the invention of a talking or singing arc, in short a telephone arc, which 's the latest electric marvel. The best arc for the purpose has carbons with solid cores like those of Siemens. A telephone transmitter is required, that is to say a microphone and a battery in circuit with the primary wire of an induction coil, and the secondary wire of the coil is connected to the two carbons. The telephone transmitter and the arc may be in separate rooms or further apart, provided the connecting wires are long enough. On speaking, singing, or playing into the microphone, the arc reproduces the sounds. An illustrated description of the arrangement of MM. Heller, Coudray and Co. appears in "La Nature," March 1 (Masson et Cie, 120 Boulevard Saint-Germain, Paris, 50 centimes), and the "Electrician," March 7 (Salisbury Court, Fleet-street, London, 6d.), contains a notice of the experiments of Mr. Duddell at the Royal Institution, including his "wireless telephone" made by causing the light of the sonorous arc to fall on selenium cells in circuit, with a battery and a telephone receiver. The light, varying with the sonorous current, varies the resistance of the selenium, and with it the current in the telephone, which therefore emits the sounds. The sounds, in fact, are conveyed through space from the arc to the selenium cells by the beam of light, but in a different manner from the "photophone" of Professor Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone.

Alcohol for Lighting and Heating.

The French and Germans above all are giving their attention to the use of alcohol for petroleum in lamps and stoves or motor-cars, their object

being to benefit their farmers, and avoid importing petroleum. The governments encourage experiments on the subject, and exhibitions of apparatus, including alcohol engines, have been held. A long illustrated paper by M. Lindet on the lighting and heating appliances at the French exhibition of last year is given in the "Bulletin de la Societe d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale," February 28 (office of the Societe, 44 Rue de Rennes, Paris). He concludes that, while petroleum has certain advantages over alcohol or carburetted alcohol, the latter is preferable on the whole because it has no smell in burning, no smoke, or dirt. For heating, petroleum is rather cheaper at present, but is not so cleanly as alcohol.

Reversal of Photographic Images.

Mr. M. J. Wiebert, in the "Journal of the Franklin Institute," March (Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, U.S., 50 cents), describes his experiments with sensitive photographic plates, in which the negative picture given a short exposure, was turned into a positive picture by long exposure. He also shows a way of making negatives without the use of a dark room.

Ability and the Head.

Dr. Karl Pearson, M.R.S., of University College, has with the help of others, ladies and gentlemen, made a study of the physical measurements of Cambridge students and their careers, to find if there is any relation between mental ability and the size and shape of the head. All the subjects being of like nurture and habits, there was less chance of mistake than if they belonged to different classes. The results go to confirm an earlier deduction of Dr. Lee, namely, that there is no marked correlation between ability and the size or shape of the head. They are also borne out by an investigation of Dr. Karl Pearson on school children, and are given in the "Proceedings of the Royal Society," March 7 (Harrison and Sons, 45 St. Martin's-lane, W.C., 2s. 6d.). His final conclusion is that very brilliant men "may possibly have a very slightly larger head than their fellows, but taking the general population, there is really a very insignificant association between size of head and ability." For practical purpose it seems impossible to judge of ability by size of head.

New Flying Machines.

The Villard aviator is a helical aeroplane or parachute, rather like a gigantic Japanese umbrella in appearance, namely, a circular disc mounted on a vertical stem, which carries the seat of the aeronaut, the rudder, and propelling mechanism—that is, an aerial screw driven by a motor. Stability is given to the machine by revolving the para-

chute horizontally on the pegtop or gyroscopic principle. The helical form of the parachute prevents it from sinking rapidly to the ground, provided it is in rotation. The weight of the whole is about 700 lbs., including the aeronaut. It is illustrated in the "Scientific American," March 8. Other flying machines of Van Kresz, Hofmann, and Whitehead, all different aeroplanes, are illustrated and described in "De Natuur," February 15 (J. G. Broese, Utrecht, Holland).

Help in Asphyxiation.

Professor N. Grehan, Museum of Natural History, Paris, is led by experiments, given in "La Nature," March 8, to conclude that in cases of poisoning or asphyxiation by carbonic acid gas the first thing to do is to admit fresh air to the

patient, and if this does not soon revive him supply oxygen to his lungs by inhalation or artificial respiration. The oxygen drives the carbonic oxide from the blood. He therefore recommends that oxygen in bags should be kept for sale by pharmacists.

Blue Light and Tuberculosis.

Herr G. Kaiser finds that bacilli of pulmonary consumption are killed in thirty minutes by the light of an arc lamp concentrated by a lens of blue glass or methylene blue. These pure blue rays pass through the body, as proved by photography, and therefore can destroy bacilli in any part of the lungs. Patients treated showed marked improvement after six days. Blue light, free of red rays (according to his paper in the "Wiener Klinische Wochenschrift," No. 7, 1902), is also a mild anaesthetic, diminishing pain.

The effect of war-loans on trade and prices is discussed by Mr. J. C. MacDonald in the "Economic Journal." His conclusion is:—

The effect of war loans is not to divert any of that vast capital which is employed in manufactures, but temporarily to abstract floating funds from the money market for the direct purchase of all the commodities needed by an army in the field. Such a movement of money involves no appreciable diminution in the supply of any commodity, but a direct and sudden increase in the demand. This acts as a stimulus to trade, and for a time prices are high and times are good. But war expenditure is non-productive, and therefore constitutes a drain upon our resources, which, continued long enough, will cripple trade and impoverish the nation.

In other words, it is a sort of economic dram-drinking which a strong head can stand with increased energy—for a while.

Mr. Henry Broadhurst, M.P., is the subject of an interesting interview by Mr. A. P. Grubb in the "Young Man." Mr. Broadhurst admits that the influence of the House of Commons has declined of late, but he expects that one day a new Gladstone or Bright will arise to restore the House to its old position. So even the sturdy democrat's hope, it appears, rests not so much in the machinery of election, or in the people who elect, as in the God-sent hero. A curious witness to Carlyle's faith.

"Gentleman's" for April is an exceptionally attractive number. Mr. J. Hudson's discussion of friendship deserves separate notice. A charming

sketch of Thoreau, full of his life and the impulse of his thought, is given by S. E. Saville. The sonnet from Milton to Wordsworth, as studied by J. M. Attenborough, seems to have suffered eclipse, but rose with Nature to favour in the nineteenth century. A lively paper on British beetles in masquerade, by Rev. John Isabell, shows how they have realised the inedibility of such creatures as the ladybird and the soldier and sailor, and the dangerous qualities of wasps, bees, etc.; and have mimicked their tints with shameless pertinacity. So certain beetles wear the stripes of the wasp and affect its walking movements. Mr. Ernest Lowry gives much information concerning the Zirians, a Turanian group of some 120,000 people, distinct in language and customs from the Russians, scattered through the northern provinces of the Tsar's empire.

An amusingly ill-timed piece of profanity is, according to Mr. Bryden, in "Temple Bar," recorded by Sir Theophilus Shephstone of the famous South African Governor, Sir Harry Smith:—

"Sir Harry," he says, "always read part of the service on Sunday morning at Grahamstown, and was so particular that all should come that he imposed a fine of half-a-crown on every absentee. He read extremely well, and was very proud of it. One Sunday a dog came into the room when service was going on, and began to create a disturbance. Sir Harry stood it for a little while, then, in the middle of prayer, said suddenly, 'Take that d—d dog away!' after which he continued his prayer in the same tone as before."

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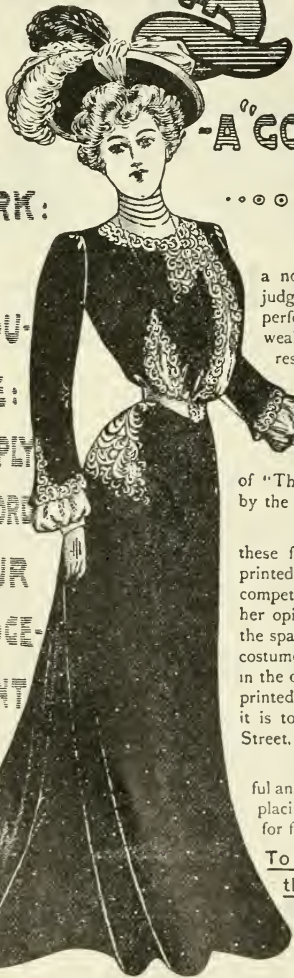
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The proprietors of 'The New Idea' have decided to conduct a novel "Good-Taste" Competition. Their object is to test the judgment of the women of Australasia on the absorbing question of perfection in dress. A number of firms throughout the Commonwealth and New Zealand, regarded as the leaders of style in their respective cities, have agreed, for the special purposes of this competition, to attire a living model in a walking costume which, in their opinion, represents the height of the coming summer's fashion. Photographs of the models will be reproduced on plate paper and as full pages in August, September, October, and November issues of "The New Idea," each picture being numbered, and accompanied by the name of the firm responsible for the model.

Subscribers to 'The New Idea' are asked to carefully preserve these four issues. In the November number will be published a printed form containing numbered spaces. In the space marked "I" competitor is to fill in the number and title of the costume which, in her opinion, most nearly pictures the perfection of style in dress. In the space marked "II," must be filled in the number and title of the costume considered second best. In the other spaces must be recorded, in the order of merit, the numbers and titles of the remaining costumes printed in the four issues already referred to. When list is completed it is to be posted to the editor of "The New Idea," 167-9 Queen Street, Melbourne, marked on envelope "Good-Taste Competition",

On January 1, 1903, all letters received will be opened and a careful analysis made of all voting-papers. A special list will be prepared, placing the costume first which receives the greatest number of votes for first place, and so on in the order of voting until list is completed.

To the subscriber whose list most nearly agrees with this special "majority" list, the proprietors of "The New Idea" will pay the sum of Fifty Pounds Cash.

If two or more lists are the same, the amount will be equally divided.

CONDITIONS OF "GOOD TASTE" COMPETITION.

The only condition to be observed is that every competitor, at the time of making award, is on our books as a full yearly or five-yearly subscriber to "The New Idea." The decision of the editor is to be regarded as final. When award is made, pictures will be reproduced in one issue in the order of merit decided by the votes cast.

Send 3/- now, for the first year (or a five years' subscription of 10/-), and thus make yourself eligible for this competition. (Subscribers to Drawing Room Edition are also eligible.) "The New Idea" itself is worth treble the money. It contains as much genuine high-class reading matter as any ninepenny magazine.

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF THE MONTH IN AUSTRALASIA.

By "AUSTRALIAN."

The Trade Position.

Unsatisfactory reports continue to come to hand from the whole of the eastern half of the Commonwealth. The rainfall, except in parts of Western Australia, appears to have been deficient over the entire continent; but the drought is most severe in the States of New South Wales and Queensland. Victoria and South Australia want rain very badly indeed for agricultural purposes, and everywhere feed for stock is scarce. Unless an immediate change occurs, the outlook will become very serious. Already we can prophesy with certainty for this year—

1. A reduced wool clip.
2. A smaller cultivated area.
3. Smaller dairy production.

The reduction in all cases depends on the time the drought lasts. It has never been as severe as at present, and, so far, there is no prospect of a change. Altogether, it looks as if the Commonwealth will receive less from its natural industries in 1902 than for some considerable time past.

With small production and smaller returns to the people, it is only natural that trade should be reduced. This expectation, which we voiced some months ago, is

unfortunately being fully realised. We have no desire to pose as pessimists, but, at the same time, cautious warnings before are better than much lachrymose regret after a disaster. The winter is to be a bad commercial one. In Melbourne, merchants complain of poor town trade and reduced country buyings; still, trade keeps fairly sound, and doubtless previous experiences have given the public a lesson which will tend to prevent risky business. In New South Wales the position is less satisfactory. Even heavy government expenditure fails to prevent the depression growing, and on all sides complaints are numerous. Trade is falling off, while stocks held by merchants are heavy. Renewals of bills are frequent, and, in fact, becoming a general occurrence, and there appear to be the makings of a first-class disaster in the "Mother" State. Of Queensland, the less said the better. A long-continued drought and questionable government have led to a very severe depression, and, as the former continues and the latter has only been partly removed, prospects are not bright. Very large reductions are promised, and some are being made in the public service. Unfortunately, these reductions are usually filled again immediately the first signs of returning prosperity are noted, and generally by friends of the party in power. South Australia moves along slowly, but is wisely refraining from pushing public expenditure. Western Australia is the Cinderella of the group, and while her elder sisters are, for the time being, depressed, she is brightening up, and there are the makings of a mild boom in the western centre. Tasmania is quiet, but sound. Altogether, the next few months will call for a display of a considerable amount of caution on the part of both commercial and financial men in the eastern half of the Commonwealth.

PHŒNIX



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The Trade of Australia and New Zealand in 1901.

The trade of Australasia in 1901 was larger than in any other period of its history. The figures so far available include the movements between the States and colony, and do not, so far, differentiate between inter-State and foreign trade. Accepting the gross figures, however, we find that, while the imports into the Commonwealth decreased by £1,339,647, the exports increased by £1,904,606. Including New Zealand, the decrease in imports was only £167,828, while exports increased by £1,539,869. Taking the total trade—that is, the gross import and export figures of the Commonwealth and Australasia—we have the following:—

TOTAL TRADE.

	Australia.	Australasia.
1861	£48,364,149	£52,228,207
1871	60,075,247	69,435,524
1881	88,193,056	101,710,967
1891	128,696,039	144,766,285
1899	140,636,667	161,314,635
1900	141,160,818	165,053,075
1901	141,725,777	166,425,116

In the last three years the border movements of stock from Queensland, representing, say, £600,000 per annum, are excluded.

The foregoing comparison is one of considerable interest. It shows conclusively that the Australasians are not an idle people, for, even allowing that the inter-State figures are included, there are few countries on this

earth which can show an annual trade of £36 10s. per head of the entire population.

Taking the import trade separately, it is noticeable that Victoria and Western Australia are the only two to show increases, the other four Australian States declining. New Zealand gained considerably. The individual figures are as follow:—

	Import Trade.	
	1900.	1901.
New South Wales...	£27,561,071	£26,928,218
Victoria	18,301,817	18,880,040
South Australia...	8,034,551	7,371,588
Queensland	5,080,673	6,070,706
Western Australia...	5,962,178	6,454,171
Tasmania	2,073,657	1,969,577
Commonwealth ..	£69,013,947	£67,674,300
New Zealand	10,646,096	11,817,915
Australasia	£79,660,043	£79,492,215
Decrease in Australian imports ..		£1,339,647
Decrease in Australasian imports..		167,828

In the export trade, Victoria and Western Australia again showed considerable progress, while an advance was also noted in Tasmania. The other three Australian States all showed decreases, and a like movement was noticeable in New Zealand. The decline in New Zealand may be laid at the door of low prices for frozen mutton and crossbred wools. The decrease in New South Wales was considerable. The individual figures are appended:—

	Export Trade.	
	1900.	1901.
New South Wales...	£28,164,516	£27,351,124
Victoria	17,422,552	18,646,096
South Australia...	8,029,137	8,010,934
Queensland	9,067,975	8,611,044
Western Australia ..	6,852,054	8,515,023
Tasmania	2,610,617	2,916,656
Commonwealth ..	£72,146,871	£74,051,477
New Zealand	13,246,161	12,881,424
Australasia	£85,393,032	£86,932,901
Increase in Australian exports ..		£1,904,606
Increase in Australasian exports ..		1,339,869

The figures are satisfactory.

The excess of exports over imports of Australia only for 1900 was £3,130,000, and for Australasia, £5,730,000. In 1901 the excess of exports over imports for Australia only was £6,377,000, and for the whole of Australasia, £7,440,000. Taking the trade figures as an index, we are of the opinion that both Victoria and Western Australia in 1901 were the only States of the Commonwealth to show material progress, the other four showing retrogression, particularly New South Wales and Queensland, and, allowing for the free borrowings of the latter and its imports to meet tariff speculators' wants, we have little hesitation in stating that her import trade for 1901 about reached its highest point for some considerable time to come. In view of the facts set forth at the opening of this article, we consider it would be the reverse of wise to calculate on an increase in Australian trade in 1902. Not only will shorter production influence materially the purchasing power of the people, but the tariff in its incidence is very much protectionist, and its tendency must be towards Australia manufacturing more of its own requirements, and importing less of the goods of outside nations. Unfortunately, as a debtor country, and one continually borrowing, our trade figures are always more or less influenced by these financial factors; but we think the opinions expressed here will be generally agreed with.

Australia's Gold Production.

The West Australian gold production is increasing steadily, and 1902 was fair to be an excellent record.

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Box 440, G.P.O.,

MELBOURNE.



Goldfields managers are being gradually weeded out, until there is but little room for the speculative and generally ignorant persons whose sole desire is to boom properties under their care. In Victoria, though the returns for the four months show a decline, there is a tendency towards recovery now being shown, and further improvement following on the rise in April may be expected. Elsewhere, except at Charters Towers, which maintains its reputation for being the best and most honourably managed, as well as the most stable, goldfield in Australia, little of notice has cropped up. The figures for the production for the first four months of the year are appended:—

	1901. Oz.	1902. Oz.
Western Australia	552,867	681,887
Queensland	245,171	241,400
Victoria	234,839	229,781
New South Wales	84,090	110,650
Tasmania	24,228	17,646
Total	1,140,395	1,281,364

The increase for Australia is 140,969 oz., of which 129,820 oz. is credited to Western Australia.

Gold movements in 1901 are of interest, and, accepting the official figures, we find that there was an increase of £711,591 for the year. The value of the gold production of Australasia in 1901 was, approximately, £16,300,000; hence, after allowing for exports and the gold stocks of the colonies, it increased by about £2,315,000 during the year, of course allowance having to be made for use in the arts and for jewellery from this total.

The Position of Wool.

It is now becoming plain that a very serious reduction in the wool clip of Australia must take place this year, and naturally this tends to materially improve the prospects of prices for all merinos and fine comebacks, which form by far the greatest part of the Australian production. It is almost the usual thing now to note recurring advances at the London sales, and we believe that soon the position will become so plain to home buyers that even stronger rises will be noted. During 1901 the net exports of wool from the Commonwealth advanced by £1,701,161; but New Zealand's total fell heavily. The particulars of the movements can be gleaned from the following table, compiled from official sources just made available:—

	Imports.		Exports.	
	1900. £	1901. £	1900. £	1901. £
N. S. Wales	694,756	431,817	8,342,612	9,467,254
Victoria	1,927,677	1,739,868	4,217,018	4,249,095
S. Australia	330,457	224,869	1,312,008	1,256,145
Queensland	4,077	—	2,199,370	2,109,068
W. Australia	—	—	270,718	378,135
Tasmania	4,969	1,325	261,214	280,347
Commonw.	2,961,936	2,397,879	16,602,940	17,740,044
N. Zealand	1,007	37,744	4,749,196	3,707,386
Australasia	2,962,943	2,435,623	21,352,136	21,447,430

	1900.	1901.
Net wool exports of Commonwealth	£13,641,004	£15,342,165
Net wool exports of Australasia	18,389,193	19,011,807

No such movement as shown above can be expected for 1902 unless, of course, values rise to a point sufficient to more than make up for decreased production. Messrs. Dalgety and Co. show the exports of wool from July 1, 1901, to the end of April, 1902, thus:—

	Bales.
1900	1,509,746
1901	1,507,491
1902	1,543,351

THE BANK OF AUSTRALASIA

(Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1835.)

Paid-up Capital ...	£1,600,000
Reserve Fund (of which £500,000 is invested in 2½ per cent. Consols at 90, the remainder being used in the business of the bank) ...	995,000
Reserve Liability of Proprietors under the Charter ...	1,600,000
	<u>£4,195,000</u>

SIXTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the Bank of Australasia, with the Accounts for the Half-Year to 14th October, 1901, presented to the Proprietors at the Annual General Meeting, held on Thursday, March 27, 1902, at one o'clock.

REPORT.

The Directors submit to the Proprietors the Balance Sheet as at 14th October last, with the Profit Account for the half-year to that date. After providing for rebate on bills current, for British and Colonial rates and taxes, and for all bad and doubtful debts, the net profit for the half-year amounted to £140,077 9s. 8d.

From this sum, increased by £11,135 7d. brought forward from the previous half-year, the Directors have appropriated £40,000 to the Reserve Fund, and £20,000 in reduction of the cost of bank premises, leaving a net disposable balance of £94,237 5s. 8d., of which the Dividend declared will absorb £80,000, and there will then remain £14,237 5s. 8d. to be carried forward to next account.

Since the date of the last report a branch of the Bank has been opened at Lennonsville, in Western Australia.

The Dividend declared is at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, or £2 per share for the half-year, and will be payable, free of income tax, in London and in the Colonies, on the 29th inst.

4 Threadneedle-street, London, 17th March, 1902.

C. W. FREMANTLE, Chairman.

PROFIT ACCOUNT from April 15, 1901 to October 14, 1901.

Undivided Profit, April 15, 1901 ...	£94,159 15 7
Less: Dividend, October, 1901 ...	80,000 0 0
	<u>£14,159 15 7</u>
Profit for the half-year to October 14, 1901, after deducting Rebate on Bills Current at balance date (£8,432 9s. 2d.), and making provision for all bad and doubtful debts ...	£974,061 15 1
LESS—	
I. Charges of Management—	
Colonial—	
Salaries and Allowances to the Colonial Staff, including the Superintendent's Department, and 153 Branches and Agencies ...	£80,779 5 7
General Expenses, including Rent, Repairs, Stationery, Travelling, &c. ...	22,825 12 2
London—	
Salaries ...	8,171 4 0
General Expenses ...	2,679 7 4
	<u>£113,935 9 1</u>
II. Rates and Taxes—	
Colonial ...	£11,137 6 3
London ...	8,891 10 1
	<u>20,028 16 4</u>
	133,934 5 5
	<u>140,077 9 8</u>
Total amount of unappropriated profit	£154,237 5 3
From which deduct—	
For transfer to Reserve Fund ...	40,000 0 0
For reduction in cost of bank premises ...	20,000 0 0
	<u>60,000 0 0</u>
Leaving available for Dividend ...	<u>£94,237 5 3</u>

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, October 14, 1901.

Cr.

LIABILITIES.

Circulation ...	£432,868 0 0
Deposits ...	13,873,370 12 8
Bills payable, and other liabilities ...	3,374,977 3 9
	<u>£16,736,215 16 5</u>
Capital ...	£1,600,000 0 0
Reserve Fund ...	995,000 0 0
(Of which £500,000 is invested in 2½ per cent. Consols at 90, the remainder being used in the business of the bank)	
Profit Account, undivided balance ...	94,237 5 3
	<u>2,689,237 5 3</u>
	<u>£19,425,453 1 8</u>

ASSETS.

Specie, bullion, and cash balances ...	£2,977,526 4 0
Loans at call and at short notice ...	752,000 0 0
British Government Securities ...	1,021,339 18 5
Indian and Colonial Government Securities ...	360,954 3 8
	<u>£5,111,820 6</u>
Bills receivable, advances on securities and other assets ...	13,990,456 5 10
Bank premises in Australia, New Zealand, and London ...	333,176 9 9
	<u>£19,425,453 1 8</u>

F. H. BLOGG, Accountant.

R. W. JEANS, Manager.

We have examined the cash and securities in London, and the London Books, and have verified the transfers from the several branches in the colonies, and we beg to report that, in our opinion, the foregoing is a full and fair balance-sheet of the bank, and that it exhibits a true and correct view of the state of the bank's affairs as shown by the books.

WELTON, JONES & CO., Auditors.

London, March 12, 1902.

It is expected that the year will close with a decrease. The chief point of interest in the market of late has been the recovery in crossbred wools, values for which were down to a very low level. We look for a continuance of improving prices, for consumption is again rapidly overtaking production.

Grain Production.

Prospects for the new season are the reverse of favourable, owing to the prolonged drought. Farmers have been unable to continue ploughing, and where early sowings were made of wheat, it is probable re-sowing will have to be done. A good rain before the close of May would be of immense benefit, and it is probable that, if this did occur, while a reduction in sowings must take place, the falling off would not be very considerable. In the meantime, prices for all grain continue to rule at almost famine levels. We compare prices now ruling with those in force at the opening of the year:—

	January.	May.
Wheat	3s.	4s. 4½d.
Flour	£6 15s.	£9 10s., £10
Oats (Algerian)	2s. 2d.	3s. 1d., 3s. 3d.
Burley (prime)	4s.	4s. 9d.
Maize (prime flat)	2s. 10½d.	4s. 5d.
Peas (Duns HT)	3s. 3d.	4s.
Barley	10½d.	14½d.
Pollard	10½d.	15½d.
Onions	£3	£7 10s.
Potatoes	£3 10s.	£5. £5 5s.
Hay (sheaf)	£2 15s., £3	£3 5s., £3 10s.
Chaff	£3. £3 7s. 6d.	£3 15s., £4

In all cases considerable advances have taken place, and though fluctuations must be looked for during the next few months, gradually advancing prices are certain.

Financial Mems.

The Fresh Food and Frozen Storage Company, Limited, is to be sold to a syndicate for £5,223. This is the Victorian concern. The syndicate pays all the liabilities, including bank overdraft, £24,000.

The North Wimmera Flour Milling Company is to go into liquidation. Flour milling is in a poor state in Australia.

Buckley and Nunn Proprietary, Limited, has been floated in London, with a capital of £300,000. into a limited company.

Toohy's Brewery, Sydney, has been turned into a limited liability company, with a capital of £550,000. The profits in 1901 were nearly £60,000.

Burns, Philp and Co., Limited, earned £55,219 net profit for the year ended March 31 last, this being the best year the company ever had. A dividend of 8 per cent. was paid, and reserves are increased to about £250,000, against a paid up capital of £275,000.

Some sensational tin developments are reported from the region of Stannary Hills and Smith's Creek, Queensland. Shares have been the medium of considerable speculation.

Reported that an attempt will be made to float a combination of milk companies in Victoria and Sydney.

Tea-room companies in Victoria and Sydney have been proved unprofitable, according to recent balance-sheets.

The insolvency of W. H. Dodd and Co., of Melbourne, showed a deficiency of £12,811. The firm traded as shipping brokers and agents.

Reported that an attempt will be made to combine three of the largest dairy produce firms in Victoria.

A real ice skating rink is to be laid down by a company being floated, called the Canadian Real Ice Skating Company, Limited. The idea should catch on.

MERCANTILE MUTUAL FIRE

Insurance Company Ltd.

FIRE INSURANCES AT LOWEST RATES.

Policies cover all losses by Bush Fires, Lightning and Gas Expl. sion, in addition to the ordinary risk from Fire.

A Cash Bonus paid to Policy Holders each year. **£141,682** has been divided in Cash Bonuses during the last Eighteen years.



Head Offices: The Freehold Property of the Company

120 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

KELSO KING, Manager.

Melbourne Office: 9 QUEEN STREET.

DIRECTORS:

RANDAL J. ALCOCK, Esq., J.P.

JAMES M. GILLESPIE, Esq.

M. T. SADLER, RESIDENT SECRETARY.

Insurance News and Notes.

The following interesting notes are extracted from the Australian Mutual Provident Society's monthly:—

The largest claim paid last year was that to the representatives of the late Hon. S. A. Stephen, amounting to £16,557 2s.; of which £10,000 was assurance, and £6,557 2s. accumulated bonuses. On the other hand, there were no less than sixteen claims of £100 each.

The policy that had been longest in force was No. 353, taken out December 31, 1854, and the death of the life assured took place on September 28, 1901. It had been in force for 46 years and 9 months, and the member had attained the age of 78 years.

The policy that had been in force for the least time was No. 801,068—in force for less than a day. The medical examination had been held and the first premium paid, but the risk had not been actually accepted or the policy issued when the proponent met with an accident that caused his death. The Society, nevertheless, issued a policy, and accepting the liability paid the amount.

* * * * *

A disastrous fire occurred in London on the 22nd ult., in the portion of the city occupied by Australian merchants. Three warehouses on the south side, and two on the north side of Australian-avenue, and all the warehouses on both sides of New Zealand avenue, in the Barbican, were completely gutted. Thirty-nine steam fire-engines and 300 firemen were employed in extinguishing the fire.

THE COLONIAL BANK OF AUSTRALASIA LTD.

EIGHTEENTH REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS.

The Directors beg to submit to the Shareholders their Eighteenth Report, with a Balance-sheet and Statement of Profit and Loss, for the half-year ended March 31, 1902, duly audited.

After providing for Expenses of Management, Interest accrued on Deposits, Rebate on Bills Current, Tax on Note Circulation, and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts, the net profit amounted to...

Brought forward from September 30, 1901	£17,172 13 2
	1,531 2 10
	<u>£18,703 16 0</u>

Which the Directors propose to apportion as follows, viz. —

Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on Preference Shares	£7,601 2 1
Dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares	3,341 1 0
To Reserve Fund	5,000 0 0
Balance carried forward	<u>2,761 12 11</u>
	<u>£18,703 16 0</u>

The last two instalments of the Deferred Deposit Receipts, due in 1905-6, were paid on December 30, last, and the bank has now paid all the liabilities of the old bank, which removes the restriction to the payment of Dividends on the Ordinary Shares.

The Directors, in view of the increase in the bank's profits, feel justified in recommending that in addition to the dividend on the Preference Shares, a dividend be paid on the Ordinary Shares at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum.

In consequence of the payment of the balance of the Deferred Deposit Receipts, the seats of Sir Rupert T. H. Clarke, baronet, Mr. Thomas Russell, and Mr. James Moloney, who represented the Deferred Deposit Receipt holders on the directorate, became vacant; and the board, under the powers conferred upon it by the Articles of Association, filled up the vacancies by the appointment of Messrs. Thomas Russell, James Moloney, and John Todd; who, with the other directors, now represent the Shareholders.

The Dividend will be payable at the Head Office, on and after the 30th inst., and at the Branches on receipt of advice.

The Eighteenth Ordinary General Meeting of Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the company, 126 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne, on Tuesday, the 29th day of April, 1902, at noon.

By Order of the Board.

SELBY PAXTON, General Manager.

Melbourne, April 17, 1902.

Dr. BALANCE SHEET, Half-year ending 31st March, 1902. Cr.

To Capital Paid-up, viz. —		By Coin, Bullion, and Cash at Bankers	£409,927 4 9
31,184 Preference Shares paid in cash to £9 15s.	£304,044 0 0	„ Victoria Government Inscribed Stock, Metropolitan Board of Works, and Municipal Debentures, at Cost	11,844 13 7
77,278 Ordinary Shares paid in cash to £1 15s. per Share, £135,236 10s.; less calls due and in arrear, £1,594 5s.	133,642 5 0	„ Bills and Remittances in transitu	107,604 0 3
	£437,686 5 0	„ Notes of Other Banks	1,210 0 0
„ Reserve Fund	35,000 0 0	„ Balances due from Other Banks	15,470 4 4
„ Profit and Loss	13,703 16 0	„ Stamps	723 2 10
„ Notes in Circulation	120,896 0 0		<u>£546,779 5 9</u>
„ Bills in Circulation	143,313 9 0	„ Real Estate, consisting of —	
„ Government Deposits —		Bank Premises, at cost to New Bank	193,218 0 1
Not bearing Interest, £52 157 7s. 7d.; bearing Interest £298,005 16s. 4d.	£350,163 3 11	Other Real Estate at Valuation	73,423 2 1
„ Other Deposits —		„ Bills Discounted and Other Advances, exclusive of provision for Bad or Doubtful Debts	2,403,569 6 11
Rebate and Interest accrued —		„ Shares in Other Companies at valuation	17,792 9 4
Not bearing Interest, £355,939 8s. 1d.; bearing Interest, £1,279,288 1s. 3d.	2,135,220 9 4	„ Chattel Property at valuation	1,200 0 0
	2,485,383 3 3	„ Liabilities of Customers and others in respect of Contingent Liabilities, as per contra	53,043 0 5
„ Contingent Liabilities as per Contra	53,043 0 5		<u>£3,289,025 3 8</u>
	<u>£3,289,025 3 8</u>		

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

To Current Expenses (including Salaries, Rents, Repairs, Stationery, &c.)	£22,093 6 5	By Balance brought forward	£1,531 2 10
„ Bank Note Tax	1,124 1 6	„ Gross Profits for the Half-year, after allowing for Interest Accrued on Deposits, Rebate on Bills Current, and making provision for Bad and Doubtful Debts	40,390 1 1
„ Transfer to Reserve Fund	5,000 0 0		
„ Balance	13,703 16 0		<u>£41,921 3 11</u>
	<u>£41,921 3 11</u>		

RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

To Balance	£35,000 0 0	By Balance brought forward	£30,000 0 0
		„ Transfer from Profit and Loss	5,000 0 0
	<u>£35,000 0 0</u>		<u>£35,000 0 0</u>

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By Using **ABSOLUTELY PURE LEAD**—under Chemical Analysis. **SANITARY PAINT**. . . **DURESCO**. **PATENT ZINC WHITE**, and **PAINTERS' REQUISITES**.

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(Etab. 1859.)

JAMES SANDY & CO.,

(Etab. 1859.)

Plate and Sheet Glass Merchants, . .
Oil and Colormen, Artistic Decorators,



271 and 330 GEORGE STREET,
SYDNEY.

From the "Post Magazine" we extract the following:

An insured building in Philadelphia was recently destroyed by fire, and a curious point arose. Under the new laws, the structure could not be rebuilt in the same manner as before, but must be of steel construction, and therefore of much greater value. The policy-holder contended that the insurance company must make good the difference, but the company claimed that their responsibility only extended to replacing the building by one of "like kind and quality." The case came before the Common Pleas Court, and the decision went against the company, on the ground that "If the loss was increased by the restrictions of the new law passed for the protection of the community, there is no reason why the insurance company should not be held liable for the actual loss incurred." The "Weekly Underwriter" of New York comments as follows: "To hold that the insurer can be made to pay for something better than it insured is to open the door to boundless abuses," and says that the decision is without precedent in the State.

Mr. W. L. Jack left Melbourne on a trip to London by the steamer Australia, on the 22nd ult. He will probably be away about six months.

From the Metropolitan Fire Brigades returns (Victoria) for 1901, it is seen that the gross premiums returned as received by the insurance companies, were £274,562, compared with £255,653 in 1900, and £240,782 in 1899. The Board's net expenditure for the year was £36,589, the amount levied being £37,566, of which the Government, the insurance companies, and the municipalities pay equal shares. The cost to the insurance companies was 4.9 per cent. of their premium income, a heavy charge. The cost to the municipalities was at the rate of .71 of a penny in the £ of their annual rateable value. The number of calls received by the Brigade in 1901 was 1,579, compared with 1,623 in 1900, about half of which were for false alarms.

Mr. W. F. Allan, Australian manager of the Guardian Assurance Co., Ltd., left Melbourne this month for a six months' trip to England.

The merging of the business of the Lion Fire Insurance Co. into that of the Yorkshire Fire and Life Insurance Co. has been confirmed at meetings of shareholders of the respective companies.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U.S. has, to date, distributed over £75,000,000 among the widows and children and other representatives of its members.

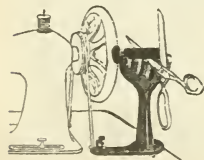
Chief-officer Stein, who has been commissioned by the Metropolitan Fire Brigades Board to visit the principal British, European, and American cities, and report upon their methods of fire-fighting, left by the German mail-steamer Koenigin Luise, on the 16th ult.

The directors of the Marine Salvage Association, accompanied by some of the leading underwriters and a few representatives of the principal shipping firms, made a visit of inspection to the salvage lighter Endeavour, on the 1st inst. The visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with the efficient plant possessed by the Salvage Association, the completeness of which was somewhat of a surprise to them.

It is stated that a well-known life assurance company in London offers a good seat to view the Coronation procession from their windows in Queen-street, Cheap-side, to anyone insuring his life for £2,000, or introducing approved policy-holders to that amount.

A Chicago fire-fighter has invented an appliance whereby a hose nozzle can be fixed to the top of an extension ladder, and can be worked in any direction, or can be thrust into windows by the pulling of a cord from the street below.

THE PEERLESS GRINDER



Attaches to any Treadle Sewing Machine, and is driven in the same way as the hobbin; in this way high speed is obtained. The PEERLESS GRINDER is a simple and practical appliance for **sharpening scissors, shears, knives, bread saws, needles, etc.** The grinding wheel is made of solid carbondum, the only cool cutting, and, in fact, the most desirable stone to be found. Finger guides are so arranged that the blades of scissors are held at proper angle, whereby both blades are sharpened at same time, a true level and perfect edge being obtained.

PRICE, 4/6. Carriage paid to any part of Australasia.

STAR NOVELTY COMPANY, 229-231 Collins Street, Melbourne.

70 FAMOUS
PICTURESTHE MASTERPIECE ART
SERIES.FOR
ONE POUND!

Under the title of the Masterpiece Art Series, the proprietors of the "Review of Reviews for Australasia" have published, to date SEVEN PORTFOLIOS, containing 88 beautiful process reproductions of famous copyright Pictures, and in addition to the Portfolios NINE MAGNIFICENT COLLOTYPE PLATES, also representing the Masterpieces of the Masters. The Pictures contained in the Portfolios are of an average size of 13 x 10 inches each, and the Colotypes are of an average measurement of 20 x 25 inches each.

PORTFOLIO NO. 1: MODERN
PICTURES.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate.

No. 1 consists of a portfolio of twelve pictures, reproduced by a special process, with a good margin of white paper, which are quite sufficient for the four walls of any single room in an ordinary house. It is a picture gallery in miniature, containing many specimens of some of the best work of our best-known modern painters. The presentation plate is one of the most famous pictures of the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, entitled "The Golden Stairs," by such men as Sir E. J. Poynter, Leighton, Millais, Landseer, Whistler, Constable, Innes, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

MURILLO FOR THE MILLION.

PORTFOLIO NO. 2.

6 Plates measuring 13 x 16 each, with Presentation Plate.

By the kind permission of Mr. Alfred Beit, we have been permitted to reproduce the famous set of pictures by Murillo, illustrative of the parable of the Prodigal Son in Portfolio No. 2. There is no doubt as to the Murillo pictures of the Prodigal Son of the famous masterpieces. They tell the whole story of that marvellous parable with great feeling and dramatic force. The presentation plate is that of Raphael's "St. Anne and the Child," that perfect embodiment of maternal beauty, and of childlike grace and glory.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF ANIMALS.

PORTFOLIO NO. 3.

18 Plates measuring 12½ x 7½ each.

The third Portfolio differs in character from either of those which have preceded it. Instead of using six or twelve pictures, with the presenta-

tion plate, we have published eighteen pictures. We thought it well to try the experiment as to whether the extra pictures would not be preferred to one presentation plate.

The pictures in No. 3 Portfolio consist exclusively of animal subjects. The Portfolio contains several of the best-known specimens of Landseer, and three of Mme. Ronner's intimate cats and kittens.

FAMOUS PICTURES OF BEAUTIFUL
WOMEN. PORTFOLIO NO. 4.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 9½ each, with Presentation Plate in Colotype.

Our fourth Portfolio is devoted to types of female beauty. The presentation plate is Mr. Edward Hughes' celebrated portrait of the Princess of Wales (now Queen of England), and there are twelve pictures, reproducing some of the most famous paintings of beautiful women by English and foreign artists.

PORTFOLIO NO. 5

Containing 9 Pictures measuring 10 x 12 each, with two Presentation Plates by Rossetti.

Portfolio No. 5 is perhaps the most popular of those yet issued, on account of the two fine colotypes of pictures by "Dante Gabriel Rossetti," entitled "Joli Coeur" and "Blue Bower." In addition to these two presentation plates, the Portfolio contains nine other pictures, each measuring 10 x 12, by such artists as Rossetti, Linnell, Vicat Cole, Constable, Flaxman, Ward, etc.

PORTFOLIO NO. 6: THE ROYAL
PORTRAIT PORTFOLIO.

12 Plates measuring 12½ x 10 each, and one Presentation Plate in Colotype.

This Portfolio is devoted entirely to pictures of Royalty. It contains various portraits of Her late Majesty, at different periods of her life, as well as of living Royalties.

It is impossible here to describe in detail the large and very beautiful colotypes that have been published, in addition to the Portfolios already described—beyond repeating the opinion of the Director of the National Gallery, Mr. Bouverie, that they surpass photographs in stereotyping.

PORTFOLIO NO. 7: TWO FINE
COLLOTTYPES.

Instead of a number of pictures, with a presentation colotype, Portfolio No. 7 is made up of two fine colotype plates only—"THE CHIEF OF TWO CHOIR," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A., measuring 16 x 13½ inches, and "VENUS," a picture of world-wide fame, by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 13½ x 9 inches.

COLLOTTYPES.

The following is a list of the colotypes issued to date, any one of which will be sent to a collector, address for 2s. 6d.

- 1.—"BLOSSOMS," by Albert Moore, J.R.A., measuring 28½ x 11½ inches.
- 2.—"THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE," J. M. W. Turner, R.A., measuring 20 x 16 inches.
- 3.—"JUNE IN THE AUSTRIAN TYROL," J. C. McWhirter, R.A., measuring 20 x 16 inches.
- 4.—"A SUMMER SHOWER," by C. A. P. Rossetti, measuring 20 x 25 inches.
- 5.—"THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN," Sir Edwin Landseer, measuring 20 x 16 inches.
- 6.—"BEATA BEATRICE," by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 7.—"THE CORNFIELD," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 8.—"THE VALLEY FARM," by Constable, measuring 25 x 20 inches.
- 9.—"CUPID'S SPELL," by J. Wood, R.A., measuring 15 x 22 inches.
- 10.—"FRODO BAGGINS," by Rossetti, measuring 15 x 22 inches.

Any five Portfolios and any five Colotypes will be sent to any addresses, post free, on receipt of 20s. Single Portfolios may be obtained for 2s. In Cash or Money Order, or 2s. 3d. In Stamps or Postal Notes. Colotypes for 2s. 6d. In Cash, or 2s. 9d. In Stamps or Postal Notes.

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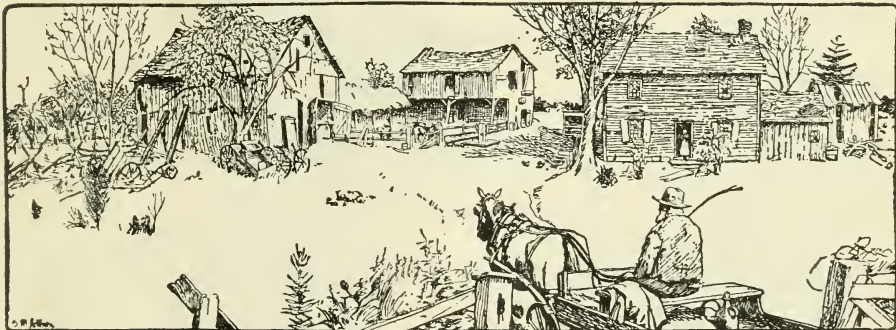


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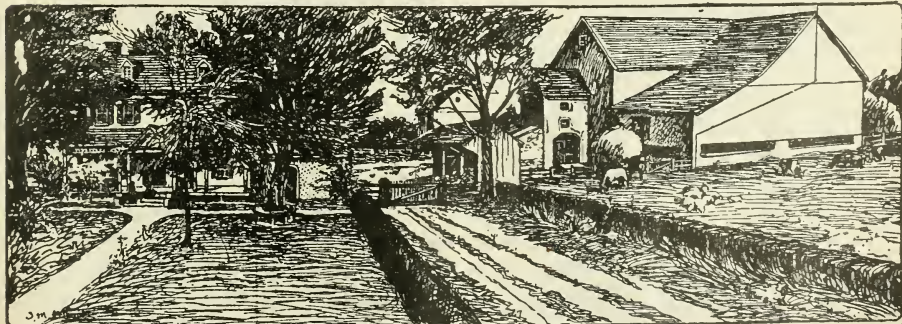
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